

Collier's

JANUARY 10, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

**The Secret Weapon
We Were
Afraid to Use**
By **JOHN STEINBECK**

AFRICAN SAFARI
Ruark Shoots a Buffalo

**The Dog That
Traveled Incognito**
By **LUDWIG BEMELMANS**



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Bill Randall

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There's Nothing Like Old Grand-Dad

If you are seeking perfection in bourbon, you should make the acquaintance of Old Grand-Dad soon. For here is one of Kentucky's finest bonds—a whiskey that has mellowed through its long maturing years in new charred white oak casks. A sip will tell you—there's just nothing quite so smooth, so rich, so heart-warming in flavor as Old Grand-Dad—the Head of the Bourbon Family.

The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company, Frankfort, Kentucky



OLD GRAND-DAD
Head of the Bourbon Family

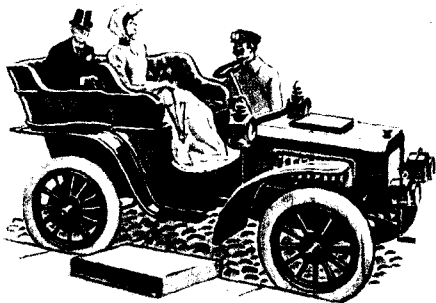


Leslie Searles

1928 PLYMOUTH—the first Plymouth—was powered by a 4-cylinder, 45-h.p. engine. It was the first car in the low-priced class to have 4-wheel hydraulic brakes.

**TODAY as
YESTERDAY**

... CARS RUN THEIR BEST ON THE BEST GASOLINE



1904 GENERAL ELECTRIC had a novel electric transmission. A gasoline engine ran a generator which supplied power to two electric motors driving the rear wheels. There was no gear shift.

IN 1928, automobile advertisements offered "flashing power at your fingertips." Then, as now, car owners wanted better performance—and "Ethyl" gasoline helped them get it.

And just as the car of today is far superior to the average car of a quarter century ago—so, too, has "Ethyl" gasoline improved over the years. Today's "Ethyl" gasoline is designed to help your modern, high compression engine deliver its top power and performance.

That's why it pays to fill 'er up at the pump with the familiar "Ethyl" emblem. Remember, there's a powerful difference between gasoline and "Ethyl" gasoline!



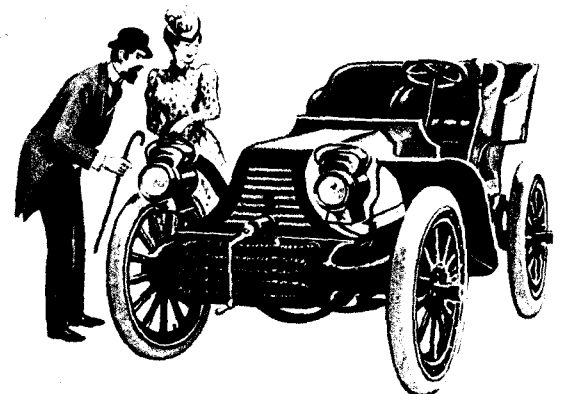
1953 PLYMOUTH Belvedere sports a continental look with its optional wire wheels. Powered by a 100-h.p., high compression engine, it's described as the "first truly balanced car in the low-priced field."



ETHYL
CORPORATION

New York 17, New York
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1900 GASMOBILE was the first six-cylinder car sold in the U. S. Actually it had two three-cylinder engines hooked together. Though the car was termed "futuristic," the company failed in 1902.



Picture OF THE MONTH

The story of "Jeopardy" is one of suspense. And as it comes to its climax, a scream will tremble on your lips. For it could happen to any of us, to people like you and me. It is a drama that flicks the emotions we all feel...love, fear, hate...and the will to live.

Here is a woman in jeopardy...Barbara Stanwyck in the excitingly emotional role of Helen. Her story begins simply. She and her family drive their car toward a deserted beach where they have planned a wonderful holiday.



*SHE DID IT...because
her fear was greater than her shame*

Suddenly, the dreamed-of pleasures become a nightmare. Her husband, Doug, is pinned beneath the treacherous timbers of a rotting jetty. The tide is rising. Helen is confronted with a battle against time. A few hours mean life or death to her man. In desperation, she leaves her young son to comfort Doug while she speeds the car back over the road in her frantic search for help.

But fate has not finished with its malicious whims. The man Helen finds has no interest in her plight. He is concerned only with fleeing the police. Tortured by the vision of her husband's peril, Helen begs the criminal to help her, promises that she will aid his escape if he will come back with her and save her husband. It is his life against her husband's. And every minute brings Doug closer to death.

Finally, she thrusts all scruples aside. She offers him everything...tells him she will go with him...protect him with her husband's identity. She will give herself in payment for her husband's life. This is the climax...and there's a scream on your lips. What happens? You've got to see... "Jeopardy"!

★ ★ ★

M-G-M presents Barbara Stanwyck as Helen, Barry Sullivan as the husband, Ralph Meeker as the criminal in "Jeopardy". Screen play by Mel Dinelli, based on a story by Maurice Zimm, directed by John Sturges and produced by Sol Baer Fielding.

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

A father whose most exciting boyhood reading dealt with the exploits of Jesse James can get pretty worked up over an out-of-this-world comic book—and he assumes his kids will share his enthusiasm. But, says artist Bill Randall, when his daughter Vicki (eight) and son Bruce (five) fall asleep in the middle of the journey, it's only because they're accustomed to seeing and hearing all types of fantastic spacemen on TV. The father on this cover, by the way, is not Bill Randall; he's fellow artist Bob Hilbert, an obliging accomplice.

Week's Mail

The Uninhibited Miss D.

EDITOR: I enjoyed your article Bette Goes Broadway (Nov. 29th) very much and you are certainly right when you say that the Detroit audiences applauded delightedly at the opening of Miss Davis' revue. I was there, and she practically had the audience rolling in the aisles.

She really let her hair down and kicked up her heels in fine style, which made me wonder as I left the theater whether it was Bette Davis I had seen up there behind the footlights, or Joan. DON KAISER, Gary, Ind.



Bette (not Joan) and friends

Semiloose Gate

EDITOR: Your article This Way to the Trouble Gate (Nov. 29th) was very interesting and informative. Interesting because as a mid'n anything about the Army-Navy game is interesting to me, and informative because of the mention made of the "tight gate."

"Tight Gate" is interpreted to mean that everyone attending the game must have a ticket. That is, from the President on down. I should like to bring it to your attention that we, the midshipmen, do not have tickets. I assume that the cadets are in the same situation. It would be rather difficult to collect tickets from each individual mid'n and cadet as he marched onto the field.

S. J. SHAFFRAN, Mid'n 2/c, USN, Annapolis, Md.

Biblical Comments

EDITOR: I was surprised to see that all of the comments on A New Bible for the 20th Century (Oct. 4th) in your Week's Mail column of November 29th were favorable.

The language of the Bible admittedly is quaint and of necessity archaic, but that is a part of its charm. For genera-



WELCOME HOME, SERGEANT!



A Telephone Family in Chicago. Sergeant Donald McIntyre got a real family welcome from his sister, Mary, a Service Representative; his mother, who was an Operator for seven years; and his brother, Angus, a Plant Assigner. Sergeant McIntyre's father was also a telephone man.

Sergeant Donald McIntyre, former telephone installer, returned home from Korea a few months ago. He served with the 1st Marine Division and was twice awarded the Purple Heart.

He was welcomed back to his telephone job, of course. But in a certain sense he had never been away. For his new pay check reflected the increases he would have received on his old job if he had not joined the Marines.

There are some 16,000 other Bell Telephone men and women now in the service who will receive a similar warm welcome on their return home.

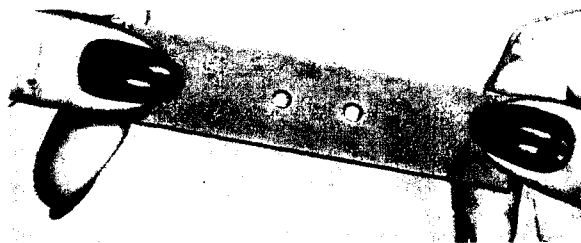
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . "A GOOD PLACE TO WORK"





NEW PLASTIC BANDAGE WON'T LOOSEN IN WATER

FLESH-COLORED!
**STAYS NEAT
AND CLEAN!**



WATERPROOF!

Smooth plastic sheds water, washes clean, never gets soggy.

FLESH-COLORED!

Blends with the color of your skin. Thin and flexible, it stretches with every movement and fits snugly even on hard-to-bandage places.

Johnson & Johnson

Week's Mail CONTINUED

tions people have loved and understood the Bible, and the musical language is too beautiful to be mutilated needlessly. If the revisers had stuck to making the obscurities clear, yet kept them in the language of the Bible and left untouched those passages that are clear, all right. But let's give the people credit for a little intelligence.

I think everyone loves the thys and thous . . . they are so much softer and respectful than plain old everyday your and you. I don't want the Bible to sound like the man next door discoursing on religion.

It is undoubtedly true that the beauty of the language of the Bible has a great deal to do with stirring feelings of spirituality in the reader.

Words are not just made of letters and meanings, but of sounds and connotations which make an effect.

VIRGINIA PAGE, Vernonia, Ore.

. . . Regarding the comments on Herbert Yahraes' article on the new Bible, I was rather taken aback by the letter from Dr. Francis A. Reed, of Miami Beach, Florida.

Dr. Reed stated that the King James version of 1611 was taken from the Roman Catholic version. Now anyone can take a copy of the King James version of the Bible, turn to the title page, and there find the words, "Translated out of the original Greek, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised."

Now we also know that the Roman Catholic Bible was originally translated from the Latin version (which had to be copied from the Greek language that the New Testament was written in), and that all the other versions that have been published with Roman Catholic blessing have been translated from Jerome's Latin Vulgate.

For verification of the above, see "Bible," Collier's Encyclopedia, Volume 3, Pages 395, 406.

LOUIS O. MITTEN, East St. Louis, Ill.

. . . John W. Holden, of Somerville, Massachusetts, criticizes the revised edition of the Holy Bible for "changing" a portion of the Lord's Prayer. If Mr. Holden will turn to the second verse of the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Luke, he will find the phrase, "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth."

Most Protestant denominations use the version in the sixth chapter of the Gospel according to Saint Matthew, verse 10: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

ALBERT M. BARY, Aberdeen, Md.

You Can Rent It

EDITOR: Permit me to thank you for the excellent article by Sylvia F. Porter, *Why Not Rent a Guest Towel?* (Nov. 29th). In 1953 our company will celebrate its 35th year of producing sanding and polishing machines for the rental trade, and thus we were one of the pioneers in the "do it yourself" program.

HAL CROSBY,
Clarke Sanding Machine Co.,
Muskegon, Mich.

. . . We are happy to see you give national recognition to the equipment-rental businesses. We believe Omaha is one of the most rent-minded cities in the U.S. Proof: in the Omaha-Council

Bluffs area (population 296,441) there are eight United Rent-All stores, exclusively rentals. In our Midwest chain there are 53 exclusive rental stores. Certainly, as you say, the rental business is rapidly growing.

H. E. THOMPSON, Omaha, Nebr.

Vintage Jalopies

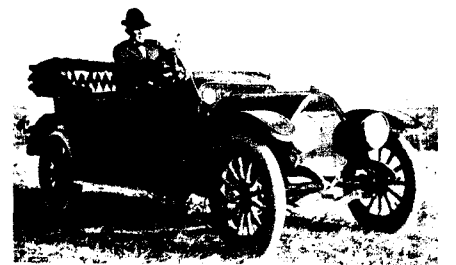
EDITOR: Your Don Tracy displays an intimate knowledge of the joys and troubles of antique car hobbyists, in his fiction piece *A Nice Quiet Hobby* (Nov. 15th). It will be read with appreciation by the thousands of such people who devote themselves to the acquisition, restoration and preservation of the cars of bygone days.

A little further information might be well, however, for the benefit of the uninitiated. It is generally not quite so easy to acquire an old relic as the Browns of the story found it. While Brush and Franklin cars are not impossible to find, Matheson cars are exactly as numerous as Statues of Liberty, there being one of each! And it is approximately as easy to locate an Apperson Jackrabbit as it is to find a four-leaf clover in a haystack. And when restored by the loving hands of an expert mechanic, they do not, as in the story, collapse upon each other and expire in flame-colored smoke and sound and fury.

Being amateurs, the Browns may be forgiven for trying to outbid each other, but no true antiquer would be caught doing so foolish a thing.

Rather, they would toss a coin beforehand, and so decide who would get first chance to buy the car.

HAROLD E. GLOVER,
(Member of the Antique Car Club of America), Minneapolis, Minn.



A vintage four-leaf clover—the Apperson Jackrabbit, 1911 model

Budgets & Defense

EDITOR: After reading Mr. G. F. Eliot's article *Where We're Losing to the Reds—The Budget Battle* (Nov. 29th), I would like to say that the author has expressed my feeling on the matter exactly.

I believe we are a thinking people and as such can see the merit in his words. The thing we have not been able to see, and rightly so, is the pouring of our taxes down the rathole of hot and cold defense plans. Given a plan with a definite result in view we would better be able to understand what our efforts are for and where they will lead us.

If our leaders can give us such a plan and be willing to stand behind it themselves, I believe they need have no fear that the American people will do likewise.

NAOMI EGUINA,
San Leandro, Cal.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

DISTINCTIVE.

with a truly different flavor
and aroma. Extra-mild
FATIMA continues to
grow in favor among
King-Size cigarette
smokers everywhere



YOU GET an extra-mild and soothing smoke
—*plus* the added protection of

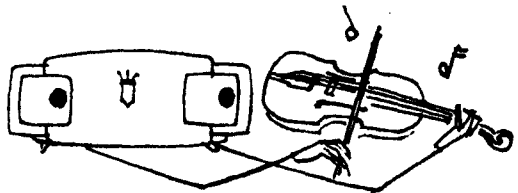
FATIMA QUALITY

The Clock Radio with the Almost-Human Mind –

A TRIUMPH OF ZENITH QUALITY WITH "BIG SET" TONE



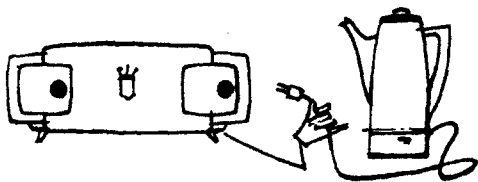
The Zenith Super-Deluxe Clock Radio, new in design, richer in tone. In French Green, Ivory, Scotch Grey, or Ebony, \$51.95*. In Walnut plastic, \$49.95*.



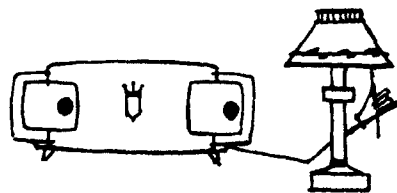
Want to wake to richer-toned music? Zenith has put new refinements in this new Super-DeLuxe set, for your added pleasure. It even has a Broad Range Tone Control, like big sets, for clearer trebles and richer basses.



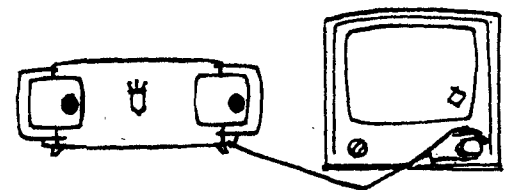
Afraid you'll doze back? You won't—with Zenith's special "Sleepyhead Buzzer" that jogs you ten minutes after the music starts. Snuggle down for a newscast or a snatch of song. You can't oversleep!



Like hot coffee while dressing? Just plug in your coffee-maker the night before, and your Zenith will start it going when the music comes on. Ah, luxury!

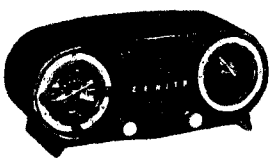


Love to be lulled to sleep with music? Relax! Your Zenith Clock Radio will turn itself off, and turn off your bed lamp, too! Or your heating pad, or sun lamp.

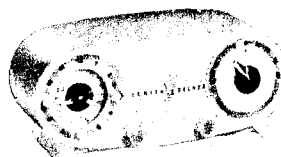


Turns on TV programs, too, automatically—or reminds you of appointments. See your Zenith dealer for a demonstration of all the magic things this set will do for you, all over the house!

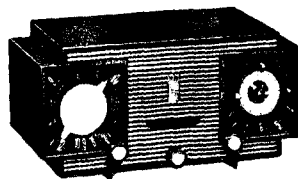
OTHER ZENITH CLOCK RADIOS FROM \$34.95*



This Zenith Clock Radio will wake you to music, give you amazing tone at the small price of \$34.95*.



This Zenith Deluxe Clock Radio has all the automatic features shown above. \$39.95*.



This Zenith FM-AM Clock Radio is the only one of its kind in the world with Zenith's Super-Sensitive FM. \$74.95*.

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*Prices slightly higher in the Far West and South.

COPR. 1962

The Secret Weapon We Were AFRRAID to Use

President Roosevelt liked the author's plan, but it shocked the Secretary of the Treasury and infuriated the British Ambassador. We didn't use it. But it's as potent a weapon now as it was then. Will we be equally timid again?

By JOHN STEINBECK



Early in 1942, Steinbeck (l.) convinced F.D.R. that the weapon would badly hurt our enemies. But Secretary Morgenthau (r.) was aghast, and plan fell through. Germany later tried it, but failed to realize full potentialities

I GUESS everyone in the world has a secret weapon. That little boy sitting so still, gazing into space with angelic eyes, is probably designing a mechanism for pulverizing the schoolhouse. Chemistry classes continue popping away with lethal experiments. During World War II, the government had a large committee which spent its time inspecting the plans and gadgets designed by private citizens to blow up something or other. Even I helped with a weapon once—a weapon so terrible that it horrified everyone who heard of it, for it was designed to set up a chain reaction in the most fissionable of all things: human beings.

It came about in this way: I have a friend, Dr. M. H. Knisely, a learned man, a scientist—a thinker. Early in the last war, we put our heads together to devise a weapon which might help destroy Hitler's Nazi regime and Mussolini's Fascist state. We went at it as if we were designing a modern drug: first we had to know as much about the disease as possible, then build the ideal counter-agent, and finally turn the specifications over to the chemists and biochemists.

The disease was a police state, imposed by a dictator. By using open and secret police, a dictatorship maintains a pressure delicately calculated

to dominate its people without quite driving them to despair. Every unit is made suspicious of every other, so that groups will not get together and oppose the central authority. Such a system also must keep its people a little unsatisfied, so that the occasional gifts of the leaders are welcomed eagerly. Again, such a state keeps its people fearful and full of hatred toward everything outside its boundaries; that attitude welds them together and makes them forget their own troubles. We know now that bombing, even saturation bombing, finds desperate, unbelievable resistance. Strike at a people from without and they coagulate into a resisting mass.

The qualities our weapon required were these: it must increase the pressure of the state on the people beyond the breaking point. It must work from within, not from without. And, finally, it must not be effective against us. On this basis, we made our weapon—perhaps more frightful than the hydrogen bomb, and far more penetrating and subtle than chemical or germ warfare.

We were young and inexperienced then. We thought that since we had a good thing, someone would want it. It was early in the war and we had not learned about going through channels. We took our weapon to President Roosevelt.

It was very easy to get in to see him. I remember he sat at his desk in the Executive Offices, with French windows behind him. His face was in shadow, but as we talked, he leaned back in his chair and the sun shone on his hair and on his forehead as far down as his closed eyes. His cigarette in the long holder stuck straight up in the air, with curls of blue smoke drifting in the sunstreaks.

We had rehearsed our speech so we wouldn't take too much of his time. Finally we finished and waited. The room was very quiet.

Suddenly the President opened his eyes and banged his chair forward. He was laughing. "This is strictly illegal," he said, his eyes shining. Then he added in a low voice, "And we can do it!"

"Why, for the cost of one destroyer we could send Italy spinning. For the cost of a cruiser, we could have Hitler on a hot stove lid."

He picked up a phone and asked for Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. "Henry," he said, "I am sending two men to you with an idea. Listen to them and tell me what you think." He was still laughing when we went out, and I must say we felt pretty good and pretty important.

We faced Mr. Morgenthau with confidence and went into our recital again. But something was

Everyone who heard about it thought it would work, but felt it was immoral. "You

wrong. The atmosphere in the room grew cold and then freezing; we weren't getting over at all. The secretary didn't like our weapon, or didn't like us—or both. We didn't even get to finish. Mr. Morgenthau broke in on us. I realize now that he was deeply shocked. He said, "It's against the law, and I will have nothing to do with it."

Hotel rooms were hard to get in wartime Washington, but we had one. We sat in it, deflated as punctured basketballs. We had a cocktail, and on the crest of that bravery we telephoned the White House. Mr. Roosevelt was amused by Mr. Morgenthau's attitude. "I guess you gave him a turn," he said. "I should have known it would shock him. I'll tell you what—the British Ambassador is coming in a few minutes and I'll put it up to him."

* * *

We waited around the next day and the next. Gin and vermouth didn't give us enough courage to phone again, but we got a call the second day. Mr. Roosevelt said no one would touch our weapon. The ambassador, Lord Halifax, had gone out spluttering with rage. Everyone who heard about it thought it would work, but felt it was immoral. It aimed at utilizing something the leaders considered sacred, even when it belonged to the enemy. Our sons could be killed, tortured, disemboweled, but our weapon appalled authorities and that was the end of that. The subject was dropped.

Much later, when I sat with the President, he said ruefully, "Killing is all right, and you could attack religion with some impunity, but you were threatening something dearer than life to many people—"

Sometime afterward, it was discovered that the Nazis had thought of our weapon. They used it, in imperfect form, against Britain, and although it couldn't function at its best against a democracy, it gave that nation a nasty jolt. Before the Germans could put the weapon to full use, the war ended.

Now it is years later, and there is talk of another war. If it comes, we shall be faced with an enemy who has all the characteristics of that other enemy. I am writing this now to see whether we still have something dearer than life—dearer than survival. Our weapon is just as effective as ever, and it has this advantage: it doesn't matter in the least whether it is secret or not.

It's money.

The bills would be made with the most scrupulous care. Paper and ink would be analyzed and reproduced exactly, and engraving subjected to high magnification, to prevent discovery. The currency would be of the most common denominations—five rubles, 10 rubles, 50 rubles, 100 rubles. Turned out in quantity, the money would proceed from the presses through a turning conveyer containing dirty, greasy clothes. At the end of this conveyer, it would look as if it had been handled, carried, stuffed in pockets, passed from hand to hand for a long time. The money would be placed in containers like those used in a leaflet bomb.

The paper would be cheap and the process easy. Many billions could be made for the cost of a heavy tank. It remains now to see how this weapon would work when used properly.

* * *

The officer of the day completed his routine inspection. In the storm entrance, he removed his gloves and sheepskin coat, and entered his office, rubbing his hands together to drive out the biting frost of the Russian winter. The telegrapher sat at his instruments, earphones in place, hands laced across his stomach. From outside came the sound of the sentry's footsteps, sharp on the frosty ground. The officer of the day went to his table, pulled the report sheet toward him, and wrote, "2200—all quiet and in order—scattered clouds—wind due east, 14 miles per hour—temperature 8 degrees and falling."

The officer of the day was about to wipe the pen



He went wild. He was gathering money in one hand and stuffing it into his pocket with the other when he ran into Radin, who charged around the corner chasing a 100-ruble bill

when an idea came to him. He dipped the pen again and wrote rapidly: "Pilot Panyin thumb crushed by gun mechanism—suggest investigation into any previous accidents to determine whether malingering." He felt kindly toward pilot Panyin for giving him this opportunity to show his fitness for promotion. He was so pleased that he did not notice that the telegrapher was hastily scribbling on his pad. The operator came across the room and thrust a sheet of paper into the circle of light on the O.D.'s desk. "Alert!" it said. "Unidentified object at 50,000 feet moving eastward at 42 miles per hour—East 29/15/20, North 52/28/18." It carried the code signature of the radar station.

The officer of the day picked up his telephone. MIG pilot Panyin swept up to altitude and began combing the area assigned to him. His crushed thumb throbbed, but he took a certain pleasure in that. It wouldn't look bad on his report that he had gone up with a crushed thumb. The half-moon shone brilliantly on the scattered clouds far below. Suddenly, far ahead, a large white object loomed and then flashed past. Pilot Panyin made his long sweeping turn and came back to it. He spoke into his mouthpiece, "Object sighted, 52,000 feet. Appears to be large balloon. Request instructions." The reply came immediately: "Shoot object down."

As pilot Panyin swept near, he could see the

great white sphere shining in the moonlight. His finger was on the firing button. Then, as he centered his target, there was a small flash of fire and the object disappeared. Far below, there was a second, slightly larger, flash. Panyin dived toward the second flash, his throttles wide open.

The airstrip was alive with activity when he whistled in for his landing, just a few minutes later. The commandant and staff were waiting for him and the questioning was brief. "It is your opinion, and you so report, that the balloon released propaganda leaflets?"

"Yes, Comrade Commandant, I dived through a cloud of them. They looked like autumn leaves falling from the trees in a forest."

"Very poetical," said the commandant. "What's the matter with your thumb?"

"It's nothing—I crushed it."

"Report for treatment," the commandant said. "Dismissed, pilot Panyin."

The commandant turned to the officer of the day. "It's not for us. Call headquarters and report the incident to the security section; it's their pot of soup. Tell them it will be the area around Gemil. Security knows how to handle such nonsense."

Ilya Shostakovich (no relation to the composer) had organized the 37th Security District and for six years he had held the post of district deputy—

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SHILSTONE

vere attacking something dearer than life to many people," said Roosevelt ruefully

honored, trusted, increasingly wealthy and, he believed, due for promotion. He was a steady man, who lived by the book. If he made any move, he included in his report both the rule and the precedent he followed.

The deputy had his district so well organized that there was very little work for him to do. There was no factory unit in Gemil, no apartment house, no work group or farm collective in which he did not have informants. In short, no conversation ever occurred in the area among five or more men or women which, if it took a dangerous turn, was not reported to District Deputy Shostakovich. Over the years, disappearances and sudden raids had conditioned the people so that they discussed little except Stalin and the weather, and even the weather was spoken of kindly, as though Stalin might have had something to do with it.

* * *

The 37th Security District had never been subjected to propaganda leaflets before. Nevertheless, the deputy was quite capable of handling the situation. When his telephone rang at 2:00 A.M. on October 12th, and District Air Screen Headquarters informed Security Deputy Shostakovich that his area was the target for airborne leaflets, he was rather pleased. Here was a chance to show how smoothly his office functioned.

Still yawning, he glanced through the instruction book to refresh his memory. "Penalty for reading, repeating or disseminating propaganda . . . penalty for passing, copying, etc."—all there—all down on paper. Methods for combating—all clear—all organized. Ilya made a number of phone calls.

Squads of young pioneers, elite students from the secondary schools, Stakhanovite workers from the factories and central committeemen from the 12 area collective farms were turned out of bed. Each group had a square marked on the map of the district. In the early dawn, they should be able to pick up and destroy most of the leaflets before the bulk of the population emerged. The few papers that were left would be dealt with in other ways.

Ilya scratched his cropped head, settled in his chair and stirred a big lump of sugar into his glass of dark-brown tea. A toothless old woman crouched beside his office samovar waiting to refill his glass. Ilya nibbled a thin cake covered with pink sugar icing. The old woman's eyes followed his rising and lowering hand.

Reports would be coming in soon. It was sure to go by the book. They thought of everything, those men in the Kremlin. Ilya was glad he was prepared. He might be invited to Moscow; he might even get a two-week vacation on the glorious Black Sea, at one of those white palaces over the lovely blue water. His eyes were growing heavy. There was no reason why he should not nap while he waited for the reports. He rested his chin on his palm and his elbow on his desk and dozed.

The old woman saw his regular breathing—she waited a moment to be sure—then crept to his side. Her skinny fingers crept to the sugar plate and lifted a large, irregular lump. When she was halfway back to the samovar, the telephone rang. She popped the sugar into the neck of her dress.

Ilya lifted the receiver. "Yes, I've been waiting . . . of course . . . I know you found it . . . of course

you have. What are you so excited about? Get yourself in hand and say what you have to say."

The voice at the other end squeaked hysterically over the phone: "It's not leaflets, I tell you! It's not propaganda!"

Ilya spoke sternly. "What's the matter with you? Have you been drinking? Not leaflets? What is it, then?"

The voice gasped in his ear. "It's . . . Comrade, it's money!"

Once, long ago, the main street of the city of Gemil was named after a Ukrainian poet. He was a popular poet and his verses were known to every school child. During the revolution, some of his songs had been used to give the people courage to march against oppression. After the revolution, it was discovered that the poet was not specific enough about whose oppression; his books disappeared, his poems disappeared and his street was renamed. It was called first Lenin Street, then Lenin and Stalin Street, then Stalin and Lenin Street and finally Stalin Street. Old people in private sometimes spoke the poet's name, or said his couplets, but many couldn't even remember him.

In the late 1930s, Gemil, like most Russian cities, broke out in a rash of workers' apartment houses. They were conceived in marble, carried out in concrete and sometimes left unfinished. But workers moved into them anyway, and more moved in, and more, until several families lived in each apartment and then several families lived in each room of each apartment.

* * *

One of the most grandly conceived of these houses on Stalin Street was the Bolshoi. It had a red marble entrance and 60 two-room apartments. At the time of which we are speaking, 620 people lived in the Bolshoi. The former kitchen of No. 12 was the home of the Panushkins and the Alexandrovs—five Panushkins and four Alexandrovs. They cooked on a primus stove, carried water in from a former bathroom and slept on the floor.

In one way, Gregor Panushkin was luckier than Nikolas Alexandrov because Gregor worked in a great bakery which furnished black rye bread to the whole city and surrounding countryside, while Nikolas served in the railway repair shop—much harder and more dangerous work. On the other hand, the bakery was so far away that Gregor had to leave the Bolshoi an hour before Nikolas even began to awaken. The rail shops were only ten minutes' walk away.

On the morning of October 12th, in the pitch darkness, Gregor edged and nudged his way out of the warm clutter of his brood sleeping around him on the floor. He felt for the bench where his trousers, shoes and sheepskin were laid. The room was bitter cold. In a moment Gregor was dressed. His hand went toward the bench end, where his breakfast waited in a string bag—a lump of black bread, two huge pickles and a slab of dried salted fish as hard as stone. As he left the apartment, he pulled the bread out and gnawed at the crust.

The night still lay on the city, only relieved at every intersection by a naked globe, hanging from a bracket at a building corner and swaying in the wind. Only a few figures moved in the city: men and women whose work was far away scuttling sleepily toward the bus stop.

If the small predawn wind had not been blowing, Gregor's sleep-heavy eyes would never have noticed the little scraps of paper, but when one blew against his leg and clung there, he saw that it was a 50-ruble note. While his mouth was still open, a twenty skidded past. Gregor dropped his string bag and his lump of bread and caught the first and ran after the second. As he went, he saw and caught many more, some in crannies against the buildings, others scraping along the frozen street.

He went wild. He tried to run in all directions at once. He gathered money with one hand and stuffed it into his pocket with the other. His pocket



The unrationed store usually opened its doors at ten o'clock. By 7:30, a queue of 300 people stood nervously waiting. At eight, a large card was placed in the door: "Closed" Collier's for January 10, 1953



Tension hung over the town. Squads of young pioneers patrolled the streets, and troops with submachine guns were sent in. Within an hour, Gemil was quarantined from the world

was lumpy with paper when he nearly ran into Comrade Radin, director of the Bolshoi, who charged around the corner chasing a 100-ruble bill.

Comrade Radin pounced on the bill and stood up. Gregor saw that his pocket was lumpy, too.

The training had been long and deeply learned; they were afraid of each other. Yet each stood his ground, hoping the other would go and leave the fortune field free. Gregor realized with joy that he had no money in his hands. Radin looked at the bill in his own fist and said, "Damned wind—blew it right out of my hand." Then he said, "Aren't you headed the wrong way?"

Now Gregor searched frantically for an answer. "Hole in my string bag," he said. "I lost a fine piece of dried fish."

"Well, I hope you find it," said Radin. "Oh, I forgot to turn out the light in my room." He plunged back the way he had come, his head down, his eyes searching the dark edges of the street.

Gregor sighed and walked back to pick up his string bag and his piece of bread. In the four blocks left to go to the bus stop, he found 15 more bills and thrust them into his pocket.

Although the bus was not due yet, the queue had begun to form. It was well to be early and near the head of the line. Sometimes a third of the people in line couldn't get on the bus and had to wait for the next one, but that was not permitted as an excuse on one's work sheet.

Gregor was a good worker—not a Stakhanovite, but sound. He had been late only twice in a year; once he was off for a week, but only because he had been sent home after a hand truck had sprained his ankle. Now he took his place in line and his hand moved into his pocket to finger the wad of sticky bills. He would not be able to look at them until night. There was no privacy at the bakery, not even in the toilets.

A terrible thought came to him. At the bakery, he would have to take off his clothes and put on the coat and pants that had once been white, and his pants would hang on the hook all day long with the money in the pocket. In his apartment he had 400 rubles, saved over a long time to buy an overcoat. He had never quite dared to buy it and strip himself of savings. Now he could buy it. Gregor took a pickle from his string bag and bit off the end. He tried to remember how many bills he had found and what the denominations were. Then out of his excitement an idea grew, an idea of such boldness that it frightened him.

Suppose he didn't go to work? What would they do to him? With his good record, a fine—a drop in pay—but nothing worse. Suppose he was sick?

In his mind, he saw the unrationed store where only officers and officials could afford to trade. He saw the piles of canned crab, the sausages and

hams, the counters of chocolate and marzipan, the cheeses big as cart wheels. He saw himself in the sparkling store and his hand touched his bulging pocket. Suddenly, he clutched his stomach with both hands and doubled up.

"What is it, citizen?" his queue neighbors asked.

"I don't know. I'm sick. I can't breathe."

"Let me help you home. Where do you live?"

"No, no, I think I can make it." And Gregor staggered away, holding his stomach, until he was around the corner.

The unrationed store usually opened its doors at ten o'clock. By 7:30 on October 12th, a queue of more than 300 people stood nervously waiting and Gregor was nowhere near the head of the line. At eight o'clock, a large card was placed in the glass door: "Closed." The clerks drew cloth shades over the windows, concealing the bright piles of canned and smoked delicacies. The people moved slowly away, not grumbling, for no one wanted to talk to anyone else.

A tension hung over the town. Squads of young pioneers patrolled the streets, stopping to peer into culverts. On the roofs of the buildings, other squads poked the litter in the lee of chimneys.

* * *

The back of Ilya Shostakovich's desk was a sticky mess of rings from his tea glass. The district deputy's face glistened with sweat. His phone rang every minute or so and he barked short, uneasy orders. Manuals and directives were scattered on the floor around him. The books had let him down. There were no orders to take care of this situation. For a little time, he had tried to improvise, but years of training had crippled his initiative. The moment he had been sure there were no rules to cover the situation, he had phoned the area deputy at Kiev. The area deputy had thought his caller was drunk, but he had laughed with diminishing enthusiasm as Ilya explained.

Area Deputy Kaganov was now on the way to take charge, but before hanging up he had ordered Ilya to pick up every scrap of the silly money—every scrap. Then he called Moscow to protect himself. Moscow offices do not open before noon. After an hour of trying, Kaganov finally got someone willing to risk taking action; he had been ordered to investigate and make a report.

Meanwhile, Ilya called MVD headquarters. He didn't actually say the area chief was incompetent, but he cleared himself of blame. MVD acted quickly. Within 15 minutes, heavy-coated troops, armed with submachine guns, from the garrison 20 miles from Gemil, were climbing into trucks. Within an hour, Gemil was surrounded, quarantined from the rest of the world.

Wearily, Ilya Shostakovich motioned to the old

Could the weapon be turned

woman for tea. She brought the steaming glass to his desk. A heap of the captured money was piled on the end of the desk; in turning, the old woman brushed some of it to the floor. She murmured an apology, picked up the money and replaced it on the desk. In the process, she palmed three bills.

Ilya clutched his brow and sipped the scalding tea. He hated new things. He scooped some of the money in front of him and flattened out the bills with an ironing motion of his palm. He lined them up—three fives, four twenties, five hundreds. He took a large magnifying glass from his desk drawer and held it over a 100-ruble bill. From his tunic pocket, he brought out his wallet, extracted a 100-ruble note and laid it beside the other. He put the glass on both at once, then folded the two in the middle and laid the folds together. He couldn't detect any difference.

The telephone rang and he listened and gave the instructions he was giving to everyone: Stand by for orders. The receiver cord dragged over the money. Ilya put the two folded bills together. He inspected them with the glass. He had no idea which was his own. His hand shook a little as he put both bills into his wallet.

Sergei Charsky, Ilya's second in command, strode in, followed by a security guard bearing a white canvas bag.

"Put it down there," Sergei said. "Dismissed." The security man went out. Sergei said, "We've collected three others like this." Ilya got up and shook the money out on the floor. The crumpled bills mounded up like a haystack. He stirred the pile with his foot.

"Are the loud-speakers spreading my orders?"

"Yes, Comrade Deputy Director."

"Well, are people bringing the money in?"

"Some. But it's funny . . ."

"What's funny?"

"Well, when any comes in, two or three people bring it—never one person. It's funny."

"It's not funny," said Ilya, and then, sarcastically: "Have you been alone with that sack?"

"Comrade?"

"Never mind," said Ilya. "I have a new idea. For the loud-speakers. Say that this stuff is counterfeit and the penalty for picking it up is death . . ."

"But we're doing that, Comrade District Deputy," Sergei broke in.

"I know, but say further that this is germ warfare—anyone picking it up will get the plague."

"How about the squads?"

"Have them put on their gloves. Tell everyone that they are special germproof gloves. Say—why, say that our great Stalin anticipated this, that he sent the gloves in advance."

Sergei turned to go.

"Wait," said Ilya. "No word is to get out of the city."

"Yes, Comrade," said Sergei.

"And no railroad passes—and no travel permits of any kind . . ."

Sergei said, "Comrade, the town is surrounded. Trains? Why, not even a fly could get out."

"Good," said Ilya.

Ilya tapped on his desk with a pencil when Sergei had gone, and then he tapped on his teeth. A runner brought a typed progress report, and laid it on the desk. Ilya read it. "All stores closed. Buying and selling of any kind forbidden until further orders. Payment of bills, leases, rents, loans, purchases or transfers forbidden. All taken care of." The signature was formal. Clipped to the report was a second paper. It said, "Ilya for God's sake, how are people going to eat?"

The district deputy studied for a moment and then scribbled on a pad of paper, "Issue disaster rations against identity cards until further notice."

Gemil had one first-class hotel and that hotel had one first-class room, for great visitors. Whereas all other accommodations had bare wood floors and narrow beds, hard and white as tombstones, No. 20 was mushy with red carpets and velvet

Collier's for January 10, 1953

in us? Maybe—but not effectively. Our economy is too stable and our people too free

drapes. It had carved and padded settees from the noble country houses of the last century. In the bathroom, the taps did not leak.

* * *

At 11:00 p.m., October 12th, No. 20 was occupied. A round table was jeweled with food. Bowls of gray caviar, dishes of hard-boiled eggs, pickles of all sizes, cheese with holes and cheese without holes, platters of black rye bread and tureens of butter. In the center of the table stood four carafes of vodka.

A select group sat at the table. There was Area Ground Forces Commandant Zubov, Area Air Forces Commandant Zubiliev, Air Security Deputy Kaganov, MVD Chief Korneichuk and District Deputy Shostakovich. All of these uniformed eminences chatted and picked at the food, but every minute or so their eyes flicked toward Comrade Tula, who had arrived by air from Moscow just an hour before.

Tula was a small taut man. His jaw muscles were like wire and he had the bleak, tired eyes of a man without hope or belief, who still goes on working. His name was little known, but he was of the inner circle, a Kremlin trouble shooter, an untier of knots who had, at various times, slipped in and out of Tientsin, London, Rome, Washington, Marseilles and New York. He was always tired, always a little dusty from traveling. If he had a private life, it was very private.

Comrade Tula read the sheaf of written reports the men in the room had submitted to him. He had not eaten. He finished the last page, folded the papers neatly and slipped them into his inside coat pocket. Zubiliev pushed a vodka glass toward him, but Tula shook his head. "Thank you—thank you, no," he said. His speech was dry and dusty and rapid. He spoke with no inflection. "I can't see where you've made any error," he said. They murmured gladly.

"On the other hand," he continued, "I don't see that you have made any progress." They were silent.

Ilya Shostakovich said, "We await orders from higher authority."

Tula regarded him for a moment. "I wish I could think of some orders to give you." He raised his eyes to the ceiling. "A long time ago, I thought of this terrible weapon, but I assured myself that the capitalist world worshiped money so much that it would not outrage this god even if it belonged to an enemy. This is a monstrous weapon. Authority has only two arms—force and bribery. This weapon destroys one arm of the state."

"We can issue new money or scrip," Kaganov observed.

"Yes, and they can duplicate it," Tula paused. "It's worse than you think," he said. "When anyone begins to trifle with the money, there's trouble always. People must have faith in some medium of exchange, faith at least that it is a medium of exchange. Now, you've closed the stores, told them this money is counterfeit. They don't know which money is counterfeit and which isn't—and neither do we. They'll buy something, anything, to get rid of it—and to have something in their hands they can trust."

Area Deputy Kaganov poured vodka and tossed it off. "We have the advantage of superior authority and the means to apply it," he said.

Tula regarded him. "We have disadvantages, too. The mind that conceived this weapon is capable of raining other things down on us—ration cards, travel permits, identification papers. That's a kind of currency, too. We're a paper people."

Tula brought some bills from his side pocket and put them on the table. "This poisons, this festers," he said. "There can't be any honesty if enough of this comes down. Look, comrades," he said slowly, "if you—each one of you—were given one of those sacks of money to destroy, knowing it could not be detected and knowing that there

were no witnesses, would you destroy it? Don't answer me—don't answer me!"

Commandant Zubov said, "I am a soldier. I think in military terms. This money is a weapon. Then I say, use that weapon. America has attacked us with rubles. Let us bomb America with dollars."

"It wouldn't be very successful, my friend," said Tula. "Their money is hard to duplicate. I guess we could do it. But they have a retreat that we do not have. They could retreat into their banks. I have been to America and I know. The transactions of our people are carried on in currency, mostly in small bills. In America, business is done by check. If we dumped money—or if they thought we were going to—they could probably turn in their cash and depend completely on checks with little difficulty."

Air Commandant Zubiliev let a little anger creep into his voice. "We can't screen the whole heaven for balloons," he said. "Some are bound to get through. Have you no suggestions?"

Tula put a tiny spoonful of caviar on his tongue and tasted. "I am trying to make one," he said. "Whoever sent this present will be watching for reaction. If there is evidence that we are hurt, they will send more, lots more, everywhere. This is a trial. If there is no reaction, they might think the experiment has failed. I suggest we keep Gemil cut off until all of the money is in. We must let no news of this get out, not even a whisper."

"How can we get people to bring in the money?" Zubov asked.

"Oh, that's easy, very easy. Open all the stores. Cut prices. Tell the people it's great Stalin's present. He has sent them this money from the sky as a present because he loves them. They'll be charmed by the originality of that. With the prices cut, we'll scoop in every bit of currency in Gemil, and then—then afterward, maybe . . ."

The MVD man smiled. "That's my department," he said.

Tula only looked more tired. "Remember: let no news get out. Maybe they'll think it failed. Maybe they will. I hope they will. I'm leaving now for Moscow. We'll expect full reports."

He stood up and walked out of the room. He didn't have a hat. A heated car waited for him at the hotel entrance.

* * *

The telegrapher at Air Security Station 22 sat in front of his instrument. The O.D. was out on his first night inspection. There was time for a nap. Suddenly he sat up and began to write an incoming message. "Alert—5 unidentified objects at 75,000 feet moving eastward at 26 miles per hour, east 30/5/17, north 54/20/8. Investigate."

The telegrapher stepped to a map and his finger found the Smolensk area. He pushed a button at his desk and the bell clanged to call a guard.



The security official scooped some of the money in front of him. He took a 100-ruble bill and compared it with one from his own wallet. He couldn't detect any difference



She sat hugging her knees and looking at the silhouettes of the hills. I have had so much, she thought, much more than most women. I am not prepared for this

DARK HOUR

By CLARA L. PARKS

In her fear, Carolyn fled to the desert which she loved. Under the black sky
and the pure stars, she faced the most overwhelming problem of her life

CAROLYN stared bleakly through the cracked side window of the dusty red pickup truck as it moved along the highway away from the city, past the irrigated sections with their citrus groves and vegetable and cotton fields and lush green pastures dotted with dairy and feeder cattle, through small outlying communities. Finally the truck slowed and turned north onto a dirt road and after two drab miles of cleared desert, abandoned to weeds and salt cedar, it entered a cheerful untouched stretch on which grew greasewood, paloverde, mesquite and black-bush interspersed with giant saguaros and other kinds of cactus.

The October desert looked fine after the generous summer rains; the drought was temporarily broken, and the winter feed spread across the land like a green lace mantle.

Carolyn's eyes cleared a little, and she ran the window down carefully, her glance taking in appreciatively the clean little sand washes, the fattening steers grazing near the road, the friendly sweep of country leading to the hills and mesas where their ranch lay.

She wondered how anyone could describe this as a bleak, barren, godforsaken land. Some did. To Carolyn, it was the home of her heart. She gazed at it yearningly, and tears stung her eyes. She blinked rapidly and took a deep breath.

"The countryside looks fine," she said without turning her head. She spoke softly so that she wouldn't disturb the little girl asleep in her arms.

Harry glanced at Carolyn briefly. "The cattlemen are jubilant." He tried to joke, but his voice sounded strained. "Never looked better."

"You can get those yearlings you've been wanting," she said and then was sorry she had said it, because the way things were now, he wouldn't be able to get anything: the yearlings or the light plant or the new gasoline pump engine to replace the windmill—none of the things they had been planning on.

Harry said nothing for a while. The desert road began to rise and dip gently as it approached the foothills. Once a road runner sped foolishly across the road in front of them, and Carolyn wished that Elizabeth had been awake to see him; they were such funny birds, the clowns of the desert.

Harry leaned over and picked a gnat off the windshield and flicked it out the window. "What did the doctor have to say?" he asked with an attempt at casualness.

Carolyn tensed and then tried to relax before replying. "He said I'll have to have an operation," she began and then stopped and couldn't go on.

"Is there any hope," Harry asked quietly, "that it isn't—something serious?"

Carolyn turned her head then and tried to smile at him reassuringly. "Of course there's hope."

While there's life there's hope, the young doctor had told her, and she had forgiven him for his cheery platitudes, for he was truly kind and concerned about her condition. "There's a tumor, of course," Carolyn went on, "the X rays confirmed that, but it's not necessarily malignant; only an operation and laboratory tests will tell about that for sure."

But you know now, she told herself, you know; and the doctor's eyes—too many times she had seen the same look in her own father's eyes, that look of compassion and holding back knowledge—had unwittingly upheld her own diagnosis. And the operation itself would be dangerous.

"Why in Heaven's name didn't you come in sooner?" Dr. Hollister had demanded. "And you a doctor's daughter. You knew better," he had scolded her gently.

So she had tried to joke with him about how it was a well-known fact that doctors' families were the last to seek medical care, but in the face of things, the joke was pretty thin. There was so much more to it than that—many trivial things plus, as a doctor's daughter, her intimate knowledge of suffering, and above all, the huge unacknowledged shadow of her fear. Like a child with a problem, she had thought that maybe if she pretended the trouble wasn't there, it would all go away.

But it hadn't gone away, it had become much worse, the symptoms unmistakable; and there she had sat in that shiny, modern consulting room with the kind young doctor writing things down and telling her she must enter the hospital immediately. But at that she had rebelled. She wasn't ready yet; her little girl wasn't prepared; she must have more time. So Dr. Hollister had reluctantly set a date for a week from today. Not a minute longer, he warned her.

"How soon do you have to go back?" Harry asked now.

"In a week," Carolyn replied, and then the pain began again, and she bent over and closed her eyes, pressed her knees tightly together and waited it out. After a while she straightened up and opened her eyes, and she and Harry began to talk too hurriedly, about getting Harry's mother to come and help with Elizabeth for the time Carolyn would be away, but not thinking too far ahead, not daring to, although Carolyn knew she would have to eventually.

This thing within her was the dreaded enemy, and she would have to face it. Why can't I say the word? she thought. Talking with her father, she could say it easily enough—when it didn't apply to herself. She closed her eyes and forced herself now to think the word—cancer—but in her mind it was outlined in blinding white, and she shivered and opened her eyes to fill them with the sight of her beloved desert country.

AFTER fixing supper for Harry and Elizabeth, Carolyn sat and sipped a glass of milk while they ate, and thought over what she must do.

"I must go out for a while," she whispered to Harry as they dried and put away the last of the supper dishes. "Elizabeth must gradually get used to my being away from her."

Harry held her in his arms for a moment without speaking, and then he released her and went slowly into the living room while Carolyn went into the bedroom for her sweater, Elizabeth trailing after her, chattering happily. But when Carolyn told her she was going out and leaving her for a while, the little girl stared blankly up at her

mother, not quite comprehending at first, and then her chin quivered and her eyes filled.

"Don't go out, don't go out!" she screamed. She grabbed the bottom of her mother's sweater and jerked at it and sobbed. "Take it off—take it off."

Carolyn's fingers shook, and she buttoned the sweater wrong and had to unbutton it and start over. "I'll be back in a little while. You stay and play with Daddy; I'll be back in just a little while," she said over and over.

But the three-year-old Elizabeth wouldn't listen, she couldn't; and Carolyn finally, desperately, had to pull the clutching fingers away from her. She walked rapidly into the front room, the wailing child following.

Harry sat near the radio, which was tuned low to a music program. "Ease it for her," Carolyn begged him.

He looked up at her, his own eyes filled with a kind of uncomprehending pain. "In a little while," he told her gently. "Let's see if she will turn to me herself."

CAROLYN took her flashlight from the mantel and went out into the star-filled desert night, the sound of her baby's cries following her as she stumbled blindly along the dry creek bed, tears pouring unheeded down her cheeks.

She followed her flashlight's bright beam, blurred through her tears, needing it, not to see her way—she knew every step of the way—but to watch for rattlers. That was some kind of irony. Why fear rattlesnakes when this thing inside her was surely more deadly than any venom?

The pain was clutching at her middle again, and she lurched up the bank and sank down on the sand. She switched off the light and sat there breathing sobbingly while the pain rode her.

The air was cool, but the sand was still warm from the heat of the day. October in the low desert was a blessed month: free at last from the terrible heat of summer, the wonderful winter coming, yet the night still mild enough to have a magical quality. When the pain finally lessened, almost ceased, she sat hugging her knees and looking at the dim black lace of the small desert trees and greasewood bushes lining the banks of the creek, and beyond at the dark silhouettes of the near hills, and then beyond them at the stars, brilliant as always in the clear air.

Why? she thought despairingly, why? Life was so wonderful; it had never been more wonderful; why was it now to be snatched away from her? But she had had so much, more than most women. Nothing bad had ever happened to her. She had always hoped that if trouble had to come, sickness or injury or even death, it would come to her and not to someone near and dear to her.

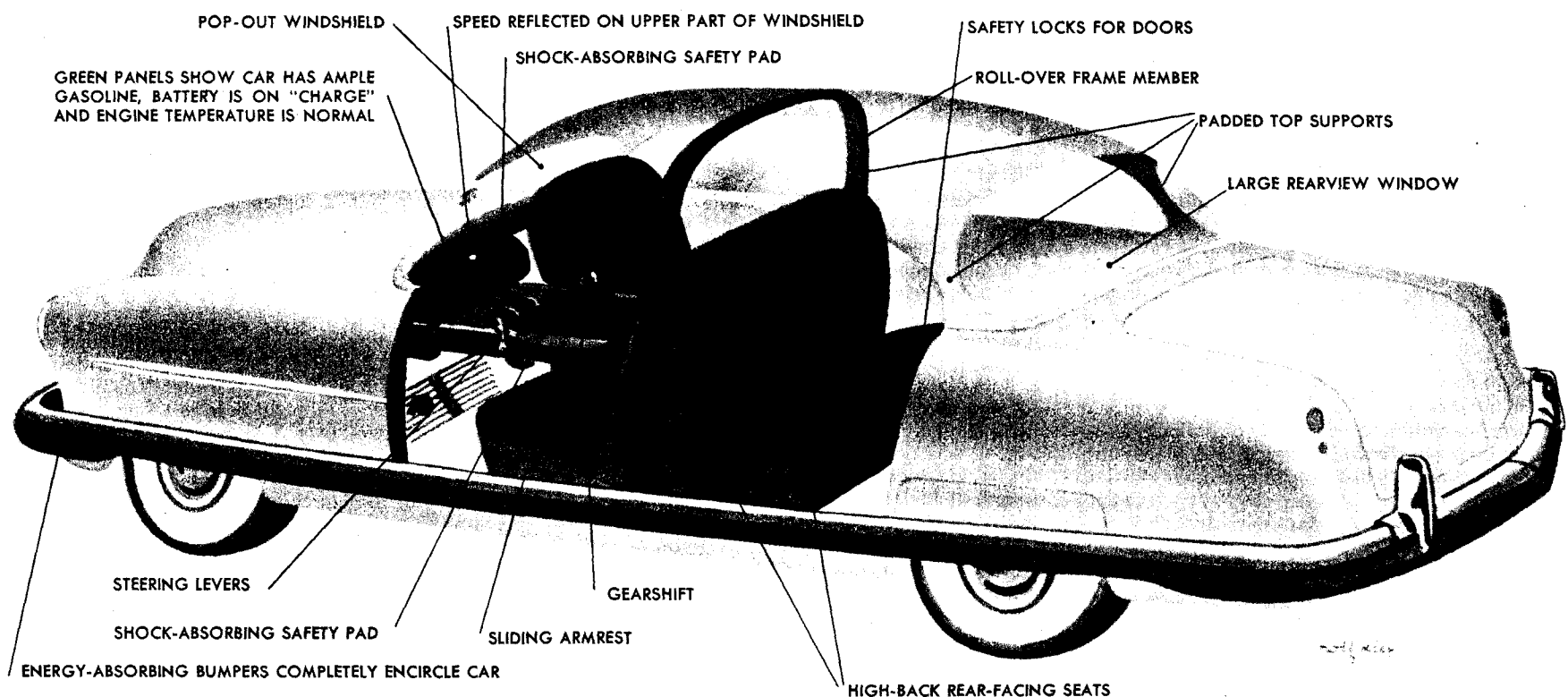
This was partly selfish; she knew she would feel greater pain at the misfortune, or loss, of someone she loved than if she had to bear the misfortune herself.

But, incredibly enough, nothing bad had ever happened. Her childhood had been ideal, with loving and understanding parents; her family and close relatives were still (Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

How We Can Have Safer

By HERBERT YAHRAES



Cutout shows some of the ideas being studied by Cornell engineers to make your automobile of the future a far safer vehicle

TODAY'S automobiles are as safe as practical engineering can make them, but more than 14,500 persons still die in automobile crashes every year. Until recently no one knew for sure just how they were killed—or why one passenger died while another sitting beside him escaped unhurt or with only minor injuries.

Now for the first time scientists are beginning to get a clear picture of crash deaths on the highways—and they are trying to do something about it. The Indiana State Police and two teams of Cornell University scientists are the moving forces in this new research program. With the help of our interested automobile makers, the project already has uncovered the following:

- ¶ More than half the fatalities studied so far have been caused by injuries to the head or neck.
- ¶ A surprisingly large proportion of deaths—approximately one out of every ten—has occurred because doors have popped open and passengers have been thrown out.
- ¶ One of the potentially most lethal instruments in any car is the steering wheel, which breaks jaws, crushes ribs, and tears holes in necks and chests.
- ¶ In close to half the deaths studied by Indiana State Police, the cars have been traveling at no more than 40 miles an hour—a speed at which stunt drivers crash head on without injury.
- ¶ Two out of every three crash deaths might be averted by redesigning automobiles for increased safety.

Thousands more accidents will have to be analyzed before the Indiana-Cornell researchers make any specific recommendations to auto makers. But Cornell scientists are experimenting with such exciting ideas as seat belts, shoulder harnesses, backward-facing seats for all occupants except the

driver, redesigned instrument gauges and steering levers instead of a steering wheel.

Many of these developments may not be adopted for years—if ever. Much research in the laboratories and on the proving grounds lies ahead. But there is a good chance some of the Indiana-Cornell findings may be incorporated in models coming out in 1956. And researchers say extra safety features can be styled into new models—if begun at the drawing-board stage—without extra cost to the car buyer. With them your chances of surviving an automobile crash will increase tremendously.

The automobile industry is closely following the Indiana-Cornell project. C. A. Chayne, General Motors vice-president in charge of the engineering staff, says GM is "very much interested" and is "extending technical co-operation." George L. McCain, staff engineer in the research division at Chrysler, says Chrysler "will co-operate in any way possible"; he believes the project will provide much valuable information which cannot be gained on the industry's own proving grounds. Earle S. MacPherson, vice-president-engineering of the Ford Motor Company, says Ford "will make a careful study" of the Indiana-Cornell findings.

Many Groups Join in Safety Effort

The Big Three of the automobile industry and many of the independent manufacturers also sent representatives to a Planning Conference for Auto Crash Injury Research held at Cornell Medical College in New York City in December to discuss further development of the Indiana and Cornell studies. Steps also were taken at the conference to co-ordinate the Indiana-Cornell research with the work of other organizations interested in high-

way safety, including the National Safety Council, the American Automobile Association, police organizations and casualty groups.

Indiana and Cornell investigators say the automobile industry can't be blamed for not introducing more safety features. Hugh de Haven, director of the Cornell Medical College's Crash Injury Research Section, explains: "You have to blame the medical profession in part. Until recently it hasn't given engineers facts on the nature and frequency of injuries—or what causes them."

The Indiana phase of the project was begun in 1949 by Corporal (now Sergeant) Elmer C. Paul. He started investigating automobile crashes to find out not how they occurred or who was to blame, but why people were killed when they did happen.

Two years later his project was made state-wide and he became founder-director of the Indiana State Police Auto Crash Injury Research Department, the only police organization of its kind in the country. Indiana state troopers now make a special report to this department on every fatal automobile accident within their jurisdiction. The state police mostly cover rural areas.

A typical recent report concerned an Indiana businessman who was driving his three children and the family maid through an intersection at 20 miles an hour when his car was hit by another at a right angle. It wasn't a bad crash; the businessman's car was damaged only slightly. But the maid had been thrown out of the car when a door sprang open at the moment of impact—her body was crushed under the front bumper.

State troopers and a doctor who examined the woman victim reported to Paul that she would not have been killed if the car door had remained closed. So the accident went into Paul's records as

DRAWINGS BY ROLF KLEP

Cars

Autos are safer than ever—but auto makers still need to know more about why some crashes kill, others don't. Here's how research is finding the answers

survivable—survivable, that is, if automobile design could be altered so that doors would not pop open in a collision.

Of 153 fatalities specially studied by Indiana's Auto Crash Injury Research in 1951, 66 per cent occurred in accidents also classified as survivable if cars could be redesigned to eliminate what Paul considers hazardous features.

Accidents Classed as Nonsurvivable

In another 18 per cent, survivability was questionable. And in only 16 per cent of the cases—such as that of a man who slithered off the road into a tree at 80 miles per hour—was the accident judged clearly nonsurvivable. The percentages for 1952 ran about the same, although no final report for the year has been issued.

Last year, Paul's department began serving as a field laboratory for the two-pronged Cornell University investigation. In New York City, De Haven's Crash Injury Research section at the medical college—which has made notable contributions to air-travel safety during a 10-year study of airplane crashes—is analyzing the reports from Indiana and may seek to extend accident research to other states. In Buffalo, the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory is hunting for ways to eliminate the danger points uncovered by the analysts.

One of the first results of the collaboration between Sergeant Paul and the Cornell research teams was a detailed four-page accident form addressed to doctors.

It said medical information was needed "to provide automotive engineers with the data whereby



Seat safety belts could be bolted to floor of automobile for maximum protection in crash

dred feet of highway. De Haven believes the statistics eventually will provide a picture of common accidents in enough detail to show the automobile industry what makes a car especially safe or especially dangerous.

Facts gathered by Paul and De Haven help guide the search at Cornell's Aeronautical Laboratory for safer car designs and equipment. The man in charge there is Edward R. Dye, head of the Industrial Division and an old hand at the laboratory end of crash research.

Several years ago Dye and his fellow workers dropped, threw, squeezed, banged and otherwise roughly treated eighty dozen eggs—one by one—because the Navy had asked the laboratory for basic information on the human head. (Eggs resemble heads in the way in which they break.) The Navy needed the information to make planes safer for naval airmen. The researchers went on from eggs to human skulls, supplied by Cornell Medical College, and measured their resistance to blows of varying force delivered by instruments of varying shapes.

Then Dye developed a gelatin-filled, plastic substitute for skulls; the laboratory made dozens at \$25 each for the researchers to bounce, bowl and catapult until smashed.

So Dye already has considerable information on how much punishment the head can stand. He knows, for example, that it takes a force of 600 inch-pounds to fracture a skull against a hard flat surface. (An inch-pound is the energy generated by dropping a one-pound weight one inch.) But hit with something shaped like a baseball bat, the skull will crack under a force of only 85 inch-pounds. Smacked against a 90-degree angle such as the edge of a knob on the dashboard, the skull can take only 50 inch-pounds—no more than the force generated when a person bumps his head against something while walking at ordinary speed.

Significantly, statistics flowing in from Indiana highway crashes indicate anything done to protect the skull will be the greatest possible step toward a safer car. Dye's past work shows what forces the skull must be protected against, and the Indiana study is piling up evidence—dented dashboards, cracked windshields, bloodstained doorposts—as to where in a car the skull meets these forces during a crash. Dye now is checking the field findings in the laboratory, trying to pin down the points of impact as precisely as possible and seeking how best to counter the force.

His chief assistants are the Thick Man and Half-Pint. Both are descendants of the Thin Man, a sheet-metal figure Dye used to find out what happens to the head of an airplane passenger when the plane crashes and his body is restrained by a seat strap. (Answer: the head flies forward just about as fast as when no belt is used, but it smacks into whatever is in front of it with much less force. That's because the body usually doesn't shoot forward freely and add its weight to the force of the impact. Also, to the surprise of some engineers, a safety belt itself hardly ever causes serious internal injury.)

The Thick Man, a full-size dummy built of iron pipe and balsa wood, weighs only 35 pounds, but each part has been built to a weight ratio of a little less than one to five, so the figures can represent a 180-pound human being. Similarly, Half-Pint, weighing 12 pounds, represents a six-year-old child. From what happens to them in a laboratory crash, the experimenter can calculate quickly what would happen to humans.

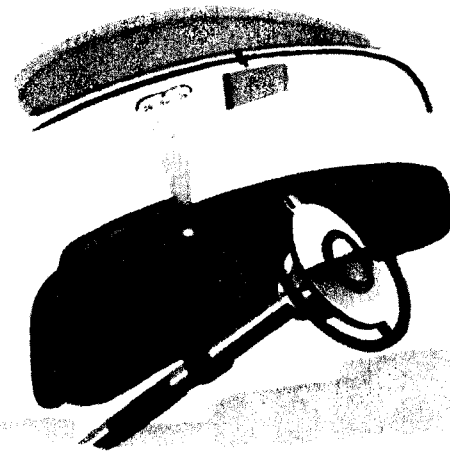
The laboratory crashes are only simulated, and that is one reason why the highway studies of actual collisions are important. In their efforts to duplicate the effects of a crash on the occupants of a car, Dye and his staff hook a new sedan to a specially built apparatus they call a crash-snubber. Then they position the dummies, start the car, set the steering wheel and let go. When the car reaches the end of a steel rope, it is jerked to a stop. The crash force is equivalent to five or six G's—five or six times the force of gravity. This means that what happens inside the car is what would happen if it were driven into the side of a parked automobile at 30 miles an hour.

Tests with Dummies Will Save Lives

The Thick Man and Half-Pint try one seat after another, with their joints adjusted to represent varying degrees of tension in their human counterparts. Sometimes seat straps are used, sometimes not. Each part of the car is coated with a different chalky color so Dye can tell which part of the body hit where. High-speed cameras elaborate on this information, and energy meters record the force of impact.

In the end, Dye thinks he'll find out what the prospect is of the head and other parts of the body hitting each section of a car during a crash, and the chances of survival in each case.

Next the laboratory will cut the car in half and



You could tell speed without taking eyes from road if gauge were projected on windshield



Engineers recommend putting a child in the rear with a safety belt and brace on the seat

causes of needless and excessive injuries due to windshields, steering wheels and the like can be modified by safety design." Only Indiana is using the form at present, but several other states are expected to adopt it this year.

From information given by the doctor about an automobile crash, plus details provided by the state trooper on another special form, Indiana investigators usually can tell what part of the car hit, crushed or pierced a passenger, and how serious his injuries were. The injury check list runs from one—for superficial hurts—to ten. The last four numbers are degrees of fatality. A man is just as dead in one degree as in another, but it makes a great deal of difference to safety people whether his body is intact except for a hole knocked in the head by a control knob or is scattered over a hun-

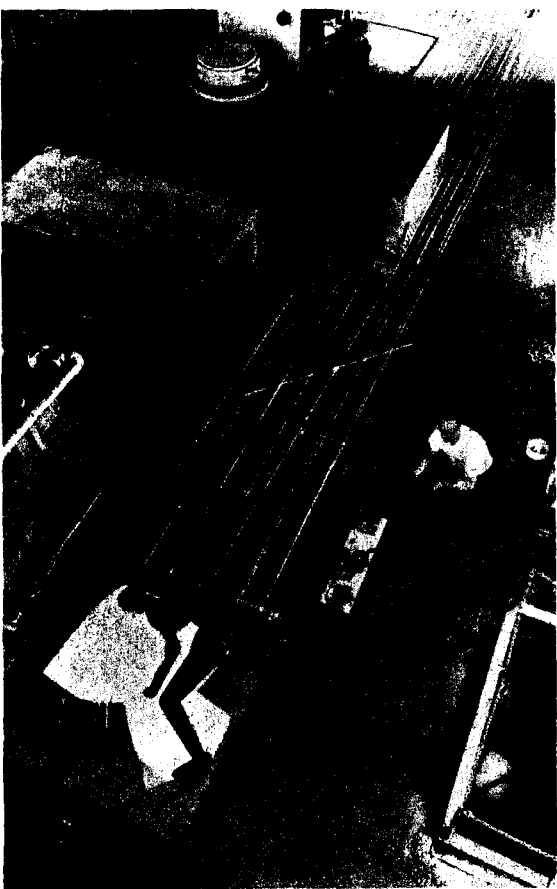
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Auto-crash researchers say their work may lead to construction of a car so safe



Indiana State Police Sgt. Elmer C. Paul examines windshield of wrecked car. It was he who began study to find out why some persons die in crashes while others are uninjured

ROCCO PADULO



Cornell laboratory uses "Thin Man" dummy and catapult to simulate effects of a crash



Test crash in the Cornell laboratory throws "Thick Man" dummy against steering wheel

catapult full-weight plastic heads against all areas found hazardous. Main purpose: to learn how various types of padding reduce the possibility of serious injury.

C.A.L. already knows a good deal about padding as the result of a study it made for the New York State Boxing Commission, which asked advice on how to reduce injuries in the ring. The laboratory took a look at the records and found that about half the ring fatalities were caused by blows on the head—administered to a falling boxer by the ring floor. Dye's hunt for safe padding for a ring has convinced him that theoretically the best padding for an automobile dashboard would be a low-density material which would give way slowly under impact, spreading out and absorbing the force of the blow. There is such a material; even when faced over with plastic or metal, it probably would eliminate most of the danger of a cracked skull. But it would be a one-shot proposition in an automobile: crash into it and it would save your life, but you'd have to get a new dashboard.

Danger in "Bounce" of Foam Rubber

How about foam rubber? C.A.L. engineers ruled it out after dropping an eight-pound steel ball from about four feet on a rubber pad. The ball bounced back three feet. "Your head weighs 10 pounds," says Dye. "Smack it against a rubber-coated panel, and if it doesn't crack on the first bounce, it may on the second. Or it may rebound and hit, for example, the door handle."

For New York boxing ring platforms, the laboratory worked out with the U.S. Rubber Company a "slow memory" material known as Ensolite. A plastic described by chemists as a modified unicellular polyvinyl chloride, it absorbs most of the force of a blow before returning—very slowly, unlike rubber—to its original shape. Dropped against an Ensolite pad from a height of four to five feet, the eight-pound ball rebounds only three inches. Dye thinks the new material will prove almost ideal for padding parts of an automobile forward of the head—doorposts and dashboard, among others—but he has other possibilities he wants to try out, too.

Another way to make cars safer is to redesign or relocate potentially dangerous equipment—anything heavy or solid which vital parts of the body may hit. For example, a four-pound clock on a dashboard could deal your head as lethal a blow as a four-pound hammer if you are thrown against it in a crash.

The basic problem, though, is how to keep you in your seat in a crash. If you stayed there, you would have a good chance of escaping critical injury. Bracing won't help too much because trying to brace yourself against a five-G crash, for example, would be like trying to do a push up with four people on your back.

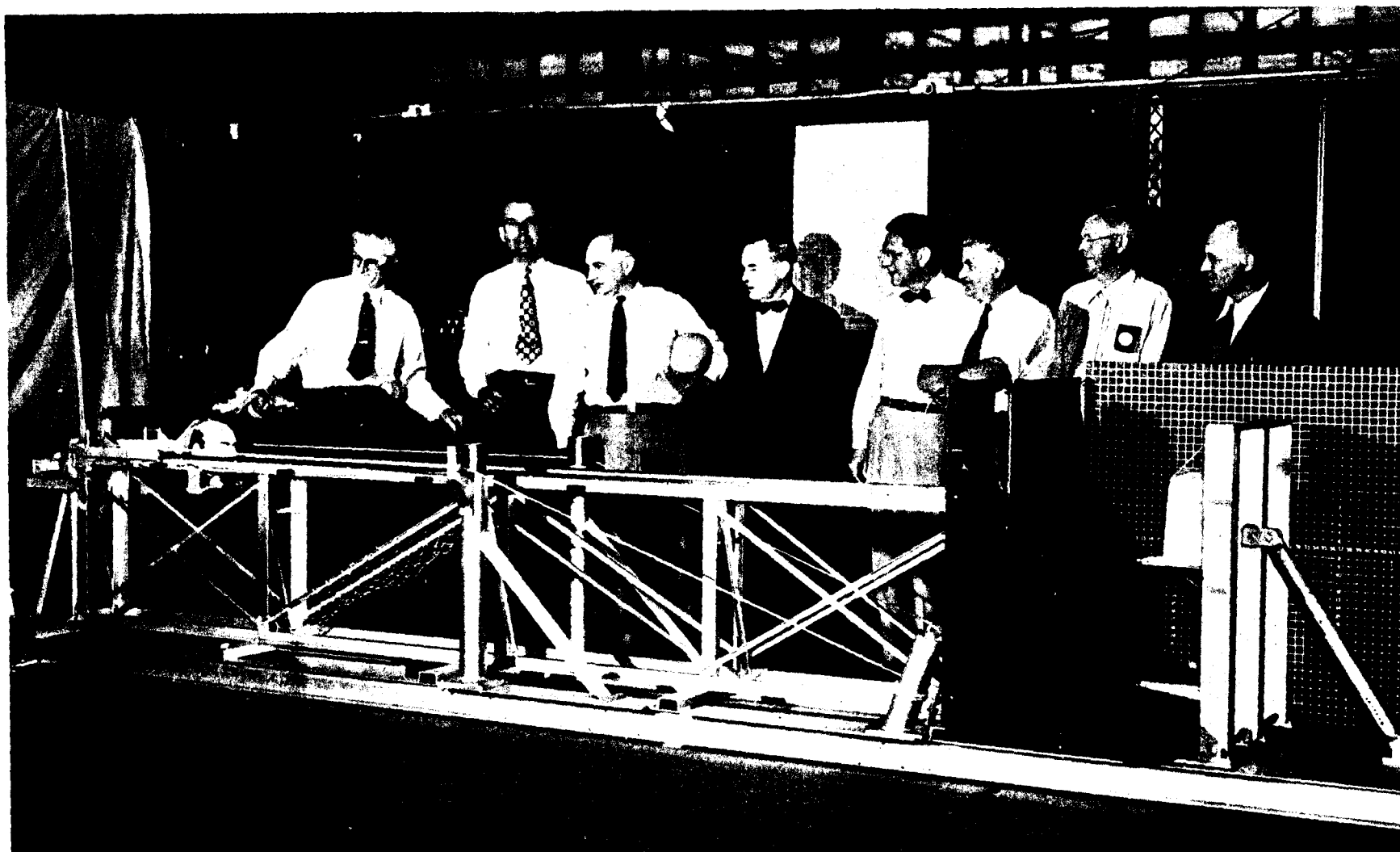
One solution—now used in some military air transports—is to redesign a car so that everybody except the driver rides backward. In crashes that now would kill you, you probably would only be pushed more deeply into the back of your seat. Dye himself has used this principle in designing a rearward-facing seat for children. Aside from engineering calculations showing that such a seat properly bolted to the car's frame will cradle a youngster safely during even a severe crash, Dye has some firsthand experimental evidence. Once when his young son, then about three, was riding in the seat, Dye had to jam on the brakes, and the boy screamed. It turned out, though, the boy hadn't felt a thing; in fact, he was the only passenger not shaken up. He yelled because he thought the folks in the back seat, suddenly flung forward, were threatening him.

Dye says children love riding backward, and he thinks the rest of us would get used to it, too.

But an innovation which Dye thinks is more likely to be adopted is a well-padded panel that

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it could crash head on into a wall at 50 mph without seriously hurting the occupants



Preliminary studies show that head injuries cause more than half the crash deaths. Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo, New York, developed this catapult to throw plastic heads against structures representing auto doorposts, windows and instrument panels. Lined

up behind the catapult are some of the men who are working to make your automobile safer. The two men in business suits direct the research. They are Hugh de Haven (left) of the Cornell Medical College and Edward Dye (right) of Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory

could be pulled forward from beneath the dashboard into the lap to hold the body down. It would be equipped with a shock-absorbing device to lessen the body's impact against it in a crash.

Dye would like to see this panel used particularly in the seat beside the driver, which researchers believe to be the most dangerous seat in an automobile. Pulled into place, the panel would keep a passenger from being thrown forward more than a few inches even in a head-on collision—and, if safety weren't enough of an attraction, the panel could have a top that would serve as a worktable.

As a matter of fact, there's something anybody can do right now to keep himself and his passengers where they'll be safest. Time after time, Indiana's reports of crashes bear a notation to this effect: "Had safety harness been used, there would have been no fatality."

Paul, De Haven and Dye—three of the men who know most about what happens during a crash—all wear seat belts in their own autos like those in commercial planes. From his work with the Thin Man, Dye estimates they may double a person's chances of survival.

A seat belt costs about \$10 and takes half an hour to install. It must be bolted securely to the floor—if you looped it only around the back of the seat, both you and the seat would plunge forward in a crash—and for best results should be set to fit over your hips as the safety belt does in an airplane.

Shoulder harness would be much more effective but it's harder to install. Even so, Howard Hasbrook, administrator of aviation field research for the Cornell Medical College's phase of the studies,

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has got himself a set. "I drive in from Long Island on a crowded highway, and I see plenty of accidents," he explains.

Sometime next year, after it has completed experiments with the Thick Man, Half-Pint and the catapulted heads and has studied the latest analyses of highway accidents, C.A.L. will build a mock-up automobile embodying what seem to be practicable suggestions for making a safer car. The dashboard—at least that part of it to the right of the driver—will almost certainly be bare of instruments, gadgets and decorations, and will be constructed of lightweight material. There will be padding at certain points that don't have it now. Dye's idea of built-in safety panels may be used.

To Aid Quicker Reading of Gauges

Another change being considered—more to prevent a crash than to help people live through one—is the redesigning and relocation of essential instrument gauges. When you pull your eyes from the road to read the instrument panel at present, it's a second or two before they return; at 60 miles per hour you travel about 100 feet blind. If the gauges were placed directly under the windshield and showed nothing but a red or a green light, you could read them far more quickly. Red, of course, would warn you to stop and check up.

What C.A.L. researchers will suggest about the windshield is uncertain. So-called pop-out windshields have made their appearance and, the researchers believe, may prove useful. "At the present stage of the investigation, though," Dye says, "I don't know if it's more dangerous to hit

the windshield and stay in the car, or not hit it but fly out and hit the ground." Best bet: keep a person in the car without hitting the windshield.

C.A.L. engineers also are studying more drastic innovations. One would eliminate the steering wheel, substitute small levers, and give the driver a safety panel to keep him from plunging forward. Engineers predict a car of the future, equipped with steering levers and other safety features tested in both laboratory and on the proving ground, could be rammed into a stone wall at 50 miles an hour without seriously hurting anybody in it. The laboratory has spent \$8,000 for preliminary research on an experimental model theoretically capable of such a feat, but won't talk about it now except to say that the car will use new, lightweight structural materials—presumably plastics—and may be much cheaper as well as much safer than conventional automobiles.

Meanwhile the crash-injury researchers offer you these suggestions:

¶ Install safety harness.

¶ If you're a passenger and see a crash coming, press your hands against whatever is in front of you (the dashboard if you're up front) and pillow your head on your arms. The instinctive gesture is to throw up your hands in front of your face, but then your head crashes forward and the weight of your hands makes it strike all the harder.

¶ When possible, sit in the back seat. Indiana statistics indicate it's about twice as safe as the front one.

¶ When you shop for a car, be as interested in its safety features as in its looks. Dealers then will realize the public really wants a safer car. ▲▲▲

Jane Wyman Dances the



BOB LANDRY

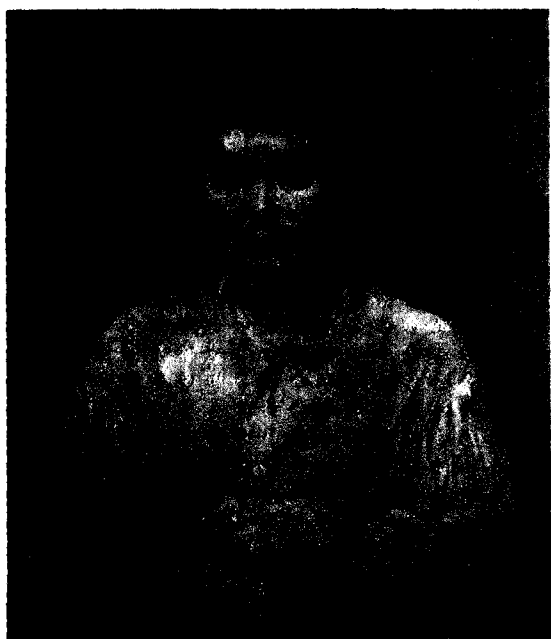
As Ray Milland's wife in Columbia's new *Let's Do It Again*, Jane stages torrid dance in attempt to win back his straying affections. On opposite page, she swings into Zambesi

An actress of many moods, Jane has been sober, sweet, sad and shy on film. Now she gets sassy

SOME entertainers reproduce themselves over and over again with the precision of a machine stamping out coins. But a few are able to bring excitement and variety to any role they play. Jane Wyman can do anything from sweet and low to hot and heavy—and make it good.

Miss Wyman has been in the movies under contract to Warner Brothers over 15 years. She started as a blank-faced blonde, playing chorus girls and posing for endless publicity pictures. Then, in 1947, in M-G-M's *The Yearling*, as a ragged, harried mother in the Florida swamps, she proved that she was more than face, torso and legs. The next year she won an Academy Award for her portrayal of a deaf-mute in *Johnny Belinda* (Warner Brothers). And in 1950, 1951 and 1952 she triumphed again—as a shy cripple in *The Glass Menagerie* (Warner Brothers), as a governess in RKO's *The Blue Veil* and as Will Rogers' wife in *The Story of Will Rogers* (Warner Brothers). Recently Jane has come out dancing and singing in a couple of Paramount pictures with Bing Crosby. But in *Let's Do It Again*, to be released by Columbia Pictures this summer, she gives her talents a real ride.

In the story of a singer with marital problems, she comes out as a fast-moving, energetic doll with brains, beauty and sex appeal. Her biggest scene is near the end of the film, when, after deciding to accept a divorce from her husband (Ray Milland), she changes her mind. To chase his very proper girl friend and her family back to Boston, she shocks them with her own version of an uninhibited African ritual dance called the Zambesi. Synchronized with her high-kicking and hip-wriggling shenanigans, she sings a song pleading for love "the jungle way." Effective? The Bostonians scatter, and Ray bounces back to her, wide-eyed as a boy in springtime. Publicity people will be calling her the new Jane Wyman. "But," says a long-time Wyman fan, "it won't be true. It will simply be Jane's versatility busting out all over." ▲▲▲



As deaf-mute in Warner's *Johnny Belinda*, she won stardom and 1948 Academy Award



As shy cripple in *Glass Menagerie*, she fell in love with "gentleman caller" Kirk Douglas



As wife of great humorist in *Story of Will Rogers*, she played a warm, sympathetic role

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The Dog That

The trick was outrageous. But the butcher was outrageo

LOOK what a lovely day we have for sailing," I said, pointing my pen toward the sunlit greenery outside the open window. Birds sang in trees, and the sun shone on a pack of brightly colored baggage tags that I was filling out. Under *SS America*, I had carefully lettered my name, and I answered the gay question, *Destination?* with *Cherbourg*.

I was about to fill out a new tag when I noticed Barbara's silence. I looked up at her. She was standing at the window looking at me. I remembered that on the day before she had said something about a dog; but I had been called away before I could talk about it at length.

For the most part, Barbara is a sweet and normal child. When she wants something, she changes. I looked at her now and clearly saw the symptoms of wanting something, symptoms long known to me and always the same. I recognized the first stage of a painful condition that overcomes her from time to time. I saw that this time it would be very grave and complicated. I could tell it by her eyes, her mouth, the position she stood in, the peculiar angles of her arms and legs. She was twisted in an unhappy pose of indecision. Not that she didn't know precisely what she wanted. Barbara was merely undecided about how to broach the subject. There was a long and cold silence.

At this point, the child is always under great stress. A trembling of the lower lip precedes the filling of the beautiful eyes with tears. I am allowed to see these hopeless eyes for a moment, and then, as a spotlight moves from one place to another, she averts her gaze and slowly turns, folds her arms and looks into the distance or, if there is no distance, at the wall. The crisis is approaching. She swallows, but her throat is constricted. Finally, with the urgency of a stammerer and with her small hands clenched, she manages to say a few dry words. Her voice is like a cold trumpet; the last word is a choking sound.

This morning—the morning we were sailing—the attack was particularly severe. After the silence, the tears and the gaze into the distance, Barbara blurted out: "You promised I could have a dog."

I steeled myself and answered, "Yes, when we get back from Europe you can have a dog."

An answer like that is worse than an outright no. The mood of "I wish I were dead" descended on Barbara. She stared coldly out of the window, and then she turned and limply dragged herself down the corridor to her room, where she goes at times of crisis. She closed the door, not by slamming it, but with a terrible, slow finality. From the corridor I could see how she let go of the doorknob inside. In an unspeakably dolorous fashion, the knob slowly turned, and there was a barely audible click of the mechanism. It was a cutting off of human relations, a falling off of appetite, and nothing of joy or disaster in all the world mattered to her.

Ordinarily this comatose state lasts for weeks. In this case, however, Barbara was confronted with a deadline, for the ship was sailing at five that afternoon, and it was now eleven in the morning. I usually break down after three or four weeks of resistance. The time limit for this operation was five hours.

For a while she continued to follow the manual of standard practice, which I know like the alphabet. From the door at the end of the corridor came the sound of heartbreaking sobs. Normally these



It was the last night on board. The sun had set, and we came up on deck for an evening walk. He was there, following us

sobs last for a good while; and then, the crisis ebbing, there follows an hour or two of real or simulated sleep, in which she gathers strength for new efforts. This time, however, the sobs were discontinued ahead of schedule. There was a period of total silence, during which I knew she was plotting at the speed of a calculating machine. This took about ten minutes. Then the door opened again and, fatefully and slowly, as the condemned walk to their place of execution, the poor child,



He was proceeding to mix dog food, and the chances for rescuing Little Bit were slim

handkerchief in hand, dragged along the corridor and passed me in phantomlike silence and, in a wide half circle, passed into the kitchen. I never knew until that morning that pouring milk into a glass could be a bitter and hopeless thing to watch.

I am as hardened to the heartbreak routine as a coroner is to post-mortems. I can be blind to tears and deaf to the most urgent pleading. I said, "Please be reasonable. I promise you that the moment we get back you can have a dog."

I was not prepared for what followed: the new slant, the surprise attack. She leaned against the kitchen doorframe and drank the last of the milk. Her mouth was ringed with white. Then she said in measured and accusing tones: "You read in the papers this morning what they did in Albany?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"They passed a law that all institutions like the S.P.C.A. are forced to turn dogs over to hospitals for vivisection—and you know what will happen. They'll get him, and then they'll cut him open and sew him up again, over and over, until he's dead."

"What has that got to do with me?"

"It has to do with the dog you promised me."

"What dog?"

"The dog that Frances wants to give me."

Frances is a redheaded girl who goes to school with Barbara.

"I didn't know Frances had a dog."

Barbara raised her eyebrows. "You never listen," she said, and, with weary gestures as if she were talking to an idiot, she said, "Poppy, I told you all about it a dozen times. Dr. Lincoln—that's Frances' father—is going to Saudi Arabia to work for an oil company, and he had to sign a paper agreeing not to take a dog, because it seems the Arabs don't like dogs. So the dog has to be got rid of. So Dr. Lincoln said, 'If you don't get rid of it, I will.' Now you know how doctors are. They have no feelings whatever for animals. He'll give it to some hospital for experiments."

I RESUMED filling out baggage tags. When I hear the word dog I think of a reasonably large animal of no particular breed, uncertain in outline like a Thurber dog, and with a rough, dark coat. This image hovered in my mind when I asked,

"What kind of a dog is it?"

"Its name is Little Bit."

"What?"

"Little Bit, that's its name. It's the dearest, sweetest, snow-white, itty-bitsy toy poodle you have ever seen. Can I have it, please?"

I almost let out a shrill bark.

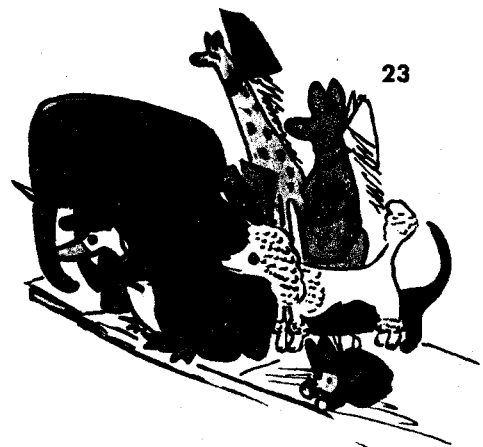
"Wait till you see him and all the things he's got—a special little wicker bed with a mattress, and he has a dish with his picture on it, and around it is written *Always Faithful*, in French. You see, Poppy, they got him in Paris last year, and he's the unique, sharpest little dog you have ever seen, and of course he is housebroken, and Frances says she's not going to give him to anybody but me."

I was playing for time. I would have settled for a Corgi, a Yorkshire, a Weimaraner, even a German boxer or a Mexican hairless, but Little Bit was too much. I knew that Dr. Lincoln lived some thirty miles out of New York, and that it would be impossible for him to get the dog to New York before the ship sailed.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

Traveled Incognito

23



o—and the poodle was delightful

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

"Where is the dog now?" I asked.

"He'll be here any minute, Poppy. Frances is on the way with him now. And, oh, wait till you see, he has the cutest little boots for rainy weather, and a cashmere sweater, sea-green, and several sets of leashes and collars. You won't have to buy anything for him."

"All right," I said, "you can have him. We'll put him in a good kennel until we get back."

The symptoms, well known and always the same, returned again; the lower lip trembled. "Kennel," she said—and there is no actress on the stage who could have weighted this word with more reproach and misery.

"Yes, kennel," I said, and I filled out the baggage tag for my portable typewriter.

"Poppy," she began, but I got up and said, "Now look, Barbara, the ship leaves in a few hours, and to take a dog aboard you have to get a certificate from a veterinary, and reserve a place for him, and buy a ticket."

To my astonishment, Barbara smiled indulgently and said, "Well, if that's all that is bothering you—first of all, the French, unlike the English, have no quarantine for dogs, and Little Bit already has a certificate. Second, you can make all the arrangements for the dog's passage on board ship, after it sails. Third, there is plenty of room in the ship's kennels. I know all this because Frances and I went down to the U.S. Lines and got this information day before yesterday."

AT SUCH times I feel for the boy who will someday marry Barbara. With all hope failing, I said, "But we'll have to get a traveling bag or something to put the dog in."

"He has a lovely little traveling bag with his name lettered on it. Little Bit."

The name stung like a whip. "All right, then." I wrote an extra baggage tag for the dog's bag.

Barbara wore the smug smile of success. "Wait till you see him," she said, and she ran downstairs.

She returned with Frances, who, I am sure, had been sitting there waiting all the time.

Little Bit had shoe-button eyes and a patent-leather nose and a strawberry-colored collar. He was fluffy from the top of his head to his shoulders and then shorn like a miniature Persian lamb. At the end of a stub of a tail was a puff of fluff, and there were other puffs on his four legs. He wore a red ribbon, and a bell on his collar. I thought that sawdust would come out of him if he were cut open.

A real dog moves about a room and sniffs his way into corners; he inspects furniture and people, and makes notes of things. Little Bit stood with cock-sparrow stiffness on four legs, as static as his stare. He was picked up and brought over to me; and I think he knew exactly what I thought of him, for he lifted his tiny lip on the left side of his face, up over his mouselike teeth, and sneered. He was put down, and he danced on stilts, with the motion of a mechanical toy, back to Frances.

I was shown the traveling bag, which was like



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one of the pocketbooks that WACs carry.

"We don't need that tag," Barbara said. "I'll carry him in this. Look." She opened the pocketbook, which had a circular opening with a wire screen on both ends for breathing purposes, Little Bit jumped into it, and she closed it. "You see, he won't be any bother whatever."

She opened the bag again, and, with a standing jump, Little Bit hurdled its handles. He stalked toward me and, tilting his head a little, looked up at me, and then he again lifted his lip over his small fangs.

"Oh, look, Barbara," said Frances. "Little Bit likes your father; he's smiling at him." I had an impulse to sneer back, but instead I took the baggage tags and began to attach them to the luggage.

I left the room then, for now Frances showed signs of crisis; her eyes were filling, and the heartbreak was too much for me.

Little Bit was less emotional. He ate a hearty meal from his *Toujours Fidèle* dish. Then he inspected the house, tinkling about with the small bell that hung from his patent-leather collar.

It was time to leave for the boat. The baggage was taken to a taxi, and Little Bit hopped into his bag. On the way to the boat, I thought about the things I had forgotten to take care of, and also about Little Bit. It is said that there are three kinds of books that are always a success; they are: a book about a doctor, a book about Lincoln, and a book about a dog. Well, now I had Dr. Lincoln's dog, but the situation didn't seem to hold the elements of anything except chagrin. I wondered if Lincoln ever had had a dog, or a doctor, or if Lincoln's doctor had a dog. I wondered if that side of Lincoln, perhaps the last remaining side, had been investigated yet or was still open.

WE ARRIVED with Dr. Lincoln's dog at the customs barrier, our passports were checked and the baggage was brought aboard. In the cabin we found some friends. Little Frances, with Barbara and Little Bit, looking out of his bag, inspected the ship. The gong sounded, and the deck steward sang, "All ashore that's going ashore." The passengers lined up to wave their farewells. The last of those that were going ashore hurried down the gangplank (good-by, good-by!), and then the engine bells sounded below, and the tugs moaned and hissed, and the ship backed out into the river. There are few sights in the world as beautiful as a trip down the Hudson and out to sea, especially at dusk. I was on deck until we were in Ambrose Channel, and then I went down into the cabin.

Little Bit was lying on the writing desk, on a blotter, and watching Barbara's hand. She was writing a letter to Frances, describing the beauty of travel and Little Bit's reactions. "Isn't he the best traveling dog we've ever had, Poppy?"

The cabins aboard the *America* are the only ones I have ever been in that don't seem to be aboard ship. They are large—like rooms in a country home—a little chintzy in decoration. The portholes are curtained, and in back of the curtains, one suspects, screened doors lead out to a porch and a Connecticut lawn, rather than the ocean.

I put my things in place and changed to a comfortable jacket, and then I said, "I guess I'd better go up and get this dog business settled."

"It's all attended to, Poppy. I took

"No man ever stands so
Straight as when he
Stoops to help a boy"



BIG BROTHER WEEK
JANUARY 4 to 11

care of it," said Barbara, and she continued writing.

"Well, then, you'd better take him upstairs to the kennels now. It's almost dinnertime."

"He doesn't have to go to the kennels."

"Now look, Barbara—"

"See for yourself, Poppy. Ring for the steward, or let me ring for him." . . .

"Yes, sir," said the steward, smiling.

"Is it all right for the dog to stay in the cabin?" I asked. The steward had one of the most honest and kind faces I have ever seen. He didn't fit on a ship, either. He was more like a person that works around horses, or a gardener. He had bright eyes, and squint lines, a leathery skin and a good smile. He closed his eyes and said, "Dog? I don't see no dog in here, sir." He winked like a burlesque comedian and touched one finger to his head in salute. "My name is Jeff," he said. "If you want anything . . ." and then he was gone.

"You see?" said Barbara. "And besides, you save fifty dollars, and coming

back another fifty, makes a hundred."

I am sure that Little Bit understood every word of the conversation. He stood up on the blotter and tilted his head, listening to Barbara. She said to him, "Now you know, Little Bit, you're not supposed to be on this ship at all. You mustn't allow anybody to see you. Now, you hide, while we go to eat."

There was a knock at the door. Little Bit jumped to the floor, and he was out of sight.

It was the steward. He brought a little raw meat mixed with string beans on a plate and covered with another plate. "Yes, sir," was all he said.

After he left, we took the bell off Little Bit's collar as a precaution.

BARBARA was asleep when the first rapport between me and Little Bit took place. I was sitting on a couch, reading, when he came into my cabin. By some magic trick, like an elevator going up a shaft, he ascended and sat down next to me. He kept a hand's width away, tilted his head and then lifted his lip over the left side of his face. I think I smiled back at him in the same fashion. I looked at him with interest for the first time. He was embarrassed; he looked away and then suddenly changed position, stretching his front legs ahead and sitting down flat on his hind legs. He made several jerky movements but never uttered a sound.

Barbara's sleepy voice came from the other room: "Aren't you glad we got Little Bit with us?"

"Yes," I said, "I am."

I thought about the miracles of nature; that this tough little lion in sheep's pelt functioned as he did, with a brain that could be no larger than an olive; that he had memory, understanding, tact, courage and, no doubt, loyalty, and that he was completely self-sufficient. He smiled once more, and I smiled back: the relationship was established. Life went on as steadily as the ship.

On the afternoon of the third day

out, as I lay in my deck chair, reading, Barbara came running. "Little Bit is gone," she stammered, with trembling lower lip.

We went down to the cabin. The steward was on all fours, looking under the beds and furniture. "Somebody must have left the door open," he said, "or it wasn't closed properly and swung open, and I suppose he got lonesome here all by himself and went looking for you. You should have taken him up to the movies with you, Miss."

"He's a smart dog," Barbara said. "Let's go everywhere he might go looking for us."

So we went to the dining room, to the smoking room, the theater, the swimming pool, up the stairs, down the stairs, up on all the decks and around them, and to a secret little deck we had discovered between second and third class at the back of the ship, where Little Bit was taken for his exercise mornings and evenings, where he ran about freely while I stood guard. A liner is as big as a city. He was nowhere.

When we got back the steward said, "I know where he is. You see, anybody finds a dog naturally takes it up to the kennel, and that's the end—he stays for the rest of the trip. Well, remember, I never saw the dog; I don't know about him. The butcher—that's the man in charge of the kennels—he's liable to report me if he finds out I helped hide him. He's mean, especially about money. He figures that each passenger gives him ten bucks for taking care of a dog, and he doesn't want any of us to snatch it."

"There was a Yorkshire stowing away trip before last—he caught him on the gangplank as the dog was leaving the ship. The passenger had put him on a leash. Well, the butcher stopped him from getting off. He held up everything for hours; the man had to pay passage for the dog, and the steward who had helped hide him was fired. Herman Haegeli is his name, and he's as mean as they come. You'll find him on the top deck, near the aft chimney, where it says *Kennel*."

At moments such as this one, I enjoy the full confidence and affection of my child. Her nervous little hand is in mine; she willingly takes direction; she is all devotion, and no trouble is too much. She loves me especially then, because she knows that I am larcenous at heart and willing to go to the greatest lengths to beat a game and especially a meanie.

"Now remember," I said, "if you want that dog back we have to be very careful. First, let's go and case the joint."

WE CLIMBED up into the scene of white-and-red smokestacks, the sounds of humming wires and the swish of water. In yellow and crimson fire, the ball of the sun had half sunk into the sea, precisely at the end of the avenue of foam that the ship had plowed in the ocean. We were alone. We walked up and down, like people taking exercise before dinner, and the sea changed to violet, and to indigo, and then to that glossy gun-metal hue that it wears on moonless nights. The ship swished along to the even pulse of her machinery.

There was the sign. A yellow light shone from a porthole. I lifted Barbara, and inside, in the immensity of one of the upper cages, was Little Bit, behind bars. There was no lock on his cage; there was no one inside the kennel. The door was fastened by a pad-



"The good thing about inflation is that
I lost 15 pounds worrying about it"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN

lock. We walked back and forth for a while, and then a man came up the stairs, carrying a pail. He took the padlock off the door.

"That's our man," I said to Barbara.

Inside the kennel, he brought forth a large dish like the body of a kettle-drum. The dogs were barking.

"Now listen carefully, Barbara. I will go in and start a conversation with Mr. Haegeli. I will try to arrange it so that he turns his back on the cage in which Little Bit is, and you carefully open the door of the cage, grab Little Bit, put him under your coat and then you don't run—you stand still, and after a while you say, 'Oh, please let's get out of here.' I will then say good evening, and we both will leave very slowly. Remember to act calmly, watch the butcher, but don't expect a signal from me. Decide yourself when it is time to act. It may be when he is in the middle of work, or while he is talking."

"Oh, please, Poppy. Let's get out of here," Barbara said, rehearsing.

I opened the door to the kennel and smiled, like a tourist in appreciation of a new discovery. "Oh, this is where the dogs are kept," I said. "Good evening."

MR. HAEGELI looked up and answered with a grunt. He was mixing dog food. "My, what nice food you're preparing for them!" I said. "How much do they charge to take a dog across?"

"Fifty dollars," said Mr. Haegeli, who had a Swiss accent. There are all kinds of Swiss, some with French, some with Italian and some with German accents. They all talk in a singing fashion. Their faces are as varied as their accents. The butcher didn't look like a butcher. A good butcher is fat and rosy. Mr. Haegeli was thin-lipped, thin-nosed; his chin was pointed, and in the light he didn't look as mean as I had expected. He looked rather fanatic and frustrated.

"How often do you feed them?"

"They eat twice a day, and as good as anybody on board," said Mr. Haegeli, "all except Rolfi there. He belongs to an actor, Mr. Gruber. He crosses twice a year, and he brings the dog's food along." He pointed to the cage where a large police dog was housed. "Rolfi, he is fed once a day, out of cans." He seemed to resent Rolfi and his master.

"You exercise them?"

"Yes, of course, all except Rolfi. Mr. Gruber comes up in the morning and takes him around on the top deck, and he sits with him there on a bench. There is such a thing as making too much fuss over a dog."

I said that I agreed with him.

"He tried to keep him in his cabin; he said he'd pay full fare for Rolfi, like a passenger. He'll come up any minute now to say good night to Rolfi. Some people are crazy about dogs." Mr. Haegeli was putting chopped meat, vegetables and cereal into the large dish. "There are other people that try to get away with something; they try and smuggle dogs across, like that one there." He pointed at Little Bit. "But we catch them." He sang it in his Swiss dialect. "Oh, yes, we catch them; they think they're smart, but they don't get away with it, not with me on board they don't. I have ways of finding out; I track them down." The fires of the fanatic burned in his eyes. "I catch them every time." He sounded as if he turned them over to the guillotine after he caught them. "Here comes Mr. Gruber," he said, and opened the door.

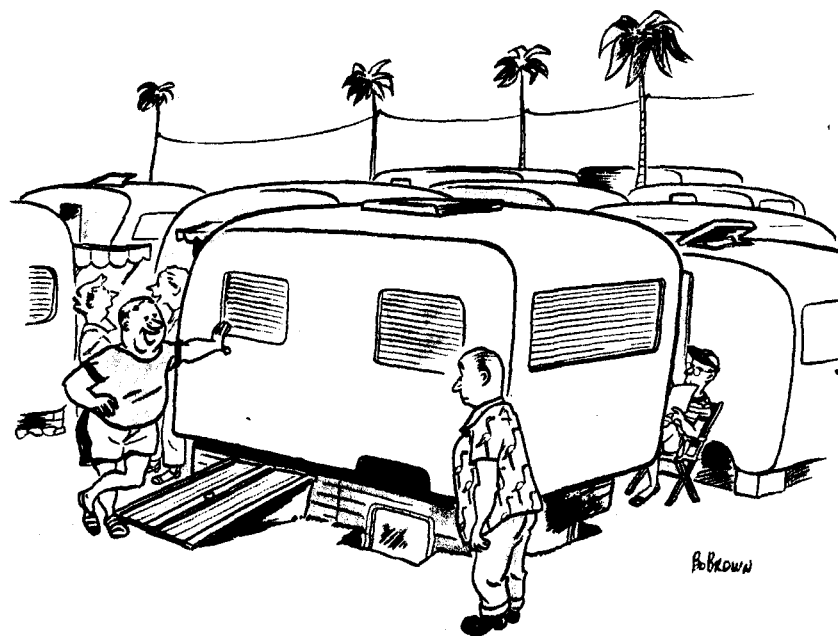
Kurt Gruber, the actor, said good

evening and introduced himself. He spoke in German to Mr. Haegeli, and Mr. Haegeli turned his back on Little Bit's cage. As he opened Rolfi's cage we were deafened with barking from a dozen cages. The breathless moment had arrived. Barbara was approaching his cage door when the dog lover Gruber saw Little Bit and said, "There's a new one." He spoke to Little Bit, and Little Bit, who had behaved as if he had been carefully rehearsed for his liberation, turned away with tears in his eyes. Mr. Gruber and his dog disappeared.

HERR HAEGELI had wiped his hand on his smock, and, with it still smeary with dog food, had shaken hands when we introduced ourselves. He was now proceeding to mix the dog food, and the chances for rescuing Little Bit were getting slim.

"Where do you come from, Mr. Haegeli?"

"Schaffhausen; you know Schaffhausen?" Mr. Haegeli asked.



"We buried our old model and use it as a cellar!"

COLLIER'S

BO BROWN

"Yes, yes," I said in German. "Wunderbar."

"Ja, ja, beautiful city."

"And the waterfall."

"You know the Haegeli Wurstfabrik there?"

"No; I'm sorry."

"Well, it's one of the biggest Wurstfabriken in Switzerland: liverwurst, salami, cervelat, frankfurters, boned hams—a big concern, belongs to a branch of my family. I'm a sort of wanderer, I like to travel—restless you know; I can't see myself in Schaffhausen." He looked up. He was mixing food with both hands, his arms rotating.

"I understand."

"Besides, we don't get along, my relatives and I. All they think about is money, small money. I think in large sums; I like a wide horizon. Schaffhausen is not for me."

"How long have you been traveling?"

"Oh, I'm now two years on this ship. You see, I'm not really a butcher; I'm an inventor."

"How interesting! What are you working on, Mr. Haegeli?"

At last Mr. Haegeli turned his back

on the cage in which Little Bit waited. "Well, it's something tremendous. It's—so to say—revolutionary."

"Oh?"

"There's a friend of mine, a Swiss, who is a baker, but, you know, like I am not a real butcher he is not exactly a baker. I mean, he knows his trade, but he has ambition to make something of himself, and together we have created something that we call a Frankroll." He waited for the effect.

"What is a Frankroll?"

"It's a frankfurter baked inside a roll. We've got everything here to experiment with—the material and the ovens. I make the franks, and he makes the roll. We've tried it out on passengers here. Mr. Gruber, for example, says it's a marvelous idea. I might add that the experimental stage is over—our product is perfect. And now it is merely a question of selling the patent, or licensing somebody. You know the way that is done—you make much more that way."

him as he slowly walked into his cage. He said to Rolfi that it was only for two more nights that he had to be here. He wished us a good night also, and after a final good night to his dog, he went.

"Where was I?" said the butcher.

"With the Frankroll, the old man, and the wise-guy son."

"Right. Well, the son was looking at our product doubtfully, and he took a bite out of it, and in the middle of it he stopped chewing. 'Mmmm,' he said, 'not bad, not bad at all. But—' He made a long pause, and then he said, 'What about the mustard, gentlemen?'"

"I said, 'All right, what about the mustard?' So the wise guy says, 'I'm a customer; I'm buying; I'm at a hot-dog stand. I watch the man in the white jacket. He picks up the frankfurter roll that's been sliced and placed face down on the hot plate. Then he picks it up in a sanitary fashion, takes the skinless frank with his fork, places it on the roll and hands it to me. Now, I dip into the mustard pot—or maybe I decide on a little kraut—or maybe I want some relish. Anyway, I put all that on the frank—' He held out his hand.

"So I said, 'What's all that got to do with our Frankroll?' So Junior says, 'A lot. Let me explain. It's got no appeal. Practical, maybe, but to put the mustard on the hot dog the customer would have to slice the bun first, and that leads us straight back to the old-fashioned frankfurter and the old-fashioned roll. This may be practical, but it's got no sizzle to it. No eye appeal, no nose appeal—it's no good.'

"Well, the old man was confused, and he got up, and said that he'd like to think about it, and then he said he'd like to show us the factory. Well, you'd never think how important a thing a frankfurter is. This factory is shining. Now, there are two schools about frankfurters, the skin frank and the skinless. These people specialize in skinless ones, because the American housewife is so lazy she prefers it without the skin. But—did you know that the skinless comes with a skin and has to be peeled? Now, there is a vast hall, and at long tables there sit hundreds of women, and music plays, and each has in her left hand a frankfurter and in the right a paring knife, and all day long they remove the skin from the frankfurters. An eight-hour day. And at the end of the room there is a first-aid station, because at the speed at which they work there is a great deal of laceration. The man there in charge—"

BARBARA broke in, "Oh, please, Poppy, please!" she urged. "Let's get out of here."

"The man in charge there explained that in spite of elaborate safety precautions, there was a great deal of absenteeism on account of carelessness. They had people working on a machine to skin the frankfurters. 'Now if you could invent a skinning device,' said the old man to me, 'you'd be a millionaire overnight.' Well, we're not licked yet. You see the beauty of working on a ship is you have everything. One of the engineers is working with us on a skinning machine, and I have another outfit lined up for the Frankroll."

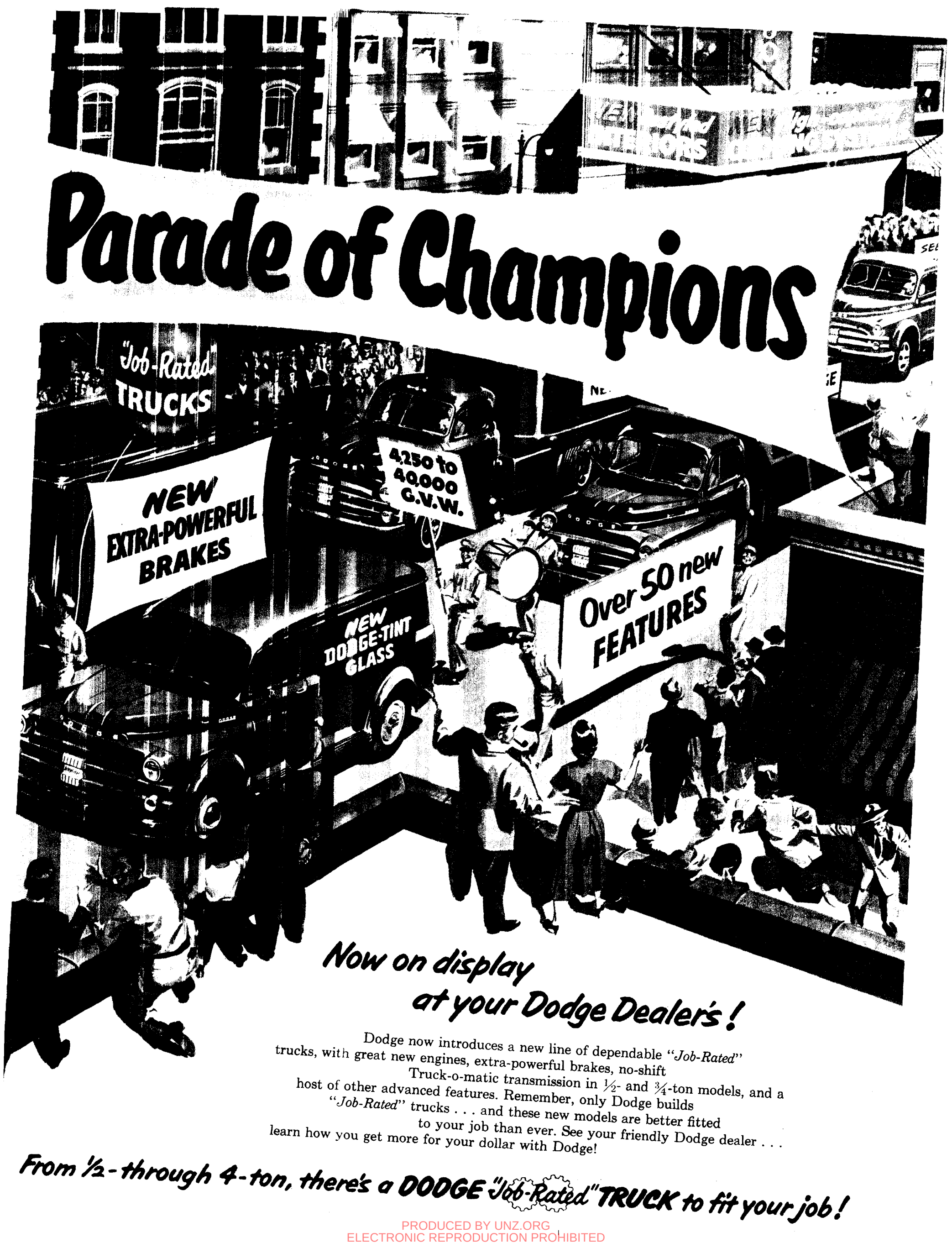
The light in Mr. Haegeli's eyes faded. He wiped his hand again on his apron, and I shook it, and slowly Barbara and I walked out on deck and down the first flight of stairs to A deck, and I said, "Run for your life, for by now he has discovered that Little Bit is gone."

We got into the cabin. Little Bit

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smiled on both sides of his face, and he bounced from floor to bed and to chair. There was a knock on the door. The thrill of the cops-and-robbers game had begun. Little Bit had vanished. "Who is it?" Barbara asked.

It was the steward. "Did you find him?"

Barbara smiled.

"You got him back?"

BARBARA nodded. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, keep your dog out of sight!" the steward said. "That crazy butcher is capable of anything from now on. I got a wife and family." The steward was not one to bathe in the dark waters of conspiracy.

"From now on the dog must not be left," I said to Barbara. "He must go with us wherever we go, to the dining room, on deck, to the lounge and to the movies. And you can't carry him around in that bag; you'll have to cover him with a scarf or have him inside your coat."

Barbara started going about as if her arm were in a sling. The steward averted his eyes whenever he met us, and he didn't bring any more dog food.

Mr. Gruber said, "The kennelman suspects you of having removed the dog from the kennel."

"We did."

"Good," said the actor. "Anything I can do, I will."

"Well, act as if you didn't know anything about it. How is Rolfi?"

"Oh, Rolfi is fine. You know he's never bitten anybody in his life, except that kennelman."

Mr. Gruber offered to get Little Bit off the boat. He said he had a wicker basket in which he carried some of Rolfi's things, and he would empty that, except for Rolfi's coat, and in that he would carry Little Bit off the America; for the butcher would watch us closely—if he didn't find the dog before—and catch us at the customs.

"Isn't Mr. Gruber a nice man?" Barbara said. "People always say such mean things about movie actors."

Camouflaged in his scarf, Little Bit rested on Barbara's lap during meals. On the deck chair he lay motionless between my feet, covered by the steamer rug. He traveled about under Barbara's coat, and he took his exercise secretly on the afterdeck, while I watched from above. . . .

After the morning walk, the next day, the steward knocked, and he looked worried. "The butcher was here," he said, "and he went all over the room. He found the dish with *Always Faithful* on it, on the bathroom floor."

"How could we be so careless?" I said, my pride hurt.

"And of course he saw the bag with *Little Bit* printed on it. I said I didn't know nothing about a dog."

We doubled our precautions. Little Bit's mouth was down at the edges with worry. I contemplated what to do. After all, there was only one more day, and if the worst happened we could sit upstairs near the kennel with Little Bit, the way Mr. Gruber sat with Rolfi.

I said to Barbara, "Perhaps it would be best to pay the passage and have it over with."

"No, you can't do that—think of the poor steward and his family."

"Well, we could settle that, I think, with the butcher, anyway. I don't like to cheat the line."

After-Christmas Male



Judging by the stack of bills
That followed close on yuletide thrills,
Something else besides the tree
Got a lovely trimming—me.

—J. L. KNIGHT

"Well, Poppy, you can send them a check after, if that worries you, or drink a few bottles of champagne, or buy something in the shop."

There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?"

"The purser, sir."

"Please come in."

The door opened, and outside, behind the purser, stood Mr. Haegeli.

"Just wanted to look and see if everything was all right," the purser said.

"Are you comfortable, sir? Anything I can do?"

"Everything is fine."

"By the way, sir," the purser went on, "we are looking for a small white dog that's been lost. We wondered if by any chance it is in here."

"Come in; look for yourself," I said.

"That's quite all right, sir. Excuse the intrusion. Good evening." The purser closed the door.

"What a nice man!" said Barbara.

The butcher was excluded from pursuing us in the public rooms of the

ship. He couldn't follow us to the movies or the dining room. But he seemed to have spies.

"What a lovely scarf you have there, miss!" said the elevator boy, and after that we used the stairs.

The butcher came on deck and followed us on the evening promenade around the deck, while Little Bit sat inside my overcoat and I held him in place with my right hand, in a Napoleonlike pose. We made four turns around deck. We saw the butcher's shadow on the wall near the stairs several times. He seemed to be nearing a nervous breakdown. Mr. Gruber told us that he had sworn we had the dog, and that he meant to find it at any cost. There was one more night to go, and the next day the ship would dock.

At ten Barbara would deliver Little Bit to Mr. Gruber, and we would fill the bag in which he traveled with paper handkerchiefs, tobacco, soap, extra

toothbrushes, razor blades, dental floss and other things, all of which can be had in Europe but which, for some droll reason, one always takes along.

Little Bit was fed from luncheon trays which we ordered for ourselves in the cabin instead of going down to lunch.

THE steward was shaking. "I don't know when that guy takes care of the other dogs," he said. "He's hanging around here all the time. I hope you'll get off all right."

It was the last night on board. The sun had set again, and we came up on the promenade deck to take the evening walk. The butcher was there, following us. He walked faster than usual. It was cold and windy. I went inside with Barbara and drank a cocktail in the bar, and Barbara, with her lemonade in her hand, suddenly said, "He's watching us through the third window."

I looked quickly toward the left side of the room; the butcher's face was

pressed against the glass, pale and haunting.

He kept watch from the outside, and ran back and forth as we moved about inside.

We went to the dining room. When we came back I got a cigar, and he was outside the bar. When I went to the saloon to have coffee, he was outside the window.

"Don't give Little Bit any sugar," Barbara said. "He's watching us."

BUS boys were clearing the floor for dancing, and we got up to walk back to the library. There is a windowless passage between the main saloon and the library, and off this passage is the gift shop. On this last evening people stood there in numbers buying cigarettes, film, small sailor hats, miniature life belts, and ship models with *SS America* written on them. Here I suddenly realized the miraculous solution of our problem. It was in front of me, on a shelf. Among an assortment of toy animals, stuffed Mickey Mice, Donald Ducks, and Teddy bears of various sizes, stood the exact replica of Little Bit—the same button eyes, patent-leather nose, the fluff, the sticklike legs, the pompon at the end of the tail, and a red ribbon in its hair.

"How much is that dog?" I asked the young lady.

"It's two ninety-five, sir," she replied.

"I'll take it."

"Shall I wrap it up, sir?"

"No, thanks; I'll take it as is."

"What are we going to do now, Poppy?"

"Now you keep Little Bit hidden, and I'll take the stuffed dog, and we'll go into the library."

We sat down, and I placed the stuffed dog at my side and spoke to it. The butcher was on the far side of the ship, but he almost went through the window. Then he disappeared and ran around to the other side. I had arranged it so that the dog seemed to be sleeping at my side, partly covered by Barbara's scarf. I told her to take Little Bit down to the cabin and then to come back, and we'd have some fun with the butcher.

When she came back, Barbara took the toy dog and fixed its hair, and combed the fluff, and then I said, "Please give me the dog." We walked the length of the ship on the inside. The butcher was sprinting outside, his face appearing flashlike, in a series of windows.

At the front of the ship we went out on deck, and I held the dog so that the white pompon stuck out in back, and I wiggled it a little, to give it the illusion of life. It took the butcher a while to catch up. He walked fast; we walked faster. He almost ran; we ran. He shouted, "Mister!" I continued running; and as we approached the stern, I said, "Can you let out a terrible scream?"

"Yes, of course," said Barbara.

"One, two, three—now."

As she screamed, we got to the end of the ship. I threw the dog in a wide curve out into the sea.

The butcher, only a few feet away, gripped the railing and looked below, where the small white form bobbed up and down in the turbulent water and was rapidly washed away in the wake of the America.

I turned to go back into the saloon.

We left the butcher paralyzed at the stern of the America. He was not at the gangplank the next day, and on the return trip there was another man in charge of the kennels. ▲▲▲



"It's getting hard to believe you're
the man who made me forget all
about Francis X. Bushman . . ."

COLLIER'S

CHON DAY



"Get it up and move it, Al boy," he called brightly. "Let's put this act on the road"

HENRY LUHRS

Old Pal, Old Teammate

By MATT BRYANT

ALLEN clomped down the stairs, dressed in old cords and three sweaters. His skates were slung over his shoulder jauntily, but his expression was black and scowling.

Betty ignored her son elaborately. Though at seventeen he considered himself a sophisticate, she knew he could not long contain any of his darker emotions.

When his legs-apart, head-back pose of agony brought no comment, he collapsed disjointedly into a chair and moaned, "I'm cursed."

"Aren't we all?" Betty said warily.

"You've noticed it, too?" he asked darkly.

Betty nodded and said, "Oh, yes, nothing gets by me," and she wondered uneasily where their conversation was going.

"The child-dad, the playmate-pop," Allen said bitterly. "He's on my team; I'm his pal."

Betty sighed and stuffed the sock she was darning into her sewing box. She had been waiting for this moment of rebellion for so long it was a relief, like the long-delayed crash of thunder after a streak of lightning. And yet, like the expected thunder, this outbreak still caught her unprepared.

How could she explain to Allen and make him accept Hal's delight in playing the role of the young father—especially when she could not reconcile herself to it? She was as weary of Hal's hot pursuit of palship these past ten years as she was of doing dishes—and of growing older, alone.

And then Hal, as light-footed as a junior tennis champion, came running down the steps. He was wearing sweaters and old corduroys, too. Except for a leaner cast to his dark, handsome face, he could have been Allen's slightly older brother, though he was thirty-eight.

"Get it up and move it, Al boy," he said brightly. "Let's put this act on the road."

"Some act!" Allen said and heaved himself up, and then they were gone.

The telephone rang, and Betty got up to answer it. Kathy Harper was on the telephone. She was a really exhausting girl who pursued Allen with all the finesse of a roaring cannon. When Betty put down the telephone, she prayed forgiveness for thoughtlessly blurting out to Kathy that she would

find Allen at Bowman's Pond with his father. Betty excused herself on the grounds that she had more to think about than making up excuses for adolescents. And she did: Hal. . . .

The silence they brought into the house was shattering. Betty looked curiously from Allen's glowering anger to Hal's sheepish grin. "Well," she said uneasily, "who did what—and to whom?"

Allen stood with his legs apart and his hands clenched into fists. He glared at his father, and then his soft, boyish lips trembled, and he turned and ran up the stairs three at a time.

Betty turned to Hal. "All right," she said, "tell me about it, or take it outside and bury it."

Hal rubbed the back of his neck, still smirking, and said, "Guess I'll have a beer," and he ambled out into the kitchen.

Betty sighed and started wearily up the stairs. When Hal was so inclined, he could shame the Sphinx. But Allen had not yet acquired that talent, and she had to find out what had befallen the two of them at Bowman's Pond.

After a great show of stubborn insistence that reminded Betty of Hal, Allen ate in his room, dressed for the school dance and stole out of the house. Hal ate in grinning silence across the dining-room table from Betty.

When the dishes were washed and put away, Hal got himself another beer from the refrigerator and went into the living room. On her way upstairs, Betty looked at him and said, "Don't get blotto, Two Beer; I may want you for something."

Hal made a mocking noise in his throat.

Betty got out her best cocktail dress. As she put on lipstick, she thought tiredly that it was nice she only felt as old as Mother Eve, not looked it.

Hal glanced up as she came down the stairs, fastening the clasp of her one good bracelet.

"What are you about to do?" he asked.

Betty stood in front of him. "I am about to seduce a confession out of you," she said.

Hal looked surprised and said, "You mean he didn't tell you anything? He kept still?" There was a tribute like a twenty-one-gun salute in his omission of the tiresome nicknames.

"Oh, yes, he said you were his pal, and you were on his team, and wasn't he lucky he had such a young father—one who was growing up with him, playing with him," Betty said. And then she eyed him warily and tried not to laugh as she added, "And one who made a fool of himself with the dumbest, man-craziest girl in school."

Hal choked.

"And he wanted to know if I wasn't as fed up with old pal, old teammate, old swoon-bait as he was?"

Hal just looked pleasantly embarrassed, not angry at all. "Well?" he asked.

Turning her extended arm and watching the lights glint on the bracelet, Betty said, "I told him I sure as heck was."

"Why, you asp, you," Hal said, pleased and smiling secretly.

"However, boy," Betty said, "I'd like the story—the one about swoon-bait and the man-crazy girl."

"The bridegroom didn't show up—no story," Hal quoted blithely.

"The point of that chestnut, Captain Billy, was to show that the reporter was lousy," Betty said. "So let's start with names."

"Can't answer," Hal said. "Self-incrimination."

"Now we're getting somewhere," Betty said, and she sat down on the couch so that she faced Hal. He was sitting with his hands shoved into his pockets, and he had that silly smile on his face again. "How about Kathy Harper?" she asked.

He said brightly, "Now, she's a tiresome but cute little nitwit, isn't she?" But he actually blushed when he added, "She chased me all over the pond, honey, me—old gray-head. Know what she told me when she got me cornered alone?"

"I don't dare imagine."

"Well," he said, and the silly smile came back to his face, "she said I was the most fascinating older man in the world—me, who's old enough to be her father."

"But doesn't act it," Betty said.

"*Touche*," Hal said, and smiled at her ruefully.

Betty laughed and put her arms around Hal and kissed him lightly on the faintly gray temple. "Kind of pleased with yourself, aren't you, boy?"

"Kind of," he admitted, and then he added seriously, "but what gives with our young Hamlet?"

Betty curled her legs under her and said, "Look, darling, how old were you when you declared you couldn't wait for me to be eighteen and of age?"

Hal leaned back and started to calculate.

"You were nineteen, and Allen's seventeen, Hal. If your father had dogged you all the time you were learning the courting game, you'd have thought he didn't trust you. Wouldn't you?"

Hal said happily, "Yours never trusted me."

"Of course not!" Betty said. "Anyhow, Allen's grown up, Hal, or at least he thinks he is. And what used to be companionship, well, now it seems to Allen to be spying. He wants to be left alone."

Hal pulled his hands out of his pockets and took Betty in his arms. "Okay, honey," he said, "I get it. And I'm sorry I couldn't figure it out for myself. Now, how would you like to be kissed by the most fascinating older man in the world?"

BETTY was leaning back comfortably against Hal's chest when he suddenly sat up and said loudly, "That damned kid of ours isn't thinking of marrying that stupid Harper brat, is he?"

Betty laughed. "Changing your tune, old man?" she asked.

"Just what does that mean?"

"Earlier tonight she was a 'cute little nitwit.'"

"Now look, that was different."

"You mean," Betty said, "that she worries you in your new-found role of father? No, darling, rest assured, all Allen wants is one father—not a buddy, not a sweetheart."

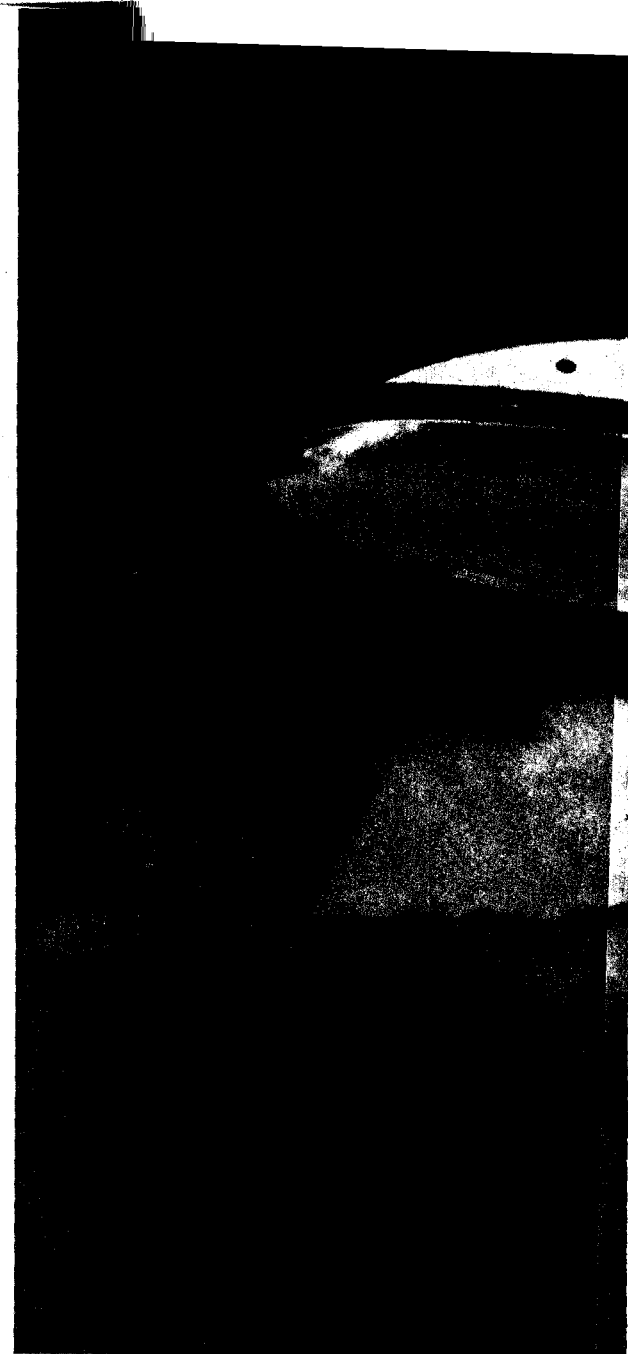
She rested her head against his shoulder. It was going to be nice, she thought, to have a man around the house again. And then she began to laugh delightedly at the mental picture of Hal being scared into middle age by a juvenile Circe.

But the way Hal acted when she refused to say what she was laughing at gave Betty cause to delete middle age.

Collier's SHORT SHORT



De Havilland has devoted 45 years to aviation. Two of his sons died in plane crashes



Jet-powered Comet air liners, already in operation

DE HAVILLAND — *The Man*

Britain's Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, builder of the first jet air liner, barely got off the ground

ONE gray, wet morning last October, austerity-weary Britons read their morning newspapers with extra relish and gloated to anyone who would listen: "The Yanks finally realize there's life in the old island yet!"

Front-page headlines told the story: Pan American World Airways had just ordered three sleek Comet jet air liners from Great Britain for delivery in 1956 and had taken an option on seven more.

It was the first time in aviation history that an American air line had placed a major aircraft order in Britain. For nearly two decades every air-line operator in the world—the British included—had planned expansion with American equipment.

The man who produced the Comet—the world's first jet-propelled air liner—and thereby lifted the British aircraft industry from the shadow of American competition to the top of the heap is a shy, self-deprecating genius named Sir Geoffrey de Havilland, often called the father of British aviation.

An uncle of film stars Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine, Sir Geoffrey is a tall, rope-thin, nearly bald man of seventy with a quiet voice, a

quick smile and distant blue eyes. In a disposition of otherwise temperate enthusiasms, he has had only one passion—airplanes—since he first read in 1904 about the Wright Brothers and their new-fangled flying machine.

De Havilland's Comet has ushered in a new era of faster, more comfortable air transportation. Since last May, British Overseas Airways Corporation has put the 500-mile-an-hour Comets into operation on three routes out of London—to Johannesburg, Union of South Africa, to Colombo, Ceylon, and to Singapore—and expects to begin a London-Tokyo service the middle of this year. Comet service will be extended farther as fast as the planes become available.

BOAC's success with the jet air liners has brought orders pouring into the De Havilland Aircraft Company. In addition to Pan American, seven British Commonwealth, French, Japanese and Venezuelan air lines are in the queue awaiting delivery.

The Comet looks much like a conventional air liner both inside and out except for its lack of propellers. But it has two advantages: it goes nearly 200 miles an hour faster than any present piston-

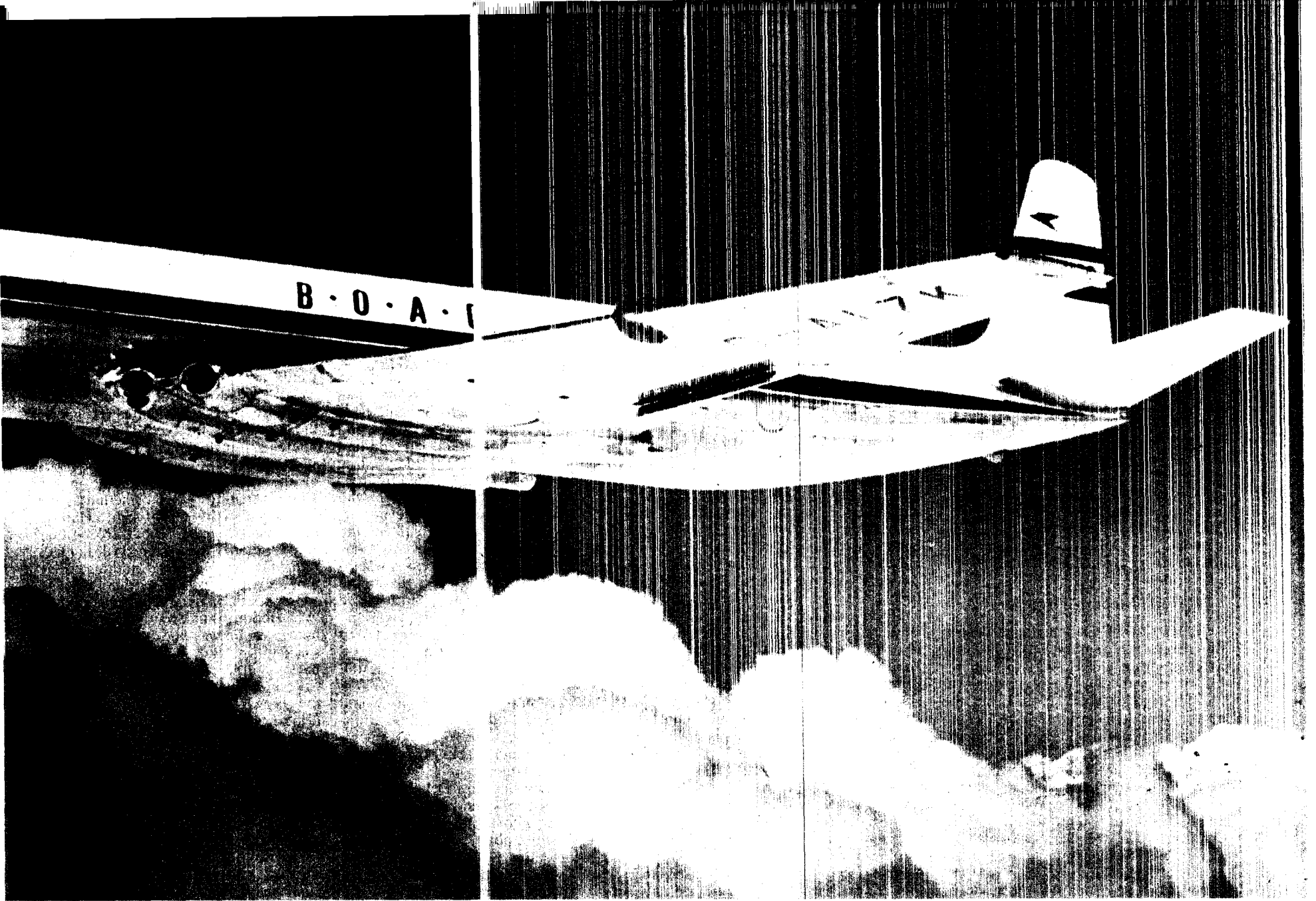
engine commercial air liner, and there is no vibration aboard it. In a propeller-driven transport, London is three days away from Singapore; by Comet the cities are only 30 hours apart. When the Comet starts flying the North Atlantic—possibly in 1956—the gap between New York and London will shrink from the present 12 to 14 hours to 8.

The Comet carries its passengers so smoothly that Britain's Queen Mother Elizabeth and her younger daughter, Princess Margaret, on their first jet flight last spring, stood, coins, cigarettes and pencils on end for 40 minutes at a time.

Despite the multimillion-dollar business the Comet has brought his company, Sir Geoffrey still takes small delight in making money and less in spending it. He still wears baggy suits; he still drives a Morris Minor (smallest and cheapest British automobile); he and his second wife still live in an eight-room house without servants in a London suburb.

At the De Havilland plant, Sir Geoffrey is still listed as technical director of the company he founded in 1920. His employees laughingly refer to the title as Sir Geoffrey's disguise. "He is the company," they say.

Collier's for January 10, 1953



an air routes from London to South Africa and Asia, may begin service on the New York-London run in 1956. World's air lines get in line to buy Comets

Behind the COMET By MARJORIE EARL

round in his 1909 flying machine. Now his Comet streaks through the sky at 500 mph

His contributions to aviation have brought him, among other honors, a knighthood from King George VI in 1944 and the 1952 Daniel Guggenheim Medal from the American Society of Mechanical Engineers.

This retiring, dedicated engineer and designer did not foresee early in his career that one day he would build a jet air liner. "All my life," he says, "I've just seen the improvements that could be made in the machine of the moment—and tried to make them."

When De Havilland was a boy in a middle-class family in Victorian England, the machine of the moment was a toy steam engine, and he worked to improve it. Next came a motorcycle engine; at seventeen he designed and built one of his own. That started him off on a promising career as an engineer in the automobile industry.

But De Havilland forgot everything else after that day in 1904 when he read of the Wright Brothers and their first flight. For four years he read and thought about their exploits. Then he paid a call on his grandfather in Oxford. He wanted to fly, he said, and he needed money. Impressed by the young man's conviction and determination, his

grandfather gave him \$5,000 he had intended as a bequest.

De Havilland designed a four-cylinder, water-cooled engine, doing all the drawings and tracings himself. While a motor company was building the engine, De Havilland and his brother-in-law, Frank T. Hearle (now chairman of the De Havilland Aircraft Company), went to work in a shed off London's Fulham Road on a pusher biplane of their own.

"We used bicycle wheels for landing gear, bicycle tubing for fittings and we bought the lightest wood we could find at a lumberyard," De Havilland recalls. "The covering was predoped cotton which my wife sewed on a hand sewing machine and the struts were ordinary piano wire." The first Lady de Havilland was to use the same sewing machine until her death in 1949.

De Havilland and Hearle trucked the airplane sections to a shed at Seven Barrows on England's North Hampshire Downs, near De Havilland's home, and there assembled the strange-appearing machine. Finally everything was ready; the engine was installed, and the wings, struts and controls were all in place. One December day in 1909, De

Havilland climbed onto the exposed seat for the first test flight.

"I was asking rather a lot of my little aircraft because I didn't know how to fly," De Havilland says now. "The engine ran and carried me across the ground, going downhill. I applied the elevator and much to my astonishment I went up a little bit. But I didn't know what to do next, so I came down rapidly." That was an understatement: actually the port wings failed and the plane crashed. But De Havilland reckoned the experience valuable.

"In those days there were no books on how to fly," he says. "It was a good way to learn." That it was also a good way to get killed didn't occur to him, as it doesn't now. "It could have been dangerous," he reluctantly concedes, "but fortunately the engine wasn't damaged."

De Havilland and Hearle went back to work in their Fulham Road workshop. This time they built a stronger and simpler airplane around the original engine. Ten months later, the two men were back at Seven Barrows with their new aircraft. Once more they pushed it to the top of an incline, started the engine and sent it off on test runs. De Havilland was at the controls; Hearle lay on the

Skeptics said jet air liner couldn't make money. De Havilland, British aviation pioneer,

ground and watched for daylight beneath the wheels. On a calm Saturday evening in September, 1910, the flimsy aircraft really flew.

"We stayed off the ground for 50 yards and later we went to an inn and had quite a celebration," De Havilland says. ("Quite a celebration" meant a few exultant beers.)

Gradually flights in the new plane got longer. Whole minutes were spent off the ground. Then there was the excitement of learning how to turn a plane in flight. Speeds of up to 45 miles an hour were attained.

That initial success cost De Havilland all of his grandfather's \$5,000. But the army balloon factory at Farnborough came to the rescue of the pioneer airmen. It bought their plane for \$2,000, gave De Havilland a job in the drawing room and as a pilot, and took on Hearle as a mechanic.

Recalled from Active Service

In May, 1914, De Havilland went to the Aircraft Manufacturing Company as chief designer. He left to join his squadron in the Royal Flying Corps at the outbreak of World War I, but the government soon ordered him back to his drafting board. There he designed the famous D.H.4, the 125-mile-an-hour bomber-reconnaissance plane which became the principal standard type for United States forces in World War I. Some 2,500 were built in the United States alone up to October, 1918. It was a D.H.4 which inaugurated international air passenger service; in 1919 it carried two persons from London to Paris in a crowded cockpit under a canvas canopy. The D.H.4 also pioneered American air-mail routes.

Britain's aircraft industry fell apart at the seams in 1920. But De Havilland and the men who had worked with him refused to believe there was no future in the air. With a working capital of less than \$15,000, they leased two wooden sheds, an old army hut and a small airfield to go into business for themselves as the De Havilland Aircraft Company, Ltd. Hearle headed the firm and De Havilland took the title he still has—technical director.

For two years, it was touch and go for the infant company. Hearle kept fabric for the fuselage and wings under his desk and doled it out stingily after lecturing everyone on its expense. The company ran a hire-plane service, advertised anything for anybody, and thinks it originated crop dusting, the system of spraying farm land from the air to kill insects.

The first sizable aircraft order that looked as though it might save the company from extinction came from the Daimler Airline Company in 1922. But at this moment the owner of the airfield decided he wanted to sell it—for \$90,000. De Havilland raised \$9,000, but after that was stumped.

One morning about that time De Havilland received a letter from a wealthy young aviation enthusiast named Alan S. Butler. Butler wanted De Havilland to build a two-seater, dual-controlled plane to his own specifications. "Tell him how much it will cost," De Havilland told his business manager. "That will soon settle the matter." But the \$13,500 price tag set by De Havilland did not stop Butler. He called personally to place his order.

As he was about to leave, Butler said, "By the way, I've been thinking of investing some money in an aircraft company. You don't by any chance need any, do you?" He mentioned the sum of \$225,000.

"Well, we do happen to need a little," De Havilland said, "but not that much." Butler nodded his head and left. De Havilland wondered if he had let opportunity slip through his hands. "I couldn't think of a polite way to tell him it was urgent," he says now.

But Butler came back with his check-book a few days later and wrote out a check for \$22,500 that met the next installment on the airfield. With that, Butler became a director of the company and two years later was elected chairman—a post he held until his retirement in 1950. With Butler's money behind it, the company ever after was secure although it never became big. Today it comprises eight factories in England, a new Comet production line just being laid in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and branches in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Union of South Africa. But it is small compared to Britain's leading manufacturer, the Hawker Siddeley group. And it is diminutive beside its American competitors; the De Havilland Company's net assets including reserves total only about \$25,000,000.

In the years before the jet engine revolutionized aviation, the De Havilland production line turned out numerous air transports for British and European air lines as well as the Moth, a small private plane; the single-engine Puss Moth, flown to Tokyo and back by Amy Johnson and across the Atlantic by Bert Hinkler and Jim Mollison, and

the all-wood Mosquito fighter of World War II.

De Havilland and his associates plunged into the jet field during the war. Frank Halford, the firm's engine designer, began work on a jet engine in 1940. Less than two years later, De Havilland's Vampire fighter plane, powered by a Goblin jet, was ready.

Top Men Hold Bull Sessions

De Havilland and his top men met frequently in his plain, ground-floor office during those days to sip tea and pick one another's brain. In addition to De Havilland, Halford and Hearle, the bull sessions were attended by Ronald Bishop, the air-frame designer, who joined De Havilland as a sixteen-year-old apprentice; Charles Walker, the chief engineer, a benign seventy-year-old pioneer; Richard Clarkson, a wizard with the slide rules; Wilfred Nixon, the financial watchdog; and, finally, De Havilland's namesake son Geoffrey, then the company's chief test pilot.

Young Geoffrey frequently broached the idea of a jet air liner. After a test in the Vampire, he would say: "What a wonderful passenger liner it would make! There's little noise and no vibration."

The idea, bandied about over the tea-cups in the late-afternoon gloom, became irresistible to De Havilland, choked with war orders and longing to catch up on civil production. "I knew there was no point in our trying to build something just a little better than existing air transports," he said. "We were far behind; we had to go for the big risks and try something new." He ordered a start made on a jet transport.

While the De Havilland team was still in the midst of designs for the air liner that was to become the Comet, the firm completed a tailless, single-seater jet for a try to break the world's speed record. The attempt was set for Monday, September 30, 1946, at Littlehampton, on the south coast of England.

The evening of Friday, September 27th, was calm and cloudless. Young Geoffrey, then thirty-six, thought he would take up the nameless model, in which he had dived and rolled so brilliantly so often, for one final test before the attempt on the record. It was routine; his father didn't even bother to stay. But a half-dozen other members of the company stood about on the apron watching with satisfaction as the jet whined swiftly out of sight. Half an hour later a fearful chill froze their conversation. They listened for the jet's returning cry but heard nothing. Five more minutes passed. There was no sound but the singing of wayward birds. "We stood around waiting for half an hour after he was due," said one of the spectators. "But he just didn't come back."

After a gloomy consultation, one of the six was designated to telephone the father. "Geoffrey hasn't come back and we are afraid there's been an accident," he said. There was a terrible silence from the other end of the line. It ended with one word, "Thanks," followed by the click of the replaced receiver.

It had happened again. Five years earlier De Havilland's youngest son, John, twenty-four, had been killed in a collision diving a Mosquito out of a cloud bank.

"It is the price you pay for progress," is the only public comment De Havilland ever made.

The morning after young Geoffrey's death, the elder De Havilland came into his office as usual, straightened up the papers on his desk, left a few instructions for his secretary—and vanished for two weeks. One of the first things he did on his return was to write a letter of condolence to a stranger, the mother of an R.A.F. pilot whose death had just been announced in the newspapers.

Trying to Explain a Tragedy

During De Havilland's absence, young Geoffrey's body was found deep in the mud of the Thames Estuary. There was no way of telling what had happened. Company officials presumed Geoffrey was trying to fly faster than sound and perished when he tried to break through the sound barrier. An unexplained wall of resistance encountered at speeds over 700 miles an hour, the sound barrier has been pierced many times since by De Havilland's and other aircraft.

The development of the Comet went on. It had become Britain's postwar hope. The United States had forged far ahead in the production of conventional air transports because of the head start in design it got during World War II. Then the United States concentrated mainly on the production of bombers and transports—easily convertible into air liners—while Britain's comparatively small aircraft industry specialized in fighters. As a result, even BOAC turned to the United States for its first big transports after the war. With their equipment already in demand everywhere, American plane

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COLLIER'S

STAN HUNT

proved them wrong with his Comet. Now U.S. companies are going to build jet transports

makers decided in 1946 against entering the unknown field of jet transports. But De Havilland and the British industry had no choice. Far behind the Americans in the design of conventional piston-engine air liners, they had to turn to a completely new field if they wanted to stay in business.

American manufacturers knew all along about the British development of jet transports. But they were skeptical that such air liners would prove practical. In the beginning, the jet transport seemed uneconomical to operate. It has a terrific thirst; at low speeds and low altitude, it uses twice as much fuel as the piston-engine machine. Worse, gulping fuel as it does, it cannot afford to circle over an airport once it has arrived at its destination. On a flight from London to Paris, a Comet would have to ask for landing clearance before taking off; it would be too expensive to operate if it had to wait its turn to land at a crowded airport.

First Comets Priced Too Low

Despite these drawbacks, Sir Miles Thomas, chairman of the British government-owned BOAC, decided to support De Havilland in his great gamble; he ordered nine Comets in 1947 while the plane still was in the drawing-board stage. With only these contracts and subsequent orders from Sir Miles for 11 more Comets, De Havilland decided to lay down a \$75,000,000 production line. But he made one mistake. He fixed the price for the first Comets too low and took a loss on them. "It looked like a big price when we started," he recalls, "but the cost of living made a dramatic rise." With delivery of his fifteenth Comet recently, he is finally breaking even. From now on, he should be in clover. The current selling price of a Comet is about \$1,400,000 and one plane a month is rolling out of the De Havilland factories.

The Comet I—as the present plane is known—carries 36 passengers and has a maximum practical range of about

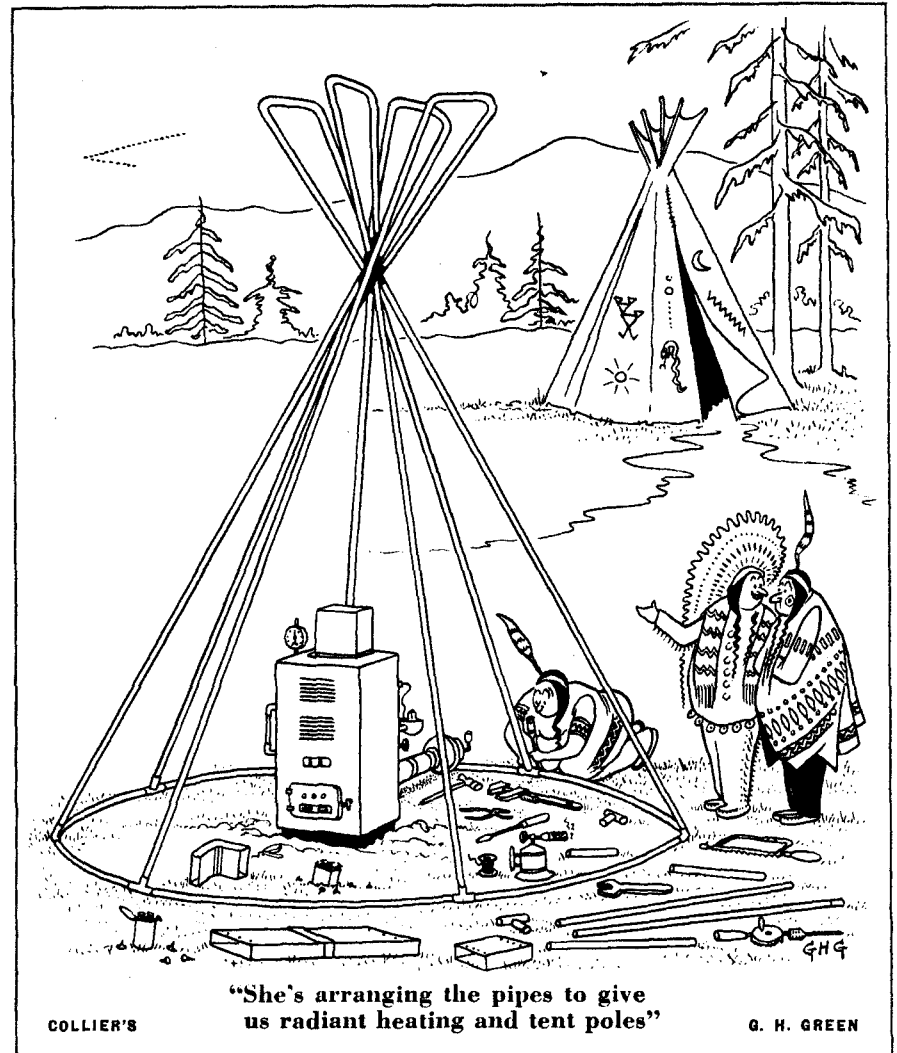
1,600 miles without refueling. Comet II, which will go into production soon, will carry 44 to 48 passengers a maximum of 2,500 miles. Delivery of Comet III—the type ordered by Pan American—will begin in 1956; it will carry 58 first-class or 78 tourist passengers a maximum of 2,750 miles nonstop.

When the Comet went into regular service for BOAC last May, most of the anticipated difficulties didn't materialize. It's true a Comet goes only half as far on a gallon of kerosene as a four-engine propeller-driven air liner goes on a gallon of high-octane gasoline, but kerosene is cheaper than gasoline. The Comet uses no oil, which accounts for about 5 per cent of the operating cost of a piston-engine plane; its maintenance costs are lower because a jet power plant is simpler; it travels so much faster than a conventional air liner it can make half again as many trips in a year.

BOAC graphically disproved the scoffers' contention that you couldn't make money with jet transports. During the first three months of Comet service between London and the Union of South Africa, BOAC's net profit for the run was almost \$17,000. During the corresponding period in 1951, BOAC lost \$196,000 operating the same service with piston-engine aircraft.

The Comet also has proved itself safe. As this is written, the new jet air liners have had only one accident. Last September one crashed while taking off from Rome. More than 7,000 gallons of kerosene—the Comet's fuel—spilled over the aircraft and the airport, but no fire followed the crash, and no one was injured. Britain's Ministry of Civil Aviation investigated the crash and in a preliminary report absolved the aircraft and its jet engines from fault.

Air passengers obviously prefer to travel the fastest and most comfortable way, other things being equal. Therefore, air lines which compete on routes over which Comets fly may have to buy jet transports. Pan American, like other American air lines now talking



"She's arranging the pipes to give us radiant heating and tent poles"

G. H. GREEN

business with De Havilland, would like to buy jets at home—but no homemade products are available yet.

Three of the largest American aircraft manufacturers—Boeing, Douglas and Lockheed—have jet projects in various stages of design. Boeing says that it expects to have a prototype, or experimental model, ready for testing in 1954, but has not announced when it hopes to put the jet model into production. Douglas says it is trying to get jet transports ready for air-line operation by 1957. A Lockheed official says the American switch to jet-transport production has been delayed by the need for more powerful and more efficient jet engines and by heavy Korean war orders. Jet engines now available are powerful enough for the smaller Comet I and Comet II, he says, but do not develop enough thrust to drive the giant jet transports that American manufacturers are developing. But he predicts American jet transports will be in service by 1958. Meantime, orders for De Havilland's Comet are piling up.

Sir Geoffrey's Daily Routine

Sir Geoffrey, though, has little interest in the business aspects of his company. He arrives at his office every morning at ten o'clock, parks his midget car some distance from the front door so it won't be in anyone's way, then tackles his correspondence. Some of it is fan letters, which he answers personally. Admiring boys write him frequently, and one, more persistent than the rest, is now a De Havilland test pilot. Sir Geoffrey also spends part of each day consulting his colleagues about technical matters and part striding through his plant.

For recreation, Sir Geoffrey has pursued a lifelong interest in natural history. One day recently he walked into his secretary's office carrying a large cookie tin. He looked a little embarrassed. "I have 300 moth eggs here and I would be grateful if you would take care of them for me," he told the startled secretary. "I have no more room for them at home." He provided detailed instructions for their diet and suggested that if they became too much for her, she might "find good homes for them."

His interest in wildlife also sent him to Kenya in British East Africa in 1949 to "shoot" big game with a camera he had made in 1944 in the basement workshop of his home.

In 1951 he married a fellow wildlife enthusiast whom he had met in Kenya—fifty-one-year-old Mrs. Joan Mary Mordaunt.

The walls of the executive offices and waiting rooms of the De Havilland Aircraft Company are decorated with Sir Geoffrey's magnificent photographs, mostly of wildlife.

Sir Geoffrey still has a valid pilot's license, but he doesn't use it. He isn't through flying, however. With someone else at the controls, he takes to the air in a Comet whenever possible. And it looks as though he will be building Comets and flying in Comets for many years to come.

Two years ago Edward C. Wells, vice-president of America's Boeing Airplane Company, said: "The British are more than competition in jet transport; they are alone in the field." Most air experts believe the British—a means De Havilland—will remain in the jet transport field for at other four or five years.



"I'll bet she has no trouble waking you up in the morning"

JOHN DEMPSEY

WHAT'S LEFT IN UNCLE

Our national larder is running low on iron ore, lumber and petroleum. And even lower on zinc, copper and lead. To stay in business we've got to make up the deficit—fast



ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS

SAM'S PANTRY?

By J. D. RATCLIFF

ONE of General Eisenhower's first actions as President-elect was to throw his full support behind a conference of private citizens to be held in Washington in March. The growth and security of America may hinge on its success in meeting a twofold objective: to find out what we have left in the nation's resources pantry shelf, and to estimate what resources coming generations will need.

We have always thought of ourselves as endlessly blessed, endlessly rich. This rosy view hardly jibes with the facts. If we are not exactly a have-not nation so far as raw materials are concerned, we are at least a deficit nation. We used to be the world's largest exporter of materials; now we're the world's largest importer of such vital minerals as zinc, copper and lead. And we're running low on bulk items like iron ore, petroleum and lumber.

For every one of its citizens, the United States uses up 18 tons of vital materials, ranging from food to zirconium, each year. Since 1914, we have consumed more of almost all metals and mineral fuels than the whole world had used in all its history up to then.

Currently, we are using lumber 40 per cent faster than American forests can grow it, and we are using almost 7 per cent more petroleum than all the nation's wells can produce. Although we represent only ten per cent of the population of the free world, we are using over half the free world's rubber, manganese, iron and zinc; slightly less than half the copper and lead; and two thirds of the petroleum. Even water is running short, as industry's thirst increases. In many areas, the water table that underlies the land is sinking, and in some coastal areas salt is beginning to seep in.

Alarming?

Not necessarily. It is possible that the situation may work out not only to the benefit of America but to the benefit of the entire free world.

The story to be presented at the resources conference will sum up something like this:

We have skimmed the cream and from now on will have to learn to like skimmed milk—which isn't a bad drink. In 1900, we were the world's greatest storehouse of raw materials, exporting about 15 per cent more than we used. Today, we are importing 10 per cent of our requirements; 25 years hence, we will be importing more than double that amount.

To survive, every successful business house has to keep a running inventory of materials on hand and project its needs months or years ahead. As a nation, we haven't done this. We've used what we wanted, blandly assuming that there was no end to our wealth; then we've been surprised when supplies ran low.

A large share of the credit for getting our thinking on the right track belongs to Stuart Symington, newly elected senator from Missouri. As head of the National Security Resources Board, he approached President Truman in the fall of 1950. Why not, he proposed, a *real* study of the country's resources and future needs? Many people had pecked at the edges of the problem, but their conclusions had been largely guesswork. Petroleum offered a good example. Alarmists were saying that the last well was about to cough and go dry. Optimists contended that we had enough oil for all foreseeable needs. Where was the truth?

There had been no large-scale study of resources, Symington continued, since 1908, and it was mainly concerned with forest and stream resources. Why not appoint a top-drawer commission to make a complete inventory of the national larder, he asked, and then estimate needs for the next 20 years or so to see how well the larder could

Collier's for January 10, 1953

meet our requirements? That would give some idea where America was headed.

President Truman liked the idea. In January, 1951, he created the Materials Policy Commission, headed by William S. Paley, board chairman of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The membership included George R. Brown, of Houston, who directs one of the country's largest engineering-construction companies; Eric Hodgins, editor-author (*Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*); Edward S. Mason, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration; and Arthur H. Bunker, president of Climax Molybdenum Company of New York.

After recruiting a 130-man team of experts from universities, industry and government, the commission went to work. Arbitrarily, it decided to project the nation's needs to 1975. That, it was felt, would get us past the present emergency, yet not so far into the future that projections would be vague and valueless.

One basic assumption governed all thinking: America's growth would continue, with production doubling by 1975, and population rising from 155,000,000 to 193,000,000.

At the outset, the commission realized that crystal balls are notoriously poor instruments for observing the future. It would have been impossible for Edwin Drake to visualize a nation-wide chain of filling stations when he drilled his first oil well at Titusville, Pennsylvania, in 1859, and equally impossible for Charles and Frank Duryea to visualize Detroit's motor industry when they chugged through the streets of Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1892, driving the first nonexperimental American automobile. Nor, later on, could the Japanese have foreseen what nylon was going to do to their silk industry.

Such developments are beyond man's myopic eyes. Yet, from facts available, it is possible to see trends in the use of materials. Today, for example, we may make toy fire engines out of plastic instead of cast iron, yet the trend in iron and steel use is upward.

A short while ago, the commission finished its work and published its conclusions in five fat volumes. From every standpoint, the report is a historic document, the best blueprint ever made of America's future.

Large Imports of Essential Metals

With a great many critical materials, the commission found, our position is anything but secure. We are importing all our chromium, about 90 per cent of our manganese, nearly half our zinc, a third of our copper and more than half our lead.

Glance at a globe to see where our dependency lies. India sends us manganese, sometimes called the "starch for steel"; South Africa provides chromium; Burma sends us tungsten for light-bulb filaments and tool steel; Australia contributes lead for storage-battery plates, paint and high-octane gasoline; Mexico sends zinc; and Malaya tin. And so it goes over the face of the globe. Fear of war and the threat of having vital life lines snapped has set us to stockpiling more than 70 such critical items as castor oil (for machine lubricants), opium, chromite, copper, jewel bearings.

"The threat of the materials problem," the commission noted, "is not that we will suddenly wake up to find the last barrel of oil exhausted, or the last ton of lead gone, and that economic activity has suddenly collapsed. The real and deeply serious threat is that we shall have to devote constantly increasing efforts to acquire each pound of materials from natural resources which are dwindle-

ling both in quality and quantity, thus finding ourselves running faster and faster in order to stay standing still."

Our problem, therefore, is one of creeping shortages.

By 1975, the situation will be even more serious than it is today. If we are to maintain our industrial growth, we will need, at that time, 40 per cent more copper than our already short supply; nearly five times as much aluminum; 40 per cent more zinc; 18 times as much magnesium; twice the amount of petroleum.

Where is it coming from?

Many alert executives—Eugene Holman, president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, Charles Allen Thomas, president of Monsanto Chemical, and others—feel that the supply of materials is limited only by the supply of human ingenuity. An accelerated search for new supplies, plus substitution, plus conservation and technological advances, they think, will supply all needs as they develop.

Synthetics May Prove Too Costly

To a point, the commission is in agreement. One member, Eric Hodgins, observes: "The wonders of science are not at issue. We can do almost anything—make sugar from sawdust, gold from lead, nylon from factory smoke. But we do it at a price, and the price is often too high if we are to maintain our prosperity on a broad basis."

Look a little more closely at some of the problems confronting us—petroleum, for example. The petroleum industry insists that our oil supplies do not face exhaustion; time and again prophets of doom have suggested the last barrel of petroleum would soon be brought to the surface, yet *proved reserves* have continued to climb, so they are today at an all-time high.

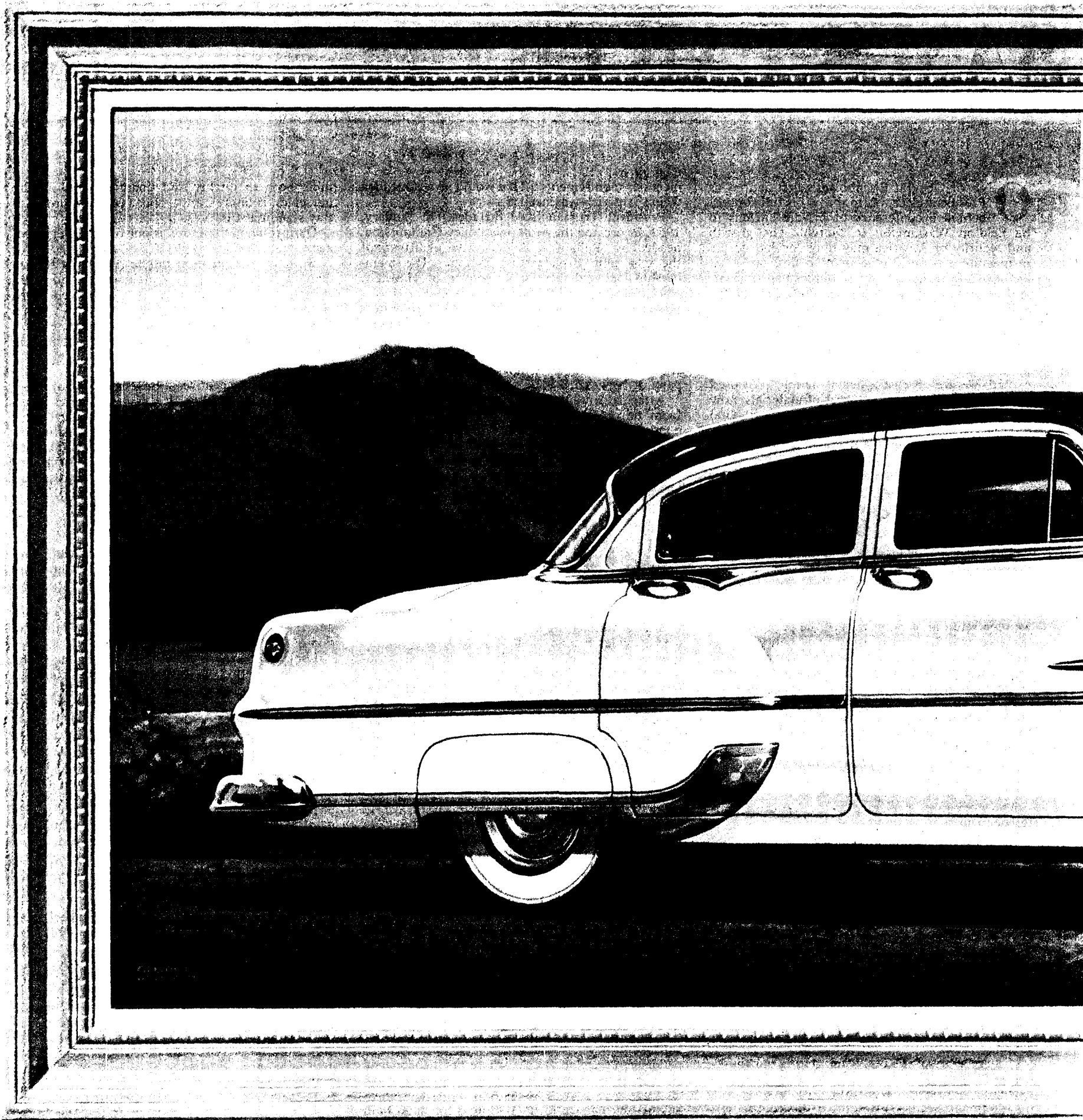
Yet it is costing more and more to find oil, and more and more to drill the deep wells necessary to bring it to the surface. Although there is no immediate prospect of an oil famine in the United States, we are consuming about 7 per cent more petroleum than we produce. There is little chance of this demand tapering off. Instead, it may be expected to rise, making us still more dependent on other sources.

What are these sources? We can expect new discoveries at home, like the vast new Williston basin in North Dakota. And we can rework old wells. As an example, one field was abandoned in West Virginia in 1923, after producing 705,000 barrels of oil. Chemically treated in 1927, it produced an additional 357,000 barrels and is now being flooded with water to produce an additional 460,000 barrels. Thus, an "exhausted" field will ultimately be coaxed into yielding more oil than its original production.

When oil becomes too scarce or too costly to get from wells, we can make it from other materials. A single deposit of Colorado shale contains more oil than the world has used to date. Coal, probably our greatest asset, can also be converted into oil. So far, our vast coal reserve is virtually untouched; we have used only 2½ per cent of known deposits. Natural gas may also be converted into petroleum products; a Texas plant will soon be doing just that.

All these advances are expensive—in terms of human labor, and in terms of steel and other materials necessary to build new plants. In most cases, it is far cheaper to obtain oil on the world market, from Canada, Venezuela, the Middle East and elsewhere.

Iron, which provides the basic sinews for any industrial civilization, presents a similar situation. The Mesabi Range, Minnesota's great iron mountain, is about exhausted, a major portion of it



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shot away in two world wars. We have an almost endless supply of taconites—low-grade iron ores—but while the Mesabi's ore contains about 50 per cent iron, the taconites have only about half as much. Thus, they are more expensive to handle and will mean more costly steel. So, for the time being, the industry is looking elsewhere for the high-grade ore it needs: mainly vast new mining operations in Labrador, Venezuela and Liberia.

Plenty of Aluminum in U.S.

Aluminum is the brightest spot in the metals picture. More and more, it will be used as a substitute for copper and other materials. Although we are importing aluminum ore at the moment, the United States has an almost endless supply of clays and rocks containing the metal. We can, and will, turn to these sources if imported bauxite becomes scarce and expensive.

Magnesium metal, light and strong, is also in potentially plentiful supply. It is extracted from sea water, and there is certainly no shortage of that. A dozen years ago, magnesium metal was an expensive and virtually non-existent article of commerce. Today, we have a production capacity of 130,000 tons a year.

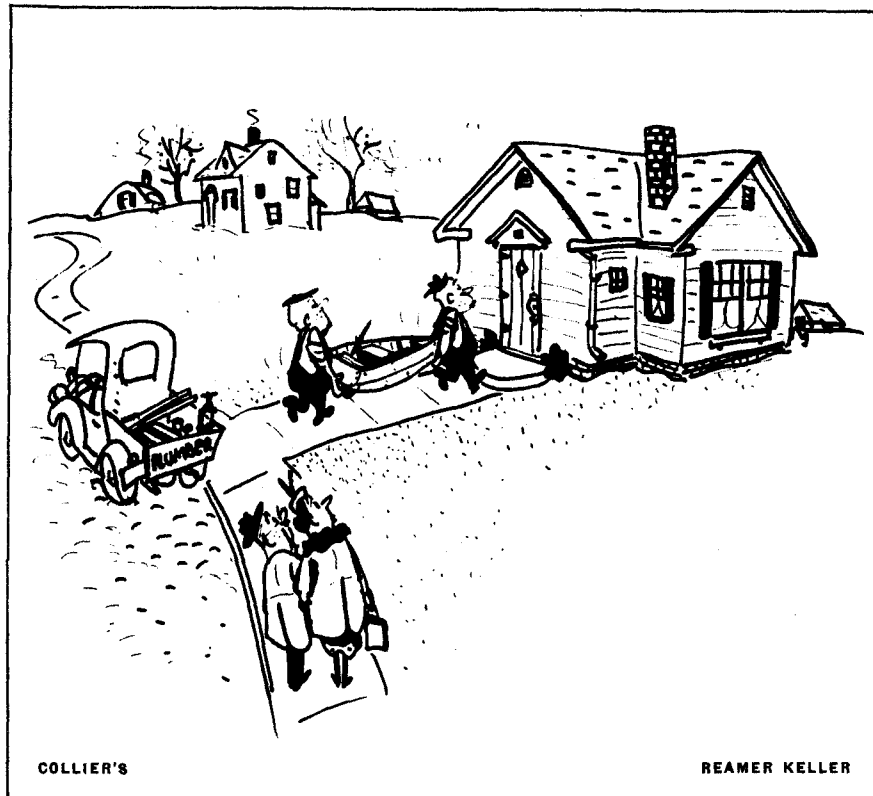
It is curious that America, once an almost unbroken stretch of virgin timber, is today facing a lumber shortage. "The nation's position in timber," the report says, "is like that of a man who has long lived in comfort by drawing on his capital and has realized only recently that he must get along on the interest of a much reduced principal. We have cut most of our original timber; not until lately have we given much thought to replacing it."

Forests, the report concludes, must be put on a permanent basis. That means reforestation—planting new trees where old ones have been cut down, a process forward-looking lumber companies are already engaged in. It also means better utilization; nowadays, about a third of any tree that is cut is left behind in the forest.

Perhaps the most striking shortage found by the commission is the shortage of water. Many industries are having trouble finding the high-grade water they require for washing, cooling and other purposes. The thirst of some industries is enormous: 18 barrels of water are required in refining one barrel of oil, and 250 tons of water are used to make a ton of steel. Currently, industry is using 80,000,000,000 gallons of water a day; by 1975 it will need 200,000,000,000. No one can say with surety where that much water will come from. Many industries can settle in coastal areas and use sea water; some can re-use water; others simply will have to use water more sparingly.

Thus, wherever one looks, shortages loom. In almost every case, we can make up the deficiency—at a price. But the price must not be too high. Just as it would be entirely possible to grow greenhouse oranges in Nova Scotia, we could produce all the manganese we need from low-grade domestic areas, if we had to. But it would be expensive. The problem is to get the materials we need at an economical price.

Chairman Paley of the President's commission observes: "In many ways our thinking has not caught up with events—we still act as if we had a surplus of raw materials. We behave as if we had unemployment for our labor and capital. We are importing large quantities of copper, manganese,



zinc, tungsten and mercury—to name only a few deficit materials—but we are making things harder for ourselves by adding import duties. Tariffs range from 9 to 40 per cent of the import value... And we have a Buy American Act which dates from depression days and which is interpreted to mean the government must buy domestic materials if it can get them even for 25 per cent more than they would cost abroad.

"This is a wasteful pattern. By discouraging low-cost foreign producers and encouraging high-cost domestic producers, this policy fosters higher real cost for all of us—the cost increases that can sap our economic vitality..."

The commission recommends three main courses of action to solve our problems: more complete explorations of our own resources; substitution of plentiful for scarce materials; greater expansion of imports. Let's look at these points one at a time.

First, exploration. Not more than 11 per cent of the country is adequately

mapped geologically. To date, most major metal discoveries have been made at points where ore veins outcrop from hills or mountains. What lies under the surface of the land is largely unknown, but all evidence indicates that tremendous hoards of natural wealth may be hidden there. Discovering this treasure is going to be difficult. Core drills can punch their way into the earth and bring up samples of rock, but that process is tedious and expensive.

An Error That We Must Avoid

Recently developed electronic instruments carried by planes are being used in the search for oil and uranium, and will probably help in the discovery of other materials. However we go about it, the job must be done—unless we want to find ourselves hungering for vital materials while sitting on top of massive deposits.

The second proposed solution, substitution, offers almost endless possibilities. Relatively plentiful aluminum

already is being substituted for scarce copper in industrial wiring, gutters and downspouts, and a thousand other products. Plastics may be substituted for lead in many applications, and lacquers can be used for protective coatings now provided by zinc and tin.

It is quite possible that we shall find still more new materials which will substitute for those in short supply. Of the 98 chemical elements, only 30 are widely used. Another 30 are used to a small extent, and the others not at all.

Boom in Titanium Foreseen

Titanium offers a good example of what may be awaiting us. Six years ago, there was no commercial production of this versatile metal, which is corrosion-resistant, almost as strong as steel and 42 per cent lighter. Its qualities open to it a thousand jobs: as piping in chemical plants, in marine uses where salt-water corrosion is a problem, in aircraft where lightness is desirable. Today, production of the metal is up to 5,000 tons a year, and estimates for 1975 production run as high as 2,000,000 tons.

Finally, we must import. The rest of the world may find our manufactured goods desirable; we are going to find their raw materials essential.

Setting up a broader policy of international trade and co-operation will not be easy. Nationalism and a hunger for industrialization are on the increase among the world's underdeveloped areas. Many nations are reluctant to part with raw materials, preferring to build often uneconomic local industry. Ways must be found to meet this situation, perhaps by a two-way swap beneficial to all, in which raw materials are exchanged for finished goods.

The materials commission feels that we should heartily embrace the idea of free trade. We no longer have many infant industries needing protection, but we do hunger for the world's raw materials. Many progressive businessmen support this view. Not long ago, for example, Detroit's powerful board of commerce, which includes most auto makers, proposed that all tariff barriers be abolished, and that the Buy American Act be repealed.

One obstacle to the enormously stepped-up international trade visualized by the commission is the reluctance of American businessmen to invest abroad. Iran's recent expropriation of oil and Bolivia's expropriation of tin are still fresh in investors' minds.

To get around this, we might negotiate trade and raw materials agreements with various nations. And it may be necessary to offer investors some guarantee that they will get their money back in the event that a foreign government decides it would like to own the mines American dollars have dug.

The problems are manifold. But they can—they must—be solved, if America is to stay in business.

Steps have already been taken to put the commission's recommendations into effect. As one of his last acts in office, President Truman asked 22 government agencies to study recommendations made by the Materials Policy Commission and suggest how they might be implemented. It will be the task of the forthcoming resources conference to get long-range planning started—planning on which our national salvation may depend.

"It is high time," as Mr. Eisenhower said recently, "that the conservation conference of 1908 be reborn in a mid-century setting."



"Think of it this way... In eight years you'll get a new suit, a good meal, ten dollars in cash and a train ticket back to the city"

Ruark Shoots a Buffalo

The quarry was just about the ugliest, cruelest, meanest hunk of fauna on the Dark Continent. He looks like he hates you personally . . . like you owe him money . . . like he is hunting you

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Robert Ruark's big-game guide decides the celebrated columnist's New York apartment must be decorated with the head from a mbogo, Africa's juggernaut with horns. The job, of course, fell to Bob. And as the British say: It takes a bit of doing

MY WIFE Virginia was adjusting very well to her new life in Tanganyika. Her fears had given away mostly to fascination. She was happy in her khaki drill pants and her Russell Birdshooter boots. She was getting so she could tell the difference between a leopard's grunt and the bark of a baboon or the growl of a Colobus monkey. She was fascinated by ants and anthills.

She had made friends with all the baboons. She had found a dead cobra in the cook tent and had not screamed. She was taking better pictures all the time, and she had trapped Juma into the job of hairdresser to the queen. Juma, as head boy for safaris for many years, was not surprised at assuming an extra added duty to replace the firm of Ceil et Paul in New York City.

Jinny got along very well with the blacks. When she sat alone in the hunting car with Chabani, the car boy, while Harry Selby, our professional hunter, and I were off crawling after waterbucks or some such nonsense, she and Chabani had long conversations in her sketchy Swahili and Chabani's mission-school English.

Virginia had shot a few things with the rifle—a topi bull for meat, which she shot capably, breaking his neck with the first bullet. She also came in from a photographic trip one day with a fine Thomson's gazelle ram, which was only an eighth of an inch away from the world's record. But after a bit she never hunted but half a day with Harry and me, preferring to sit around the camp in the afternoons, reading some of the whodunits we had brought, watching the baboons and listen-



Ruark (r.), shaky after downing a ton of buffalo, catches his breath with guide Harry Selby



Africa transformed Virginia Ruark, shown on Land Rover's hood, to a real girl adventuress
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ing to the birds and occasionally picking up the little Sauer 16-gauge to pot the odd francolin (an African partridge) or guinea for the pot. She said she was happy enough, just being away from telephones and New York cocktail parties.

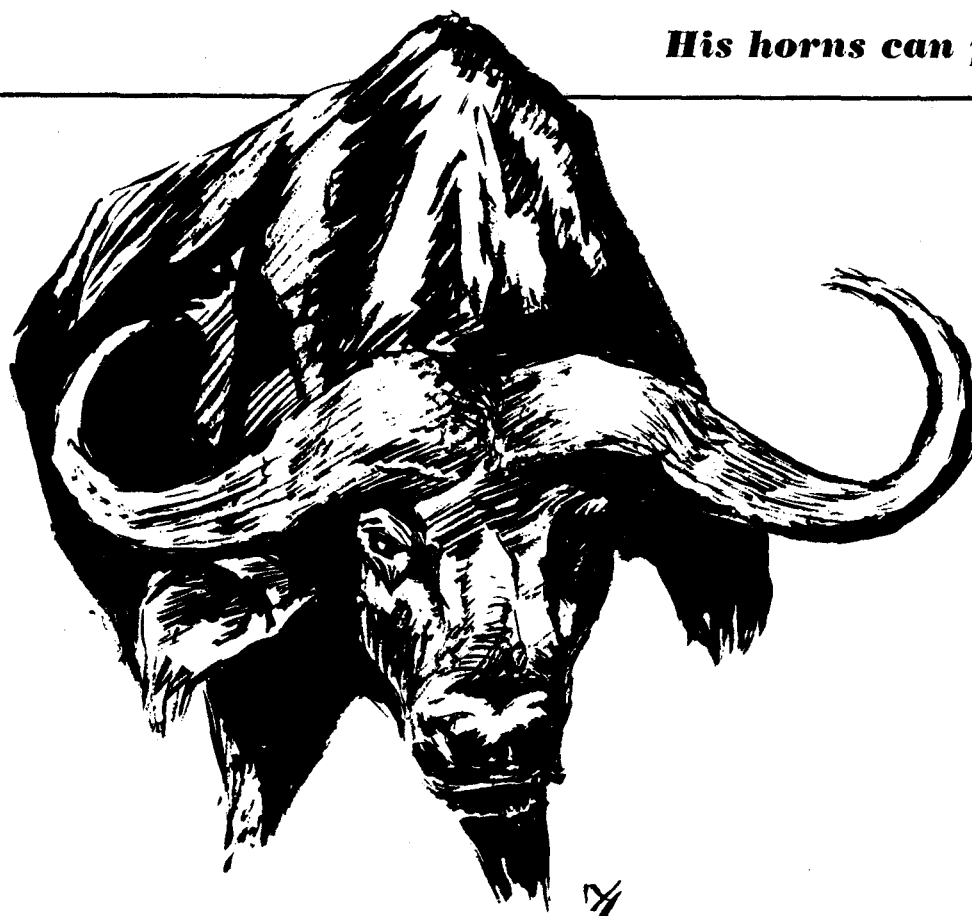
But the differences between life in East Africa and New York City were not always pleasant ones for her. One day she, Harry and I were drinking beer in our parked jeep and talking about the customs of the natives. Harry was telling us that an African husband's devotion to his wife could be figured out by observing the quality of the shoulder straps he gave her to carry wood, when Virginia interrupted. "Men," she said, finishing her beer, "where is the ladies' room?"

"Try over there behind that tree," Harry said. "Mind the snakes."

Virginia walked off and I had to laugh, a little. She was wearing dust-stained khaki pants and ankle boots, a belted bush-jacket with empty cartridge loops in the front, and a saucy double-brimmed *terdi* over a gypsy bandanna.

What she wore couldn't have cost 20 bucks, if you forget the Abercrombie & Fitch boots, and this was the girl who used to play the Stork-"21" Club circuit in New York. If she had her mink with her in those days she was worth 20,000 bucks on the hoof, and she wouldn't have thought of walking three blocks if there was a doorman handy and a taxicab to hail. She always needed a quarter to go to the little girls' room and now here is a raw stranger, Harry, directing her to the nearest bush and telling her to mind the snakes. This, the girl who wore a Hattie Carnegie frock and a rhinestone hat to ride a camel after a slightly wet evening in Cairo . . .

We took Virginia back to camp, and then went crawling after buffalo, which I did not really want to do. I am bitterly afraid of buffalo, the big, rope-muscled wild ox with horns like steel girders and a disposition to curdle milk. But I walked through a swamp that was full of water and snakes and rhino. I crawled and stumbled over two young mountains to reach a herd of the beasts that I



A buffalo has to work to look anything but belligerent. He's a wild ox with horns like steel girders and a disposition to curdle milk

didn't really want to associate with. I had already shot a buffalo, and figured that was one thing I wouldn't have to do any more of. But Selby has a mad affection for the *mbogo*, a sort of perverse love and a completely unmanageable fascination for the big beasts.

Adam, the Wakamba gunbearer, pointed. "*Mbogo*," he said, and I could already feel my stomach start to knot. It was the same feeling I used to get during the war when the lookout on the bow would reach for the phones and ring the bridge. "Periscope," he would say. "Periscope bearing so-and-so many degrees off the starboard bow," as if pleased at having done me a favor.

Harry looked at the buffalo through the glasses. "There's a damn' good bull in that herd," he said. "Better than the one you've got by six inches, at least. I think we'd best go and collect him."

I didn't say anything. I just prayed inside me and hoped we would not have to crawl far enough to scare me to death. I don't know what there is about buffalo that frightens me so. Leopards and rhino excite me but don't frighten me. But that buff is so big and mean and ugly and hard to stop, and vindictive and cruel and surly and ornery. He looks like he hates you personally. He looks like you owe him money. He looks like he is hunting you. I had looked at a couple of thousand of him by now, at close ranges, and I had killed one of him, and I was scareder than ever. He makes me sick in the stomach, and he makes my hands sweat and he dries out my throat and my lips.

These buff were a herd of about 200, feeding up the edge of the hills below the escarpment, and following a vague trail that meandered up the side and led eventually straight over the top. They were about two miles away, and it was walking all the way, walking when you could and crawling when you couldn't, and slipping on the loose stones and fighting through the wait-a-bit thorn, puffing and blowing and sweating and cursing in the hot sun in the middle of the day.

And finally wiggling along on your belly, pushing the big gun ahead of you, sweat cascading and burning into your eyes, with your belly constricted into a tight hard kernel and your hands full of thorns and your heart in your throat. And then

the final, special Selby technique, of leaping to your feet and dashing with a whoop into the middle of the herd, running at the bull and depending on that 30-second bewilderment to hold the buffalo stiff, like cattle, before you shot and hoped you hit him good so you wouldn't have to follow him into that awful thick bush he was certain to head for. And wait for you in it.

We were in the herd, now, creeping on our bellies and pulling ourselves forward by digging elbows into sharp rocks. The buffalo were grazing unconcernedly all around us. The herd bull was lying down, resting, and there were a couple of cows obscuring him. It is a difficult sensation to describe, to be surrounded by two hundred animals weighing around 1,800 pounds each, animals as testy and capricious of temper as fighting stud bulls, capable of killing you just as dead accidentally in a stampede as on purpose in a charge.

Candid Close-up View of a Buffalo

A buffalo close up is not handsome. His body is bulking, short-legged and too long for symmetry. He smells of mud and dung and old milk. His patchy hide is scabby and full of flat ticks. Bits of his own excrement cling to him. Dirty moss grows on his horns, which are massive enough to bust everything up inside you if he even hits you a slight swipe with the flat, and sharp enough to put a hole in you big enough to hide a baseball bat in, and dirty enough to infect an army.

As I crawled along, just behind Selby, with Adam and Kidogo, two of the boys, following me, I was thinking these things. I knew a lot about buffalo by now. I knew how fast they are, despite their apparently lumbering gallop, how swiftly they can turn, how they stop cold on a dime, and how they go through bush at a spurt—bush that an elephant wouldn't recommend.

I knew how much lead they would take and keep coming, especially after being wounded. You may kill him easily with one bullet, but if you don't, the next fourteen .470s serve mostly as a minor irritant. And you cannot run away from a wounded buffalo. You have to stand and take him as he is, shooting at his nostrils as he comes at you with his

head high and his horns swept back, his neck stretched and his cold eye unblinking at you. You shoot for the nose and hope it gets into the brain, because if you shoot too high the bullets bounce off his massive horn-boss like rubber balls off walls.

We crept now to a bush and froze behind it and there were the animals, 50 yards away and moving steadily out of range. Harry had his hand palm down behind him and suddenly he lifted it in a curling beckon. I crawled, still puffing, up to his shoulder. He turned his head slightly and whispered. "We're not going to get any closer," he said. "The old boy is nervous. You better bust him now, although he's too far off for my pleasure. Try to take him just where his neck comes down into his chest."

Selby, when he is working with dangerous animals, always wears two stalks of extra bullets sticking like cigarettes from his right hand. Harry had said: *Do what I do*. I had two stalks of extra bullets sticking out between the second and third fingers of my right hand. At this time it had not occurred to me that Selby was left-handed.

I got up on one knee and sighted low into the old bull's chest, and the heavy Westley Richards settled handily in balance, and I squeezed off the trigger, and then the bull was gone, and I was on the ground, my nose full of cordite fumes and my head full of chimes. Away off somewhere a gun exploded and then there came a mournful bellow as morose as a hunting horn.

Selby was standing now spraddle-legged with his hands on his hips and looking down at me. "One of you ought to get up," he snapped.

From this I assumed the buffalo was down, too. It appeared that *right-handed* shooters are not supposed to store their spare ammunition in their shooting hand. In the effort to emulate Selby, it never occurred to me that the guy was a natural southpaw, and that bullets contained in a shooting hand would ride back against the second trigger and touch off the other barrel simultaneously, loosing 150 grains of cordite against your face.

"You all right?" Harry asked. "What happened?"

"Both barrels," I said. "At once. Dropped me. Did I hit him?"

"You knocked him tail over tin cup," Harry said. "He turned completely over. Then he got up and departed."

"I thought I heard somebody else shoot," I said. "Away over yonder."

"Me," Selby said. "This buffalo was flat out for the bush. I'd not taken the time to check his blood pressure, you know. I didn't know how good you hit him. I thought I'd best break his back before he got stuck into that patch of bush. Very nasty in there."

We walked up to the buffalo. He was dying, bellowing, making mournful sounds, and trying to drag himself toward us.

"Slip one bullet into the gun," Harry said. "Take him just behind the horns in the back of the head. You know what I always keep saying. The dead ones kill us."

I slid a single bullet into the right-hand barrel of the .470 and squinted carefully at the back of this boy's neck, where the muscle roll humped out like the back of the neck on a retired prize fighter. I was gun-shy. I pulled instead of squeezing, but the bullet went in and poor old *mbogo* stretched his neck forward to its full length. Blood crept out of his nostrils, and he was dead. Dead and ugly. Uglier dead than alive, and four times as ferocious.

He was immense. He was muddy from rolling and the ticks were working on his scaly hide and it was a hot day and the flies were coming down. Maybe he was only 43 inside the horns, but he looked like a hell of a lot of bull to me there, lying in the yellow grass, his ugly face pointed straight out and the long striated lines of his horns and his ax-edged hoofs and the solid butting weight

a baseball bat in. He likes to dance on your carcass. Even "dead" he is dangerous

of his heavy casque of boss making him look like a contrived machine of destruction.

This *mbogo* had accepted a .470 bullet, 500 grains of hard-nose bullet powered by 75 grains of cordite. He had taken it through the jugular and into the heart, where it smashed all the major arteries and crushed the whole top of the heart. It had ranged backward through him and destroyed the lungs. When we opened him up about 10 gallons of black lung blood gushed out. Yet he had gotten up off the ground with this terrible wound and taken off blithely for the bush.

"Nobody ever believes it," Harry said. "Sometimes I don't. But these creatures are damned near indestructible."

"I don't ever want to shoot another one," I said. "This is all the *mbogo* I need this day, or any other. Like Virginia says: '*Hapana taka piga mbogo lio.*' Nor any other day. Any man with one buffalo doesn't need another."

A Revolt Against Big-Game Hunting

This buff hunt had been a dirty, unpleasant business, and I needed something happy to make me forget it. So one day I laid down some law and demanded the right to my kind of shooting.

I am a compulsive bird shooter. Therefore, I am accorded to be nuts by people who wish to slay large, angry animals every day. The natives regard a bird shooter as mad. They cannot understand a man spending time and energy blasting away at birds when there is a 1,500-pound eland over every hill and a sleepy topi standing under every bush. Harry was as nearly impatient. He is a trophy man, and considers a six-month hunt worth while if it yields one monumental head.

But I was raised on quail and matured on duck and pheasant, and to me the shotgun is the noblest weapon yet devised. I had a hoary Churchill 12-gauge with me—a lovely piece as only the British make them lovely, the scarred Circassian walnut stock as slim as a girl's wrist, all balance and precision. I was itching to point it at something. There

is more good and variegated bird shooting in Africa than anywhere else in the world, and I was going to have me some.

That day a couple of francolin, those wonderful big partridge with all the meat white, even on the legs, trotted across the path and into a sedgy field. I got out and put up both birds simultaneously. I took the cock with the right and the hen with the left, and glanced backward at the jeep, expecting some applause for a very clean double. Harry was looking at Kidogo and Adam, the gunbearers, and all three were shaking their heads sorrowfully, as over the misbehavior of an unruly child.

I had noted that the sand grouse flocked in to drink at the water hole precisely at eight fifteen every morning. The sand grouse is quite a wonderful little fellow. He is a desert bird, and not a true grouse at all. The big imperial is heavier than a teal, and his little cousin, the pintail, is a few sizes smaller and a few knots faster. Both imperial and pintail have long, back-swept wings, more like waterfowl than anything else except maybe hawk. He is closer to the pigeon family than he is to a grouse, but he is stripped for speed and he is beautiful to watch, and also to eat. He is a plump little fellow, deckled in brown, buff and black, and while his meat is black I never saw anybody sneer at him when he turned up in a pot roast.

For sheer sport, sand-grouse shooting is on a par with high-pass shooting of teal in a high wind. A pintail coming in with his eye on a water hole is logging 50 knots or better, and when he swoops he makes a white-winged dove look clumsy and slow. Essentially a desert bird, he comes once a day to dip his sharp little bill in the water hole, and then he takes off to squat in the hot sand or among the rocks for the rest of the day.

When he comes, he comes by the thousands, by the hundreds, and if you wanted to wait you could kill a hundred of him as he bunches up over the watering place. But if you shoot him for sport it is quite a different matter, unlike the habits of one particular Austrian nobleman, who shot some 675 in one morning up on the Northern Frontier.

I broke open a couple of boxes of shells and placed one on one side of the tree, one on the other. I addressed Selby as sternly as he had been addressing me.

"You may be able to kill buffalo cleanly at six feet," I said. "You may be the devil's own choice boy on lions at six yards in thick bush. But in the shotgun department you will now pay careful heed to the master. We are going to pretend that we are standing under a eucalyptus tree on a muddy meadow in the outback of New South Wales, which is in Australia. We will pretend we are shooting duck, the hard way. We will crouch as the flock of sand grouse approaches and we will let them get within range, and then we will stand up and expose ourselves fully. And we will shoot only at doubles. Nor will we shoot simultaneously. Each in his turn."

The birds came with whistles like policemen summoning help. The sky darkened over the water holes. I shot blind into a couple of the big mobs, hitting nothing, but splitting them up into twosomes and foursomes. They made a great wheel and now began to return in shootable groups. There is nothing you can really do to discourage a sand grouse from his morning drink. Unless there is another water hole in the vicinity he will keep coming back all day.

We would crouch and let them almost in, and then stand straight up. They would veer and climb like frightened mallard, or they would bend into the wind and dart like blue-winged teal. They would swerve and swoop and simply lay back their ears and pour on coal. Under those conditions they made the toughest and sportiest shooting I ever saw. You led a passing shot a dozen feet and got his tail feathers. He took off so fast you had difficulty pulling a gun by him and still keeping him in range.

Getting the Last Laugh on Selby

In 20 minutes my gun was hot. In between attacks I had scuffed my birds into a pile on my side of the tree. I was down to one cartridge from a box of 25. I seemed to see two empty cartons on the Selby side.

"How many birds you got?" I said, rudely.

"Eight," said Selby. "Fast, aren't they? How many for you?"

"Twenty," I said, with just the right degree of condescension. "I only got one out of that last double."

"How many boxes of shells?"

"One," I said.

"Let's go back to camp," he said. "I give up."

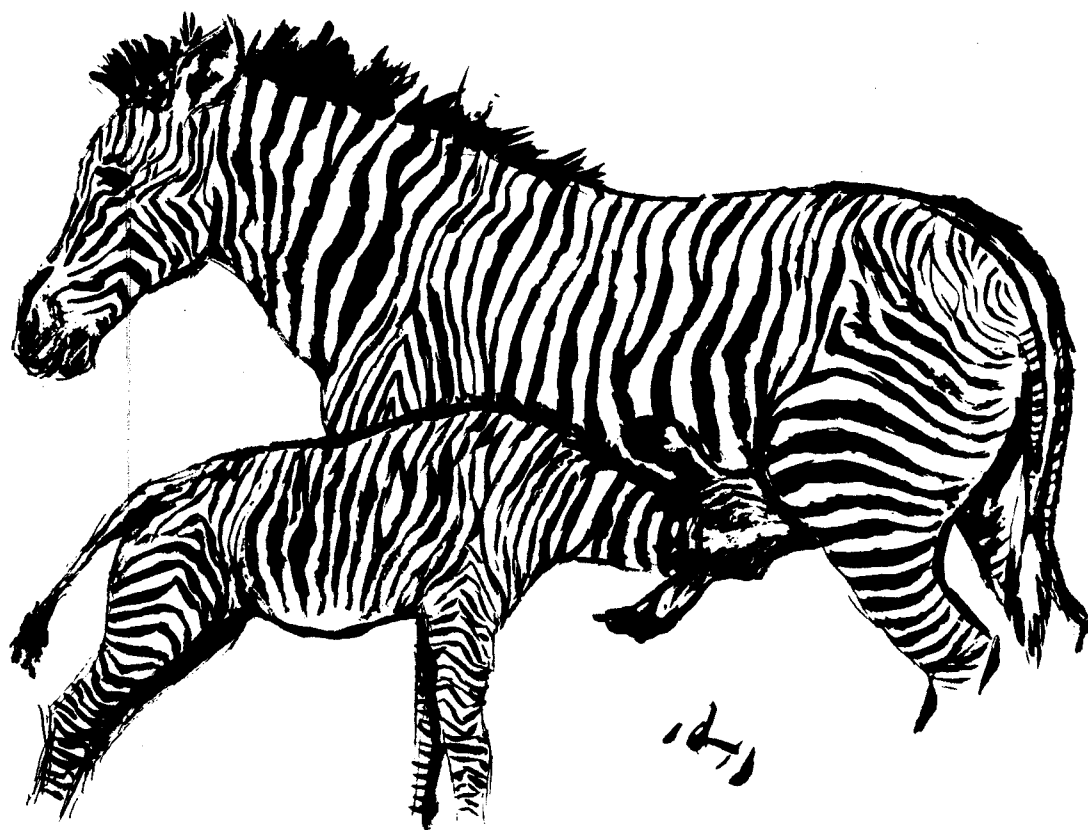
On the way back to camp we saw a flock of guinea fowl scratching at the edge of the wet woods. Harry stopped the jeep. I tumbled out and dashed after the flock. They flushed with a great beating of wings and I nailed one. Another whirled and came over my head, flying high, going downwind like a driven pheasant. I took a half twist and belted him. He came down with a thump and barely missed Harry's head as he tumbled dead alongside the jeep. I broke the gun and blew into the barrels, like the fancy pigeon shooters and skeet experts who wear chamois pads on their shooting shoulders and little badges on their hats do.

I handed the shotgun to Kidogo.

I lighted a cigarette, and looked at Harry.

He looked at me, and started the car for home. He didn't say anything. Neither did I. I had forgotten that lousy buffalo.

It was a wonderful morning. ▲▲▲



Lunchtime for a small-fry zebra. Virginia was one of first in party to hit zebra. But she only wounded it; another hunter polished it off

Collier's for January 10, 1953

The third exciting chapter of Robert Ruark's *African Safari* will appear next week. Be sure to get Collier's, so you won't miss it. All three installments are part of a book which will be published this spring by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

The Listeners Do All

Out of the mailbag into the script: that's how a Breakfast Club program is born. As



My Work

By DON MCNEILL

n.c. Don McNeill says, the fans have been the stars of his show in all its 20 years

HAVE you ever found 73 lemon meringue pies stacked up in front of your mailbox? Or four large crates, each containing one large alligator? Probably not. Come to think of it, I had never received any lemon meringue pies or alligators through the mail, either, before the morning of June 23, 1933, when I became master of ceremonies of a Chicago radio program called the Breakfast Club. Since that date, my mailbag has been literally bulging with all sorts of surprise packages—including a 100-pound watermelon.

For example, the morning the alligators arrived (prepaid, thank goodness!) the mailman also delivered a sack of Florida sea shells, a set of cactus ash trays, a birdhouse, two sets of false teeth, three dolls, a rubber fish and a cowboy hat. Admittedly, that is an exceedingly strange assortment of stuff, but there is a simple enough reason why the content of our Breakfast Club mailbag has run the gamut from ash trays and alligators to lemon meringue pie during the last 20 years.

What's the reason? Well, let's consider those pies for a moment. All I said, during a studio interview with a lady visitor, was: "I like lemon meringue." But that remark was overheard by some 7,000,000 folks listening to one of our hour-long programs, which are broadcast over the American Broadcasting Company network of 352 stations, five mornings a week, every Monday through Friday, at 8 o'clock (Chicago time). Of course, I'm prejudiced, but I believe Breakfast Clubbers are the *friendliest* audience any master of ceremonies ever talked to. What's more, they're the *send- ingest* audience in radio or TV. So, when I happened to mention pie, 73 ladies among the millions of listeners just naturally decided to bake a lemon meringue surprise and send it along to Breakfast Club headquarters.

Later, one of those ladies visited Chicago to watch a Breakfast Club broadcast. "You know, Don," she said, "I've been listening to the Breakfast Club for so long—almost 15 years now—that the members of the cast are like old friends. Sending the pie seemed like a neighborly thing to do—same as when I bake a batch of cookies, I always put some on a plate and take them over to the folks next door."

Getting back to those alligators, my secretary, Mary Canny, found a comfortable home for them in a Chicago zoo. However, I've often wondered what would have happened if the mailman had delivered four lemon meringue pies and 73 alligators.

In fact, I mentioned this disturbing possibility several months ago when Peggy Taylor joined the Breakfast Club cast.

"Peggy," I said, "always remember that millions of folks are listening and there's hardly anything you can mention which somebody in the audience can't make, bake or grow. Take my

word for it, if you mention an alligator, the chances are nine out of ten you'll get one.

"However," I went on, more encouragingly, "you shouldn't have too much trouble. Our program format is simple as can be. I interview folks in the studio audience, tell jokes—most of which are older than the folks in the audience—and read bits of poetry and sentimental verse contributed by listeners. Johnny Desmond sings and Fran Allison does her Aunt Fanny monologues. Sam Cowling heckles everybody. It's strictly an ad-lib show—no script except a list of musical numbers for the orchestra. Most of the material we use either comes straight out of the mailbag or from the interview cards which visitors fill out as they enter the studio. Each visitor writes down the subject he or she would like to talk about if called to the microphone—and we select the most promising subjects.

"Matter of fact, Peggy," I concluded, "you'll discover that this program is really written by the Breakfast Clubbers who listen to it and who attend our shows."

And that's no exaggeration. Over the last 20 years, more than 2,000,000 letters from Breakfast Clubbers have poured into our Chicago office, and they're still coming at the rate of 10,000 per month. Without those letters—well, I doubt very much whether the Breakfast Club would now be celebrating its 20th anniversary. At least, I've got a hunch that a master of ceremonies named McNeill wouldn't be with the show. I'd have run out of things to talk about 19 years ago!

When the Breakfast Club first went on the air in 1933, I wrote a complete script for each show. That meant I had to fill five hours of air time every week

with jokes, verse and humorous or whimsical incidents culled from the day's news. That's when I found out that writing was hard work. After two months of pounding out those Breakfast Club scripts, I'd exhausted two joke anthologies, and I was beginning to wonder where my next gag was coming from.

Luckily, that's when the Breakfast Club listeners came to my rescue. The mail—scanty during the first few weeks—suddenly jumped to an average of 100 letters a day. Most of the letters contained a listener's favorite joke or bits of verse clipped from newspapers and magazines. Finally, after Breakfast Club had been on the air about three months, I tried an experiment. Instead of writing a script, I used contributions for a whole program; and afterward, my wife, Kay, remarked: "You know, Don, that was the best Breakfast Club program I've heard so far."

"Yes," I agreed, "and you know why? I've just discovered the folks who listen in can write this show a whole lot better than I can."

That was more than 19 years ago, and I haven't written a script since. Instead, I read as many fan letters as possible and apportion what's left among the Breakfast Club's cast. Then, once a week, usually on a Monday afternoon, the cast meets with producer Cliff Petersen to discuss the ideas sent in.

In the conferences are Peggy Taylor, Cliff Petersen, Sam Cowling, Johnny Desmond and myself.

Over 20 years and almost 6,000 programs, many



Don McNeill the Breakfast Club's top man since 1933

Breakfast Club staff (l. to r.): Ed McKean, Cliff Petersen, Don McNeill, Sam Cowling (in foreground), Johnny Desmond, Ed Ballantine, Fran Allison, Peggy Taylor, Mary Canny

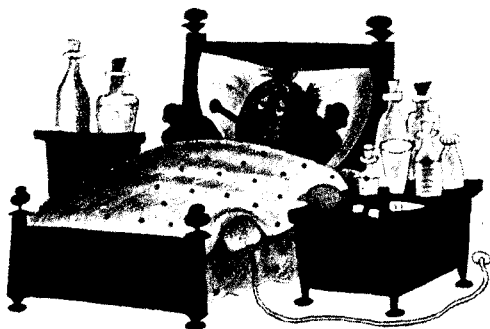
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROCCO PADULO

Some of McNeill's favorite Breakfast Club mailbag items

Tell Him Now

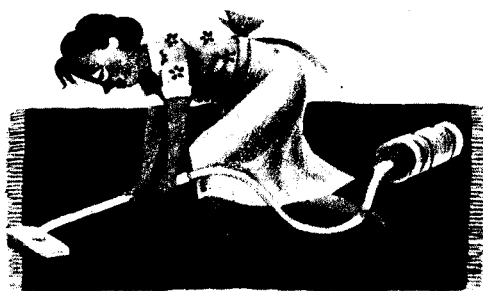
If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now;
Don't withhold your approbation 'til the parson makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed:
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him know it.
Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead!



When Pa Is Sick

When Pa is sick, he's scared to death,
An' Ma an' us just holds our breath;
He crawls in bed, an' puffs an' grunts,
An' does all kinds of crazy stunts.
He wants "Doc Brown" in mighty quick,
For when Pa's ill he's awful sick;
He gasps an' moans, an' sort of sighs,
He talks so queer an' rolls his eyes;
Ma jumps an' runs an' all of us,
An' all the house is in a fuss,
An' peace and joy is mighty skeerce—
When Pa is sick it's somethin' fierce!



When Ma Is Sick

When Ma is sick, she pegs away,
She's quiet, though, not much to say;
She goes right on a-doin' things,
An' sometimes laughs, or even sings;
She says she don't feel so extra well,
But then it's just a kind o' spell,
She'll be all right tomorrow sure,
A good old sleep will be the cure;
An' Pa, he sniffs an' makes no kick,
For women folks is always sick;
An' Ma, she smiles, lets on she's glad—
When Ma is sick, it ain't so bad.



Trees

I think that I shall never see
A hazard rougher than a tree,
A tree, o'er which my ball must fly,
If on the green it is to lie.
A tree which stands that green to guard,
And makes the shot extremely hard;
A tree whose leafy arms extend,
To kill the mashie shot I send;
A tree that stands in silence there,
While angry golfers rave and swear,
Niblicks were made for fools like me
Who cannot ever miss a tree.

-A bad little boy is like a canoe—they both behave better if paddled from the rear.

-It is often said that exercise kills germs—but how do you get the germs to exercise?

-It is a well-known fact that high heels were invented by the girl who was kissed on the forehead.

-Women are a lot like money—you have to keep 'em busy or they lose interest.

-Fun is like insurance—the older you get the more it costs you.

-Courtship makes a man spoon, but marriage is what makes him fork over.

-Men who say they are boss in their own home will lie about other things too.

of the brightest stars in the entertainment world have appeared on the Breakfast Club, either as cast members or special guests.

Of all the guest appearances made by hundreds of Hollywood and Broadway stars, two extremely boisterous performances—by Danny Kaye and Jerry Lewis—never will be forgotten by McNeill and Company. Kaye read the commercials, danced with studio visitors and turned the program into a madhouse. Lewis set fire to announcer Bob Murphy's script, causing Murphy to miss an important cut-in cue line for 275 stations.

However, the real stars of the Breakfast Club aren't listed among the cast members or special guests. The real stars are the Breakfast Club listeners, who write the show with their letters and post cards, and the Breakfast Club studio visitors, who come to Chicago at the rate of 100,000 per year to watch the show being broadcast and take part in the studio stunts and interviews.

Somehow, our studio guests always find something interesting to talk about. One week, I remember, I interviewed half a dozen ladies on such diverse topics as sun suits, Clark Gable's mustache, peanuts, the best way to diaper babies, and hamburger. However, my favorite interview took place several years ago when a lady remarked she washed the dishes while listening to the Club.

To make her feel at home, Sam Cowling pro-

cured a dishpan and a stack of dishes from the property room. "But I don't feel right," the lady protested. "I'm all dressed up."

So, I took off my coat and converted it into an apron. Then the lady said, "Don, the dishes don't look natural. They're too clean."

Whereupon, Sam put in a hurry-up call to a nearby restaurant. Finally, when a stack of satisfactorily soiled dishes arrived, the lady washed them, and our whole cast pitched in to help dry them—with Sam's shirt!

Something New in Giveaway Programs

Every Breakfast Club program including tomorrow morning's, is actually a *première*—a brand-new production, because I never know what my audience interviews will uncover. For example, in 1947, a housewife complained, "Don, why doesn't the Breakfast Club give away presents like all the other shows?" I explained the Breakfast Club was not a giveaway program. However, her complaint touched off our giveaway-in-reverse program of November 7, 1947, when 800 Breakfast Clubbers from 24 states packed our Chicago studio—and they came with \$10,000 worth of gifts ranging from washing machines and food to six tons of coal. After the program, the gifts were given to needy families.

Occasionally, one studio interview turns into a running gag. For example, there was the railroad fireman named Elmer Feagins from Texarkana, Texas, who sent his wife to Chicago with this note: "Don, if you interview my wife over the air, I will hitchhike from Texas to the Breakfast." So, I interviewed Mrs. Feagins, and Mr. Feagins completed his end of the bargain, arriving in Chicago six days later after hitchhiking 820 miles. Incidentally, he was given numerous lifts along the way by friendly Breakfast Clubbers, who were alerted every morning on his whereabouts and route.

Each Breakfast Club program is divided into four 15-minute "Calls to Breakfast." The First Call (sponsored by O-Cedar Corporation and Bobbi-White Rain) features guest interviews and several lively musical numbers which our musical director, Eddie Ballantine, calls waker-uppers.

The Second Call (sponsored by Swift & Company) includes Sunshine Shower. Breakfast Clubbers are asked to send a "sunshine greeting" in the form of a letter or card to a patient in the hospital or institution specified for that particular morning. Since 1946, when Sunshine Shower became a regular Breakfast Club feature, more than 1,500 institutions have been showered with 3,000,000 messages. Memory Time (during which I read a sentimental poem), Prayer Time and Hymn Time also are part of the Second Call.

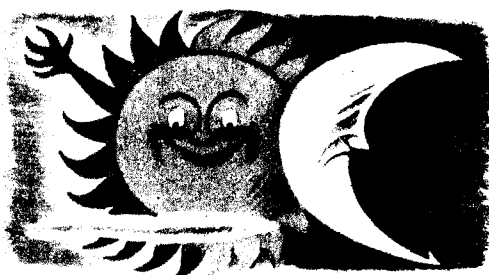
Collier's for January 10, 1953

The Family

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves;
The parents are the covers
That protecting beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust.
Oh! break it not, lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.



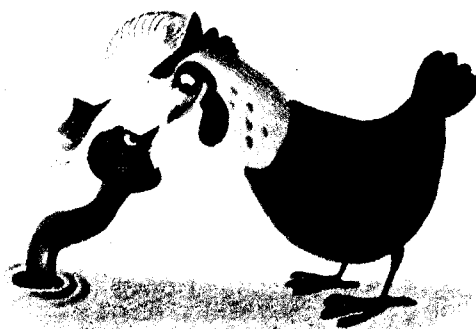
Untouched Yet

Honey, jes' listen,
Don't cry and fret;
There's a hull day tomorrow
Ain't been teched yet.

Mought be a sunrise
'Twould make your heart shout,
Look like 'twas heaven
Turned inside out.

Mought turn a corner
Most any place,
Bes' friend a-smilin'
Right in your face.

So heart of mine, listen,
Why do you fret?
God's good tomorrow
Is all untouched yet.



Men

Men are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at any one time. Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classifications—husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is a negligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded with suspicion. Husbands are of three types—prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the greatest forms of sculpture.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you always believe him, you are a fool. If you don't believe him, he thinks you are a cynic. If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out. If you wear a little beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out but spends all his time staring at other women.

If you are the clinging-vine type, he thinks you have no brains. If you are a modern, intelligent woman, he's sure you have no heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright, intellectual woman. If you are bright, then he wants nothing but a little playmate.

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while, and finally some chicken gets him!

The Truth About Women

She's an angel in truth, a demon in fiction,
A woman's the greatest of all contradictions.
She's afraid of a cockroach, she'll scream
at a mouse,
But she'll tackle a husband as big as a house.

She'll take him for better, she'll take him
for worse,
She'll split his head open and then be his nurse.
And when he is well and gets out of bed,
She'll pick up a teapot and throw at his head.

She's faithful, deceitful, keen-sighted and blind,
She's crafty, she's simple, she's cruel, she's kind.
She'll lift a man up, she'll cast a man down,
She'll make him her ideal, she'll make him
her clown.

You fancy she's this, and you find that she's that,
For she'll play like a kitten and bite like a cat.
In the morning she will, in the evening she won't,
You're always expecting she does, but she don't.



—A boardinghouse is like a game of horseshoes:
the closer you get to the steak, the better.

—Before marriage a man yearns for a woman—
after marriage the "Y" is silent.

—The thing a man likes most about a girl is his
arms.

—Mother Nature is referred to as a woman be-
cause nobody knows how old she is.

Third Call (also sponsored by Swift) gets off to a rousing start with March Time. Then come more interviews and music. The Fourth Call (sponsored by Philco Corporation) features Inspiration Time, during which I read an inspiration or whimsical verse contributed by some Clubbers.

The bulk of Breakfast Club mail contains interview suggestions and jokes (for Sam and me), plus contributions for Memory Time and Inspiration Time. Naturally, over the years, many of the poems contributed have become favorites of Breakfast Club listeners. The most frequently requested of these all-time favorites are reprinted above.

Speaking of favorites, a woman listener in Tacoma recently asked me in a letter: "Don, what's your favorite portion of the program?"

There was only one possible answer. My favorite Breakfast Club feature is the moment of silent prayer. And, because of the mail and comment it receives, I know it is the favorite of our listeners, too.

I'll never forget the morning of October 28, 1944, when I first asked Breakfast Clubbers:

*All over the nation,
Each in his own words,
Each in his own way,
For a world united in peace—
Bow your heads, let us pray.*

For a moment—as the studio audience sat silent with heads bowed—I wondered about the reactions of the millions of people in our unseen audience. Part of my own prayer that morning was that everybody would participate.

Prayer Time was conceived during World War II when millions of Americans were deeply concerned with the safety of their loved ones overseas. I firmly believed that prayer—the strongest force in the world—was urgently needed to provide a feeling of spiritual unity among Breakfast Club families disrupted by war. Even a moment of family prayer, I felt, would make the mothers and fathers in the audience feel closer to their absent sons and daughters.

Continued Need of Prayer for Peace

Frankly, I had no idea in 1944 that Prayer Time would become a permanent peacetime feature of the Breakfast Club program. When the war ended, so I thought, there would be no need for a prayer for peace.

But more than 90 per cent of the 100,000 Breakfast Clubbers who wrote letters commenting on Prayer Time urged that the moment of silent prayer be continued.

One listener commented: "For 12 years, the Breakfast Club family has laughed, sung, marched

and reminisced together. Why not pray together?"

Since the war's end, Prayer Time has been modified, slightly. Now, on Fridays, Breakfast Clubbers offer thanksgiving for all the blessings received during the week.

Another Prayer Time variation is a plea "for better family understanding."

In 1948, a woman with five children wrote: "I had decided to give my husband the divorce he wanted until I heard you offer the silent prayer for broken families. That seemed like it was meant for me and I prayed, Don. The next evening my husband returned. Thank you, Don, for the guiding hand we needed."

Certainly, no family is more appreciative of family prayer than the McNeills. In September, 1947, my wife, Kay, and I prayed as only desperate parents can pray when our twelve-year-old son, Tommy, was stricken with polio. Tommy's younger brothers, Bobby and Don, Jr., prayed, too. Finally, after seven days, the doctor reported that Tommy could move his leg.

Next morning, I told our Breakfast Club audience the crisis had passed and asked them to join with me in a prayer of thanksgiving.

I remember that moment every morning when we pray . . . each in his own words . . . each in his own way . . . and millions of Breakfast Clubbers say, "Amen."

DRAWINGS BY ERIC GURNEY



The Kid's in Town

By CHARLES EINSTEIN

If Hollywood wanted authenticity, we'd give them all they could stand. We'd ambush 'em, shoot 'em up, cut 'em off at the pass. After all, we're not in the movie business just for laughs



Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves, and looking around. Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper

WE'VE been called a lot of things, here in Bad Bend. Old Wax Magoon, the famous movie producer, who got his in the last economy wave, used to call Bad Bend the Hollywood of the Desert. Bad Bend is such a typical Western-movie town, it might well have served as location for a hundred different horse operas. Might well, nothing—it did!

They made North of the Pecos here, and East of the Pecos and South of the Pecos, and Sunlight on the Trail and Sunset on the Trail and Moonlight on the Trail and Sunrise on the Trail, and Desert Sands, Western Sands, and Sands on the Trail. All this ten, twelve, fifteen years ago, before the movies began looking for realism.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

No two ways about it, realism ruined Bad Bend. It was ironic, in some respects, because if there ever was a realistic town for Western movies, Bad Bend is it. The population of Bad Bend lived from movie to movie in those days. A director never needed expensive Hollywood actors when he filmed in Bad Bend. If he wanted a meek-looking guy behind the bar—you know, the guy who always stashes away the expensive bottles and takes the mirror off the wall before the fight begins—then we had Hector Klimhoff, who tended bar at the Silver Slipper.

Wonderful name for a bar, Silver Slipper, or so we thought. Sometimes the movie people even called it the Silver Slipper in the movies they made,

even though they were always changing the name of the town.

We were never Bad Bend. We were Deadwood, Drywood, Dry Gulch, Gulch Canyon, Canyon Creek, Dead Creek, Lead Creek and Red Creek. That's great. You talk about realism: we didn't even get our real name back till the movies went away and left us.

Anyway, there was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender. And there was old Doc Mason, a doctor who also played the part of the judge, the girl's father, and once—in Silver Spurs West—the part of a mortician. We had a big guy named Morgan who played the heavy, with his beard half-shaved. Sometimes he was known as Morgan, but usually,

in the movies, he was named Slade or Larsen.

Then there was a bunch of guys known simply as "the boys." They would all line up at the bar, and Morgan-Slade-Larsen would come in through the swinging double half-doors and say, "The Kid's in town." What happened then depended on who was making the picture. If it was Wax Magoon, the boys would make a mad dash for the door, jump on their horses, and thunder up past the bank and around the corner out of sight. If it was Greenberg, the boys would just stay where they were, and the camera would catch ten hands as they reached deftly for holsters. If it was Neuhooff, a producer who prided himself on the unexpected, the boys would all scurry out the windows and the back door. No matter whose picture it was, though, Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, always took the mirror down. When the Kid got to town there was always a fight.

WE NEVER furnished the Kid for the pictures. He was always a Hollywood product—we had John Wayne once. Usually, too, Hollywood sent the Kid's side-kick along—a guy with whiskers and a heart of gold. Once in a while Morgan-Slade-Larsen would capture the guy with whiskers and hold him for ransom so the Kid could ride into a trap, but usually the guy with whiskers didn't do any more than kill a couple of the boys during the fight, usually in a comical way, such as shooting one of the boys in the back by mistake, and wind up wounded himself but breathing undying loyalty up at the Kid. Just in case, though, we had Harry Tennerman—you can bet his name never got in a picture—who had whiskers and could play the part of the Kid's crony right up to the hilt.

There were two other guys: old Carl Grogan, the grocer, who could play the part of the jailer, the banker or the sheriff with equal aplomb; and Sid Howe, who dealt the cards in the back of the Silver Slipper. You see, when Morgan-Slade-Larsen came in and said, "The Kid's in town," the boys were always lined up at the bar, but by the time the Kid actually showed up at the Silver Slipper, the boys had always come back and were playing cards, so you had to have somebody to deal.

Well, everybody in town had some sort of a job; we did a little pecan farming around there some ten-twenty years ago. But there was no two ways about it, the money was in movies. We had the perfect climate—hot ten months of the year and very hot the other two—and every six weeks, right on the dot, up rolled Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhooff, ready to shoot another Western. The pay was good, the girls were pretty, and after each picture we got to go to Pike City, thirty miles upland, to see ourselves at the Cinema Theater there.

It was fun going to the movies, not only to see ourselves but to see the extra stuff, like Indians, that they dubbed in at the lot back in Hollywood. I'll say this, nobody in Bad Bend ever got a swelled head from going to Pike City to see himself in the movies, unless it was Hector Klimhoff, the bartender, and with Hector, it wasn't his acting that prided him so much as his timing. I've never seen him miss ducking under a shot glass. . . .

Things got dull when the realists took over Hollywood. Hollywood can sue me for saying that, but as far as Bad Bend was concerned, life got duller



when that happened. It happened at a bad time, too. There was some talk about putting up a small war plant in Bad Bend, but it was just talk. What's more, old Doc Mason's son Lorry was just going on eighteen then—a real handsome cuss who made us think that pretty soon Hollywood wouldn't even have to supply a male lead. Here was Lorry Mason's movie career finished even before it started. He went away to the war, and when he came back he was more handsome than ever, and all the movie people were gone, so Lorry settled down to cattle raising.

All this, though, was B.K.—Before Katz. You've heard of Jeremy Katz. One of those geniuses. Producer-writer-director. He did that documentary on the Chicago River that won the

Academy Award, and that color film that was done all in green, and Heaven only knows what else. They called him the greatest thing to hit Hollywood since De Mille, and they were probably right. He's only been there three years, and the story about him is that he never saw a movie before he got there.

Anyway, we got interested in him, real interested, when Film Daily came to town on the through bus one Tuesday morning. Ever since Hollywood went away and left us, we've been subscribing to Film Daily. "They'll be back," Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers, always used to say, "and we want to be ready when they come."

This issue of Film Daily gave us the hope. *KATZ TO SADDLE*, the headline said, and while we pondered over

that, a couple of us looked down into the story and there, big as life, it said that Jeremy Katz was going to do a Western. Never done one before, never seen one before, but here he was, headed out into the desert to find the most typical Western town within traveling range of the studio.

It was, the story went on, to be a budget picture. Katz would bring with him a leading man—Stan Hines, no less; a leading lady—Jill David. And his production assistant, Morris Lefevre. Nobody else. If they approved the town they'd sign up the local citizenry for the other parts, bring in the crew, and start shooting.

Too good to be true, that was the consensus in Bad Bend.

"He's bound to come here," said Hunt Morgan, our heavy. He was heavier after ten years, but he could still play the heavy. "He can't miss us."

"Why can't he?" Sid Howe, the dealer, put in. "You think trains come here? We got one bus a day in each direction. You think Stan Hines or Jill David would ride on it, even if Katz would? Them stars ain't rugged like they used to be. The only plane ever landed here was the one that crashed when they were trying out the mail route in nineteen twenty-seven."

"It was nineteen twenty-eight," old Doc Mason said. "I treated the pilot."

"You see?" Howe said hopelessly. "How they going to get here? Portage?"

"Never mind," said Carl Grogan, the grocer. "The important thing is we have to be ready just in case. What happened to my string tie? Sid, you got a deck of cards?"

"Only new ones," Sid Howe said. Then he cocked his head in sudden cheer. "But we got plenty blank ammunition down in the basement."

"Get the boys," old Doc Mason said.

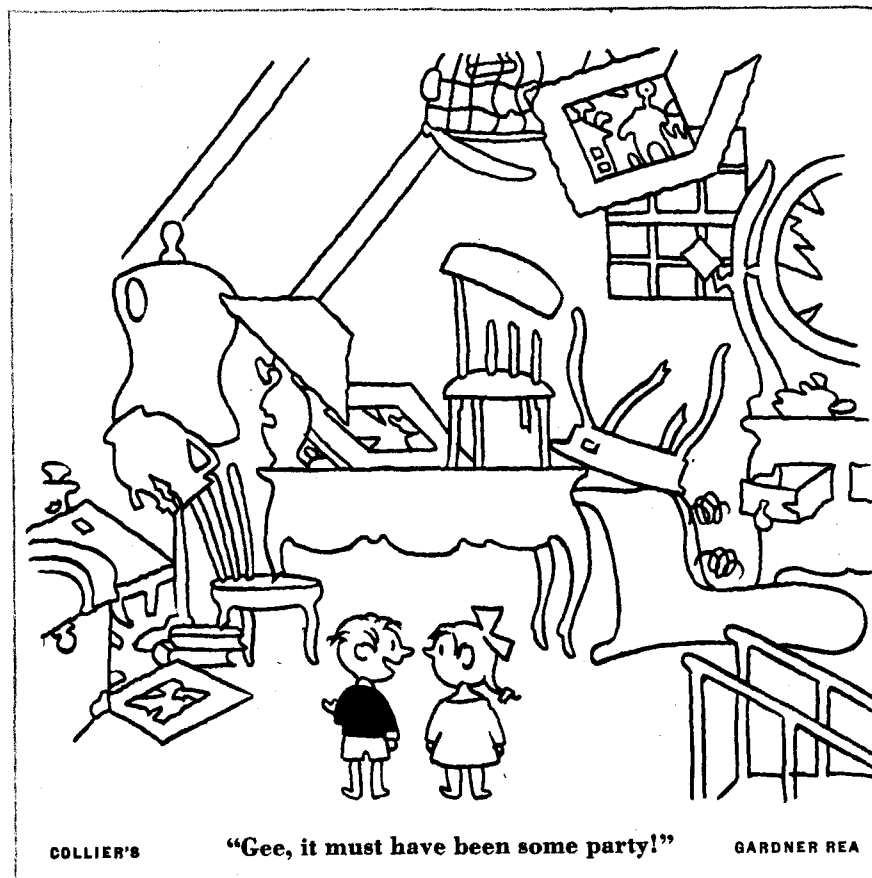
WELL, you never saw anything like it, such an oiling of pistols, guys scrambling into old cowboy outfits left and right, and Hunt Morgan, the heavy, cursing himself because he'd gotten into the habit of shaving close. It was like a safari into the past, and not even the insistent ringing of the telephone behind the bar could break the spell.

"That reminds me," Hector Klimhoff said as he reached to pick up the telephone. "I got to hide this phone."

"You better take down the neon sign, too," Harry Tennerman advised, "and the—" Then he stopped, and we all watched Hector as he jabbered excitedly into the telephone. He took the receiver away from his ear and put his hand over the mouthpiece. "It's Wally!" he said in a hoarse whisper. Wally was the projectionist at the Cinema Theater in Pike City, an old friend of ours who used to let us in to the movies for nothing. "Katz passed through Pike City twenty minutes ago! He's headed this way!"

Then the scramble was really on. Hector reached down under the bar and came up with a box of toothpicks and handed one to old Verne Hopkins, and Verne stuck the toothpick into his mouth, opened his vest, and sat down at the piano in the back and started playing the old Dawson City music for all he was worth. The boys began to show up, like possessions coming out of storage. Somebody got five horses hitched up outside the Silver Slipper, and I personally threw a shot glass at Hector, so he could practice ducking. He took it on the shoulder. "I'll do it next time," he promised, and set a couple of extra bottles up on the bar. He grinned. "Little out of practice."

Collier's for January 10, 1953



"Listen," Carl Grogan said, "just so I don't feel like too much of a damn' fool, you *sure* this guy never heard of Bad Bend?"

"Don't say in the paper that he ever did," Hunt Morgan said.

"He don't know about—about what we used to do?"

"He never saw a Western."

"Hell," old Doc Mason said, "I saw someplace where it said he never even read one."

"He must have some idea," Carl Grogan said.

"Maybe when he was a kid," Sid Howe said.

"Well, don't start worrying now," Harry Tennerman said. "You want a new car, act right. Just like it was in the old days. We're back in business!"

"Cigars, everybody!" Hector Klimhoff yelled. "Only the piano player smokes cigarettes."

"No, he don't," Grogan said. "He just lets one burn on the side of the piano."

WE WERE a little rusty, you can see, but we remembered fast. We heard a car pull up in front, and the boys reached for their glasses of rotgut, and old Verne Hopkins went to work on the piano so hard he looked like he was inventing it. Hector Klimhoff started polishing a glass furiously.

Now, I don't know whether you realize this or not, but in most every Western movie you ever saw, whenever anybody walked into a saloon the bar was always to his left. You would think that we Bad Bend folks, having played in all those Westerns, would know the reason for that, but we don't. It's just part of the rigid art form. I have always suspected it's so that a man standing at the bar can reach for his gun on his right hip without the entering party's being able to see what he's doing, but that is merely a personal notion.

I bring this up because Jeremy Katz

entered the Silver Slipper and looked to his right. Now, there is nothing to see on the right. Seventeen pairs of eyes had snapped toward the door as he came in. And Jeremy Katz looked the wrong way. He stood there in the doorway, just looking, for what seemed an eternity. He was a short man who wore a multicolored shirt, bright tan trousers, brown-and-white shoes and dark glasses. He looked, in short, like every producer you ever saw. Everybody noticed it.

"I thought he was different," Carl Grogan whispered.

"He is," old Doc Mason whispered back. "I read someplace he decided the height of being different was to look like everybody else." He tapped his temple significantly. "Academy Award winner." Grogan nodded thoughtfully.

Finally, Jeremy Katz swung his eyes toward the bar and looked us over. The only movement in the place was Hector polishing the same glass and Verne Hopkins beating the piano. Then Jeremy Katz hunched his shoulders just a bit, put his hand in a beckoning gesture outside the door, and walked over to the bar. Behind him came the original Tall, Dark and Handsome—Stan Hines. Clutching Hines's arm, almost as if they were the Romantically Entwined Couple that the columnists proclaimed them to be, came Jill David. She wore a summer dress, off the shoulders, and her hair was the yellow of ripe corn, and she was more beautiful in person than on the screen, if that were possible. Two of the boys had to set down their rotgut as she approached.

Behind her, dressed in clothes identical, to the last stitch, to those of Jeremy Katz, came a man we identified as Morris Lefevre, Katz's production assistant. The only difference between the two was that Lefevre was shorter and his dark glasses were bigger.

The four of them walked over to the bar. Then Katz turned abruptly and led the way to one of the center tables.

They all sat down. Verne Hopkins took a good look at them and went on playing the piano. Hector Klimhoff came around from behind the bar and went over to the table.

"Afternoon, folks," he said. "Little something? The lady want to clean up a bit, maybe have a bath? We got rooms upstairs and a nice long-handled brush so she can wash her back."

"Jeremy," the short man named Morris Lefevre said, "let's get out of here. This guy gives me the meemies."

"No need for that," Hector said cheerfully. "You folks must have had a long trip, and the boys might be starting up a game of cards right soon, never can tell." He was still polishing that damn' glass. "Had a little excitement today. Fellow broke out of jail. Cattle rustler." Hector made a clucking noise with his tongue.

"You heard me, Jeremy, I said let's get out of here." Morris Lefevre mopped his brow with a bright blue handkerchief. "There's another town twenty miles down. It's got real people in it. It says so on the road map."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. Bartender, we'll have some drinks. Whisky, and you can mix the lady's. For everybody in the house." He waved his arm expansively. "Drinks on me."

Stan Hines, the handsome one, spoke up. "Drinks for all these slobs?" We took an instant dislike to Stan Hines. "You crazy or something, Jeremy?" He made a face. "These guys are right out of William S. Hart."

"Be quiet, Stan." It was the girl, Jill David. "Jeremy never heard of William S. Hart."

"Whisky for everybody," Hector Klimhoff said happily and rustled back behind the bar.

"Listen," Morris Lefevre called from the table, "ask that piano player does he know Clair de Lune. After he finishes six more choruses of Buffalo Gal, that is. Don't interrupt him."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said. Hector poured the drinks. He had just started back around the bar with the tray when the doors swung open.

THERE stood Hunt Morgan-Slade-Larsen, six-guns jutting from low-slung holsters, cigar clenched between teeth, hat brim pulled down low, blue shirt open at the throat.

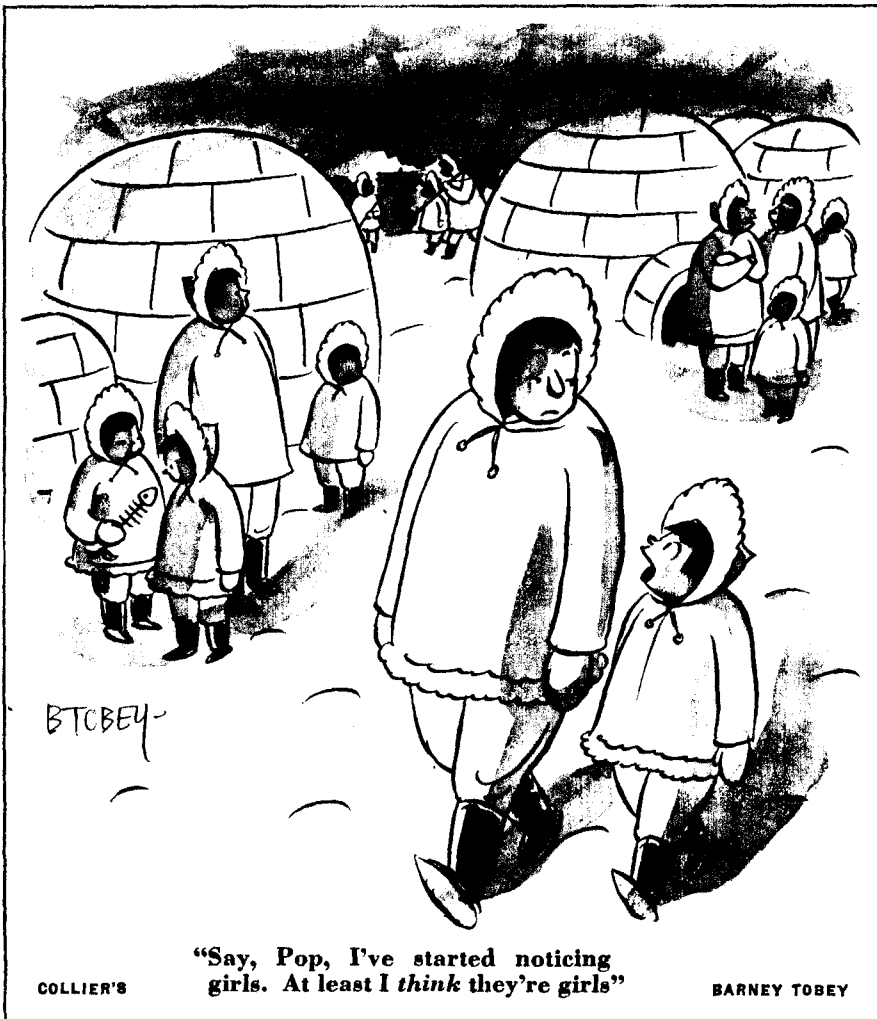
He looked slowly around, spat out a chunk of cigar.

"The Kid's in town." He said it slowly, deliberately. It was funny, in a way, because the Kid not only was in town but—if you assumed, as you had every right to, that the Kid would be played by Stan Hines—he was sitting right there in the saloon.

But that minor consideration didn't stop the boys. You should have seen them go. Two of them hurtled out the front door and went pounding away on horseback, just like they used to do when Wax Magoon was in town making a picture. Five others lit out the back and up the stairs, knocking down Hector Klimhoff as they went. The rest, who remembered the Greenberg technique and not Magoon's and Neuhoof's, just stood there, hands at gun belts. It all happened like a flash.

"Listen to me, Jeremy," Morris Lefevre said plaintively, "we got to get out of here. I keep telling you, this is Madman's Gulch; somebody's going to get killed."

Jeremy Katz put up his hand. "Wait a minute. I think I like this. This"—he waved his hand to indicate the entire saloon—"is authentic. This is native



"Say, Pop, I've started noticing girls. At least I think they're girls"

BARNEY TOBEY

Collier's for January 10, 1953

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American. This is genuine. You understand what I'm saying, Morris, this is rough, undisciplined. It's wild and poetic!"

"This is ridiculous," Lefevre said. "I got to come with you and two actors ninety miles out into the desert, a guy comes over and says there was a jail break, the piano player is held over from Stagecoach, you order drinks, a guy comes in the door and says somebody's in town, and the place goes crazy. You sit there and tell me it's poetry. You got the almighty nerve to tell me it's poetry!"

"You know a better place?" Katz asked.

"Well, all I can say is, another hour in this place, and we'll all be crazy. If I wasn't already crazy I'd say there was a guy sitting in the back room dirtying up a new deck of cards." He laughed, a trifle hysterically. "Silly me. You think I can get a drink without ten more guys knocking the bartender down when he turns the corner?"

IN THE back, Sid Howe, our dealer, was in fact scuffing up a new deck. Old Doc Mason meandered over to Katz's table. "Couple of the boys getting up a little card game," Old Doc said, squirting a copious supply of tobacco juice onto Jeremy Katz's shoes. "Care to sit in, stranger?"

"Certainly," Katz said, and got up. "How about you, Stan? Morris?"

"Sure," Morris Lefevre said. He spat out of the side of his mouth. "Nothing like a little red dog to get an hombre in shape. Would you mind telling me why the bartender is taking the mirror off the wall?"

"He was supposed to do that earlier," Doc Mason said. "He's just getting around to it."

"Oh," Lefevre said, and slapped the palm of his hand against the side of his head. "Jeremy, for the last time, the car's outside."

"Never mind," Jeremy Katz said. "Jill, you stay here. We're going to play a little cards with the people."

Morris Lefevre sat down next to Harry Tennerman, our guy with the whiskers. "Hey, there, Gabby," he said to Harry, who hadn't said a word. "How's your canasta?"

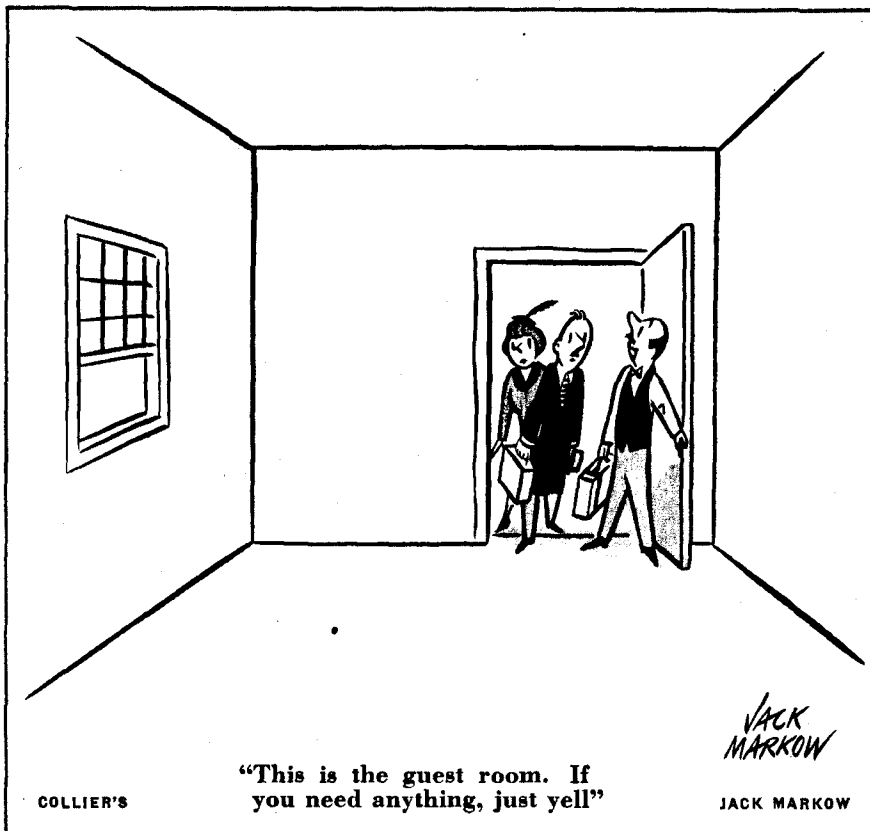
"He, he," Harry tittered. Stan Hines sat on the other side of him, then Jeremy Katz, Carl Grogan, old Doc Mason and Sid Howe, the dealer.

"Five-card stud," Howe said, sitting there erect and alert, the very essence of the river-boat gambler. "Twenty-five and fifty."

"Twenty-five and fifty what?" Morris Lefevre asked. Sid Howe gave him a piercing look and carefully placed on the table in front of him one of the biggest horse pistols you ever saw. "Listen," Lefevre said, "just for the record the only weapon I got on me is a lighter. Let's get out of here, Jeremy."

"Shut up, Morris," Jeremy Katz said. Sid Howe began to deal the cards; he included himself in.

In the intensity of the game, no one seemed to notice that Hunt Morgan and the boys who had fled by various routes a little while before had slipped back into the room. They stood in various poses of pronounced unconcern at the bar, all except Morgan, who sat down at the table with Jill David, ordered her drink refilled, and drained his shot glass at one boisterous gulp. The tableau of the two of them, the movie queen and the renovated villain, was nothing compared to the seven figures grouped around the rear table, playing cards: a flashy gambler, three old men,



an impeccable leading man and two short guys with dark glasses.

Sid Howe gave them the old St. Joe deal—a full house to each of the six men grouped around him, a straight flush for himself. Ten years had not dulled his touch. It was enough, indeed, to bring Hollywood's Stan Hines roaring to his feet, his face red with anger. "You phony!" he yelled at Sid. "You liar! You cheat!"

"Easy, stranger," Sid said coolly. "These are only chips you're playing with. I wouldn't get upset if I were you."

"Chips or no chips!" Hines's voice was breaking. "I pay an analyst two hundred dollars a week to keep me from getting excited, and no phony carban cowboy's going to cheat me. You understand?"

"Sit down, Stan," Jeremy Katz said. "Yeah, Stan, he's got a gun," Morris Lefevre said.

Hines glared across the table at Sid Howe. "I will not sit down. I will not take this from anyone. I'm going to teach this phony a lesson he'll never forget. It's an act, don't you see? An act, this whole thing, this bar, these people. They're phonies, every one of them, trying to make an impression. Well, I'll show them—" "Sit down, mister!"

THE voice came from just inside the doorway. There stood young Lorry Mason, old Doc Mason's son, dressed up from silver spurs to ten-gallon hat, a deadly six-shooter in each hand, handsome and bold—standing there, playing the part we all had dreamed for him.

The tinkling of the piano stopped. The place was in utter silence. Then, from the table where he sat with the beautiful Jill David, Hunt Morgan reacted. He whipped out a gun, fired at

the chandelier. Behind the bar, Hector Klimhoff flicked the timeworn switch, and the lights went out. The Silver Slipper was in near darkness. There was a stampede from the bar. A chair sailed through the air. Jill David screamed as if she'd been rehearsing it for weeks. Hoarse male cries and the staccato roar of gunfire filled the room.

We'd done it a hundred times before, but it had never gone off so well. Bodies bounced off the banister at just the right time. Hector ducked shot glasses with fantastic enthusiasm. Jill David went right on screaming in excellent terror. Tables were overturned, chairs sailed left and right, fists flew, even the horses outside whinnied in fright.

All the other times, there'd been Wax Magoon or Greenberg or Neuhooff to yell, "Cut!" and break it up, but this time there was nobody. We just kept going until the guns ran out of blanks. Then, finally, there was silence. Hector turned the lights back on.

THE saloon was in an appropriate shambles. Guys got up grinning, shaking themselves and looking around. Jill David was frozen in terror in the middle of the room. Jeremy Katz crawled out from underneath the card table. There was only one casualty: Stan Hines, the Hollywood Adonis, lay in the dead center of the Silver Slipper, comatose.

Jeremy Katz looked around. "Somebody hit him?"

"I did." It was Lorry Mason.

"On purpose?"

"Yes."

"Hard?"

"Not very."

"Why not?"

"It didn't take very much."

"Did he call you a nasty name?"

"Yes."

"Him and his mouth," Jeremy Katz said. "His analyst warned him about it. Look at him—black eye, bloody nose. How we going to get him in shape?"

Old Doc Mason stepped forward. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but if you're looking for a leading man, why—"

Jeremy Katz looked back at Lorry Mason. He turned. "Jill, how about this one?"

There was something more than mere appraisal in the eyes of the golden-haired girl. "I think," she said softly, "that he'll be fine."

"Well," Jeremy Katz said, "just one more thing. You think you can stage another fight like this one? I mean, if we bring in cameras?"

"Possibly," old Doc Mason said cautiously.

"We'll need all you people as character parts," Jeremy Katz went on. "This picture is going to be something new, something different. You know? Something that's never been done before." He looked commandingly around. "What the hell happened to Morris?"

"Here," Morris Lefevre said. He crawled out from behind the piano.

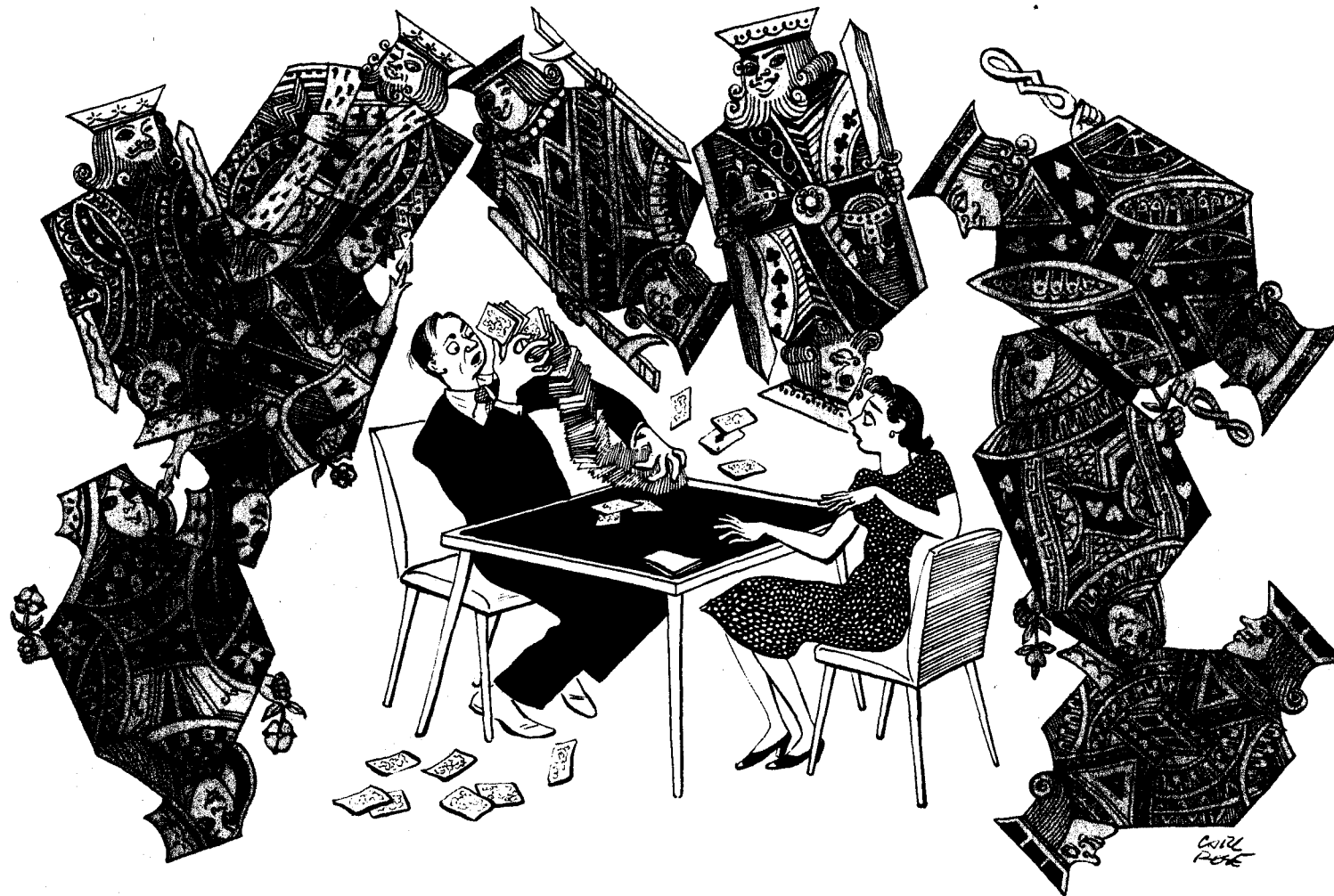
"Make arrangements," Katz ordered. "We'll need the crew out here. We'll need measurements. They'll have to put in tracks for the dolly."

"Maybe they already got tracks," Lefevre said. "Maybe they got them hidden in the long grass out behind the building."

"Quit the smart talk," Jeremy Katz said to him.

After a while, they went away. They'll be back in five days, and we'll be ready for them. Tomorrow, we cut the grass out back.





Who's for Euchre?

By SCOTT CORBETT

Some of the old card games would baffle today's players, including canasta fanatics

IT'S been years since I've played any card games except bridge, poker, samba (a form of canasta), canasta (a form of stupidity) and Zioncheck. In looking through a book of card games, I find that in my time I have played 14 different games, the others being gin rummy with my wife, cribbage with a roommate, seven-up with three grade-school playmates, Michigan with neighbors, Russian bank with my mother-in-law, montebank, blackjack and faro with two elderly maiden aunts and pinochle with beer and Limburger.

I could forget them all except bridge, poker and, of course, Zioncheck. Nobody I know plays much else, and yet scattered through the book are 25 other games for two or more players, most of them with half a dozen variations.

(My authority for this statement is an edition of Hoyle's Official Rules which I bought in the dime store for 10 cents 12 years ago and which you probably could not touch today for under 25 cents.)

What I would like to know is, who plays those 25 other games?

Who plays euchre? Who plays whist or five hundred? Anybody going in for pitch, slough, or scat? How's your bezique? When was the last time you had a big evening of écarté, piquet, gaigel or hasenpfeffer?

Now that samba and canasta, not to mention Zioncheck, have gotten people used to playing with multiple decks of cards, I am surprised a game like *panguingui* has not had more of a vogue. *Panguingui* is played with "eight decks, with the eights, nines and tens of each suit omitted, as in conquin." You know.

Euchre, now—I can understand why I never hear of anybody playing euchre. In two-handed euchre, you use a 24-card pack, ace through nine. Ever try to shuffle 24 cards? Shufflers who have developed canasta hands crumple them right up trying it. So do Zioncheck players. Another bad thing about euchre: it is one of those games that feature a ploppy deal. You are supposed to deal three cards at a time all the way around, then two,

and cards dealt in batches of two or three fall with a plop. First you get poor shuffling because of too few cards, and then instead of a nice one-card-at-a-time deal as in bridge you get plop plop, plop plop. That's in two-handed euchre, of course. In three-handed euchre you get plop plop plop, plop plop plop.

The only hope I see for euchre is in auction euchre for eight people, which calls for a 60-card pack with 11 and 12 spots included. That might appeal to some canasta players I know. The strange thing about this game that nobody plays, though, is that the book devotes a lot of space to describing how to conduct a "large euchre." First you hire the hall, get your tickets on sale not less than three weeks in advance, and then arrange four rows of 16 tables each for 256 players. The layout of a "large," as euchre players affectionately call it, includes five tables to hold the prizes, wide aisles for inspection of prizes, and 14 ladies in attendance.

Personally, I'd hate to try to locate 256 euchre players in only three weeks. Zioncheck players, maybe, but not euchre.

It is also hard for me to believe that a museum piece straight out of the eighteenth century like whist is still lingering on in Hoyle, but I must admit I am entranced by Rule 2, "Forming the Table. Those first in the room have the preference. If, by reason of two or more arriving at the same time, more than four assemble, the preference among the last comers is determined by cutting." I can just see Lady Orkney arriving late in her sedan chair and cutting Lord Finch-Martin dead in her effort to beat him to the gaming room. My wife has just suggested that perhaps "by cutting" refers to cutting cards, in this case. That shows how little she knows about Lady Orkney. Well, anyway, pray do come over for an evening of whist tonight—we're having six people in, and the first four get to play.

Of course, I am well aware of the reaction that remarks such as I have been making always arouse, so I will save a lot of people a lot of letter writing by writing their letters *before* I receive them:

Pebbley, Wyo.

Sir:
Just because a smartalec like you does not know anybody who plays euchre does not mean that thousands of intelligent Americans are not playing it and enjoying it every day of their life. Only last week the Pebbley Auction Euchre Club of this city conducted a Large for which all tickets were sold out well in advance, prizes were donated by leading merchants, and \$123.85 was made for a worthy cause. If it was not for stupid people with closed minds like you, euchre would sweep bridge right off the map where it belongs!

Brewster, Mass.

Sir:
If you think whist is such a museum piece I suggest you come to one of the public whists put on with great success, over \$32 collected last time for the benefit of the Public Library, by our Ladies' Club, and try to beat some of our good players. Maybe you'd find you are not so smart after all!

Denver, Colo.

Sir:
The snide sort of way you brush aside the fine old game of solo, or slough, anybody would think nobody ever played it, but let me tell you it is played all over Denver and by some mighty fine people, too. If you would read your card-game book a little more carefully instead of thinking you're so smart, you might notice that progressive solo is a variation credited to the Denver Athletic Club, which I happen to be a member of. I'd like to see you bid a diamond or heart solo, or even a plain frog, and try to make it! I bet you would sweat!

Biggerstaff, Kans.

Sir:
I guess you think you're pretty smart, don't you? All I can say to you is, I don't believe there is any such game as Zioncheck.

Well, there is.

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Wars take money. So the Council got behind the Treasury's War Bond Drives, and the nation responded as it always does to a just cause.

Wars chew up raw materials fast. So the Council helped Uncle Sam conduct salvage campaigns for metals, fats and paper. Again, *you* met the need.

Forest fires were robbing the country of one of our most needed raw materials. Millions of acres of valuable timber were being lost through human carelessness. The Council and Smokey, the fire-preventin' bear, soon made the public forest-fire conscious—and more careful. Vast stores of timber were saved.

Then came campaigns on Victory Gardens, "loose talk," rationing, nurse recruitment and many others. And each time, when they learned of the need, our people acted.

But this voluntary service did not end with the war. By popular demand, the Council began to help such peacetime causes as Savings Bonds, Highway Safety, Community Chests, Red Cross, Economic Education, Crusade for Freedom, Better Schools, Civil Defense and Blood Donation.

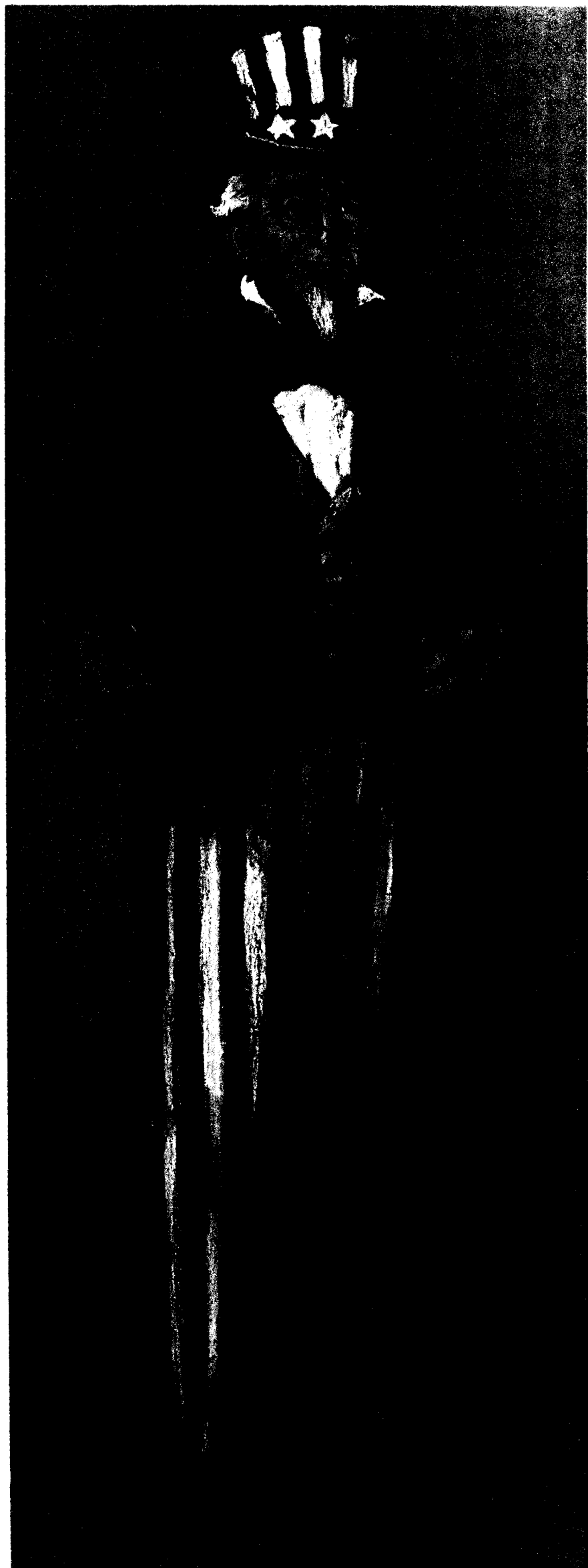
Over a billion and a half dollars in advertising space and time have been given freely by American business to do these vital jobs in the public interest. Hardly an American but knows about them and has had some part in their progress.

Collier's salutes The Advertising Council for its ten-year record as a wonderful example of American teamwork. Its achievements are a tribute to the whole American people—to business that supports its activities—to all those devoted workers, in so many fields, who have helped to tell you what needed doing. But most of all to *you* who *did* it!

**YOU BUY WAR BONDS
—I'LL FIGHT!**



Remember this wartime poster?

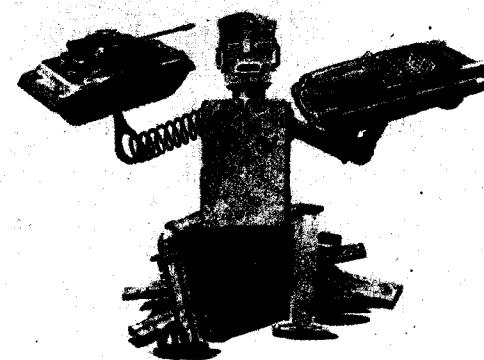


*Medal
of Honor*



Private First Class Edwin Brown, of Mahan, Pennsylvania. Medal for valor in action near Kusan, Korea, September 1950. He was in an advanced position atop a hill. Mr. Brown was killed in action.

Reminded by ads like this, contributed by the magazines of America at no cost to Uncle Sam or the tax-payer, you now own over \$35 billion in Defense Bonds.



**What YOU Can Do . . . MUST Do
To Ease the Critical Iron and Steel Scrap Problem**

When scrap is needed quickly to keep our defense plants rolling, ads like this, sponsored by leading business and trade publications, help to make that need known.

What the Advertising Council is ... and what it does

As it starts on its second decade, The Advertising Council is a fine example of the conscience of America in action. It is a voluntary organization—-independent, non-profit, non-partisan—dedicated to the welfare and progress of all our people. The Council donates its services to the causes it aids.

It is composed largely of advertisers, advertising agencies and media, including magazines, newspapers, radio and television, the outdoor and transportation advertising groups.

The Council's budget is contributed by business generally. Space and time for Council programs are donated by advertisers and media. Advertising agencies provide free creative talent for the preparation of campaign materials.

As the first organized, systematic method of getting important messages to the public quickly, the Council annually reviews hundreds of requests for help from government

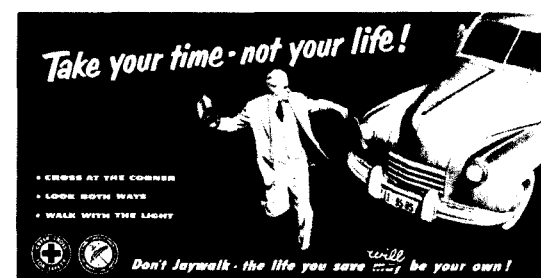
agencies and leading non-profit organizations which have learned that advertising—through simplification, dramatization and repetition—gets things done.

Closely associated with the Council is an Industries Advisory Committee consisting of 38 business leaders and a Public Policy Committee which evaluates requests for campaigns. The latter includes 20 leading representatives of management, labor, education, agriculture, religion, medicine and journalism.

All these good Americans have accomplished much by working together. But so much *more* still remains to be done! This publication is confident that The Advertising Council will continue to do its part by giving you the facts about national problems as they arise, so that in the future as in the past, they will be met in the traditional voluntary American way.

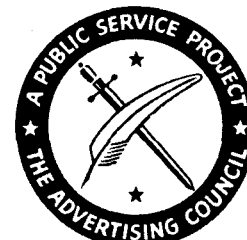


The messages you hear and see over radio and television on behalf of national causes such as CARE, Fight Inflation, Government Reorganization, Racial and Religious Prejudice, March of Dimes and United Nations, are scheduled by the Council. Advertisers, networks and local stations give the time.

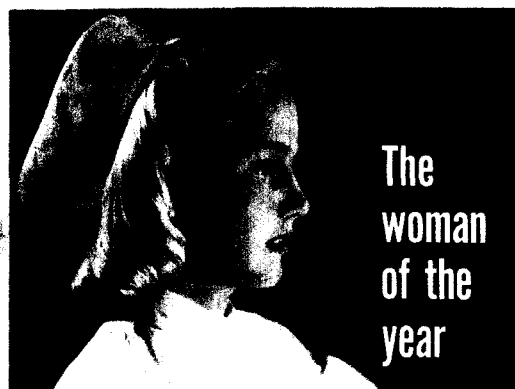


The posters along the thoroughfares and in your transportation vehicles often carry messages in the public interest. The space is given by the Outdoor and Transportation advertising industries.

The Council also serves American Cancer Society, American Heritage, Boy Scouts, Brotherhood Week, Christmas Seals, 4-H Clubs, Flag Day, Girl Scouts, Heart Fund, Religion in American Life, Salvation Army, United Negro Colleges, and many other projects in the public interest.



*This advertisement is contributed
by COLLIER'S as a public service.*



Enroll now in a School of Nursing

CAN BE

You learned of the nurse shortage from ads like this, many contributed by daily, weekly and labor newspapers. In five years, 418,000 young women have responded.



IVAN is a devil in the world of Communism. There are only 6 million parts members like him in all Russia. Yet these Communist brats have the most powerful weapons to do it in time.

We must increase productivity all along the line if we are to meet our defense needs and maintain a strong civilian economy. House magazines of leading companies carry ads like this regularly.

Dark Hour

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

alive and well, and she had a happy, exciting marriage, satisfying in every respect. When, after two years of marriage, she had become pregnant, she had had an easy time, followed by the comfortable delivery of a healthy, normal, beautiful baby. She had never known poverty or hunger or fear—or real illness, until now.

I'm not prepared, she thought, panic-stricken; how can I face what I now have to face without going to pieces, without making life unbearable for Harry and Elizabeth? And myself?

Perhaps prayer would help? But, although she was deeply religious, she had never been able to pray for herself; what little disappointments and troubles she had had were not worth troubling Him about. It had been easy enough to pray for other people in trouble—a mother losing a child, or parents with a sick baby, or some fine person critically ill or injured or in some other kind of distress. She would send a silent prayer out, asking Him to help and comfort them, feeling sure her prayer was answered, feeling somehow that that was almost the only kind of prayer *sure* to be answered.

I CAN only pray that things will be made easier for Harry and Elizabeth, she decided, and yet the only way I can be sure of that is to make it easier for them myself. It was becoming harder every day to hold her child, dress her, play with her, tuck her into bed, without bursting into weak tears. Sometimes in the long, still, sleepless, pain-filled night, she would get quietly out of bed, after making sure Harry slept, and slip into Elizabeth's room and sit by her crib, weeping softly and hopelessly in the dark, until she would finally return to her place by Harry, and, comforted by his warmth and nearness, she would fall asleep.

Now she must force herself to talk and laugh and sing and go about her work these last few days as if everything were all right. How could she do it, how could she do it? But she had to. There were only seven more days for her to be with Harry and Elizabeth, to help Elizabeth to do without her.

Dr. Hollister was right, of course; she should have gone to him long ago, when she first noticed that something was wrong. As a doctor's daughter she certainly knew better, but there was always something to interfere with getting away from the ranch—roads washed out, sick cows to take care of, truck broken down, water gaps torn out, always something, and she hated to bother Harry; he was so busy, so overworked.

Somehow she had managed to hide her trouble from Harry until four days ago when he had seen her in a sudden spasm of pain, worse than any that had gone before. Alarmed, he had insisted on her going into town to the doctor right away, and she had finally given in to him. How could I have been such a fool, she wondered, back there at the beginning? It's just as hard now to get away, and yet I have to do it, and it will be far worse, far more inconvenient, and so much harder on Elizabeth. But the truth was, she realized now, she simply hadn't been able to believe that something bad could finally be happening to her. She still found it hard to believe, but she had to. It was too real, dear God, the pain was too real.

Far off in the mesquite thicket an elf owl called, its funny little Morse-code whistle sounding over and over, a kind of SOS, never answered, yet never sounding hopeless of help. And then he was quiet—his little ship sunk? No, there was no reason to be morbid, now; more likely he had found himself a cricket.

She sat there in the deep black bed of silence. Will it be like this? she wondered. Afterward? Just silence? Always self-sufficient, never minding solitude, she had liked silence, the desert silence, yet it seemed such a waste—just silence—for an eternity. Or would she live again, in some other guise, still finding happiness in another life, not with Harry and Elizabeth, but with others? She was sure this life she had known wasn't to be all for her, and she had

things—butterflies; lizards and horned toads; the tiny leaves of the mesquites and paloverdes and ironwoods, folded to conserve moisture in the heat of the day; the miniature cactus plants with their small, bright, perfect blossoms; the hummingbirds and canyon wrens and cunning baby quail.

THERE was so much to show her. Would Harry show her? Could he? The ranch took all his time. He would need help. His mother would be there, but she was old, full of her housekeeping and her books and letter writing to relatives and old friends. She would love Elizabeth and be good to her, but would she answer all her questions, give her the response she needed to make her mind and spirit grow and expand? It's up to Harry, Carolyn decided,

want her to buy for herself with it. Carolyn herself had never liked presents of money; she preferred chosen gifts, no matter how small; and she wanted Elizabeth to have gifts her mother had chosen, even though she wasn't there to buy them for her personally.

And now she began to plan the gifts: a book, a doll, a scarf, a small vase for desert flowers, a little wooden box for trinkets, a silver ring, a copy of a favorite picture—nothing big or expensive, but things she could keep and look at and use, and remember her mother had wanted her to have them. Am I being maudlin? Carolyn wondered. No, she decided. It was what she herself would have wanted most of all if anything had happened to her own mother.

Mother, Carolyn thought now, oh, Mother, how can I tell you? They had always been so close, were still close even though they were hundreds of miles apart. Please don't grieve too much, Mother. You and I had good years together. If only you could be here with Elizabeth. But Carolyn's father couldn't leave his patients, they were his precious responsibility, so it was out of the question for him to come and settle way out here in a useless, unproductive life in the desert.

The real solution, Carolyn knew, would be for Harry to find someone else to take her place, not to wait too long—but her mind and heart shrank at the thought. Harry had good sense. When the time came, he would choose someone who would be good to Elizabeth and probably love her dearly, but Carolyn could hardly bear to think about it. Anyway, that would be up to Harry; she couldn't tell him how to run his life after she was gone, any more than she told him how to run his life now.

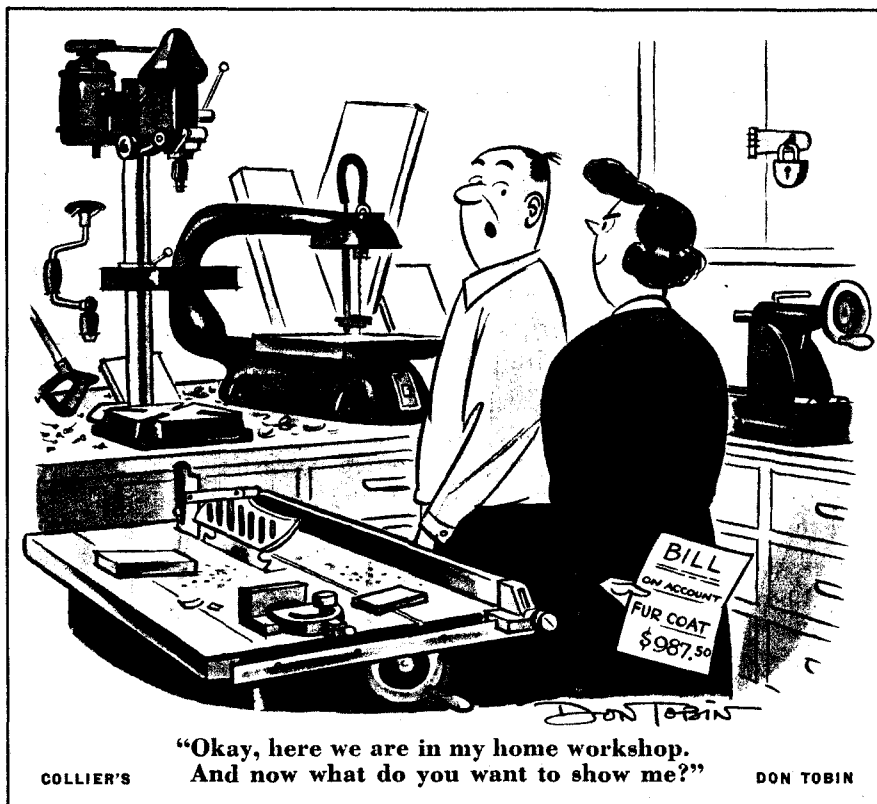
That had been one of the best things about their marriage: the way they had allowed each other to retain their own identities, to remain individuals. It kept them interesting to each other. What lively talks they had had, at night and at mealtimes and on horseback rides in the hills before the advent of Elizabeth. Even their arguments had been friendly. They had had so much to say to each other, so much of life and living to share.

THEY had met six years before—just think, only six short, beautiful years—when, run-down after a siege of flu, Carolyn had taken a vacation from her teaching job and had spent a month on a local guest ranch. Harry had stopped by one Sunday for dinner—his place was three miles up the winding mountain road from the dude outfit—and Carolyn had suddenly felt a strange stirring in her breast when she placed her small hand in his big, brown one, and their eyes had met.

There had been two other Eastern girls present, however, pretty, self-assured girls, and Carolyn had sat quietly apart, smiling and listening to their teasing banter, letting them monopolize Harry at the dinner table.

Later she had slipped quietly out to the barn for her usual afternoon ride alone in the hills, and, to her surprise, Harry had shortly followed, waiting until the wrangler had saddled her horse; then, tightening the cinch on his own horse, he had mounted and ridden beside her to the gate.

"Which way you headed?" he had asked when they were out on the road.



never minded the thought of death when she was younger, but that was before Harry and Elizabeth. How could she leave them; how could she bear it? She wept again, bitterly, and lay in the sand, her head on her arms, weeping until she was exhausted and numb.

She pulled out a handkerchief. I must get back, she thought in despair, drying her face and blowing her nose; there's so little time left to be with them.

SHE got up and started home down the creek bed, but she had worn herself out with weeping, and she sank down again, her back against the bank.

She moved one hand through the granite sand, scooping it up, sifting it through her fingers over and over, thinking of nothing now, for these few moments, just hearing the soft sighing of the grains of sand in the darkness. She could see the colors of them in her mind's eye: the opaque pink ones, the white ones and yellow ones and red ones and black ones, the flat shiny bits of mica, and the tiny clear crystals, like miniature boulders to her, like giant boulders to an ant.

Elizabeth loved the sand. She would cup it in her hands and study it and talk about the tiny shapes and colors. She was so tiny herself, and she loved tiny

somehow he must find the time. I must make him see that before I leave.

I must also make a list of things—about Elizabeth's diet, and where things are so Harry can find everything without trouble; and then I'll write him a letter telling him how I feel, how much I have loved him and how happy he has made me, how thankful I am to have had this much; and the same kind of letters to my mother and father.

And then a letter to Elizabeth. No, a series of letters, she decided, one to read each year until she is sixteen, telling what I hope for her and some things I want her to read and do and learn each year. That way she'll never, never forget me, and somehow I'll still live for her in spirit, and she'll know how much I loved her. Love her, she amended, thoughtfully, wonderingly. No matter what else, she knew that her love was the one thing that would never die.

Carolyn became calm and almost happy as she began to plan the letters. She would write each one by hand rather than use the typewriter, and she would seal each one in a separate envelope, marked to be opened on Elizabeth's fourth birthday, fifth birthday, sixth and so on. And I'll enclose a brand-new dollar bill in each one, she decided, and tell her exactly what I

"I never know when I start out," she had replied, smiling faintly, pleased and excited in spite of herself.

"Good," he had said then. "Let's go up past my place—there are some things I'd like to show you."

As they rode off, Carolyn couldn't help saying, with a glance toward the house, "You're forsaking some gay company."

Harry had grinned. "They're trying too hard," was all he had said.

A simple beginning.

And she had gone with him, and he had shown her Indian ruins and graves he had discovered and left untouched, picture writings which they had laughingly tried to decipher into some ancient gossip, and finally from the top of a high mesa he had named the far mountains for her and shown her the magic of his beloved desert.

During the week he was too busy for social calls—he worked his spread alone—but he had urged her to ride the range and help him work cattle and fix fences; and in the afternoons she would sit on the corral fence and watch him do chores, helping him when she could, listening to the pleasant sounds of the cattle and horses and the sweet, insistent calls of Gambel's quail in the mesquites or the chatter of cactus wrens. How she had loved the life and responded to it!

THEN there was that last day. She knew he would speak, would ask her to come back, yet when he did, there in the dusty, warm, fragrant hush of the barn, it had been so wonderfully sweet and beautiful, she could hardly bear it. She, the rather plain grade-school teacher, he, the lonely rancher hungry for an understanding companionship, drawn together by their interest in the strange and wonderful life of the desert, had come to love each other deeply through the sharing of that interest.

Carolyn had no illusions about herself; she knew and accepted herself for exactly what she was; she dressed simply, wearing her long, shining brown hair in an old-fashioned knot at the back of her neck, using only a little lipstick and never pretending to be someone not herself. But she never felt plain or commonplace with Harry. He made her feel completely desirable and lovely in all the ways a woman in love and loved for the first time should feel.

Although at thirty-three Carolyn had never been in love, she had not been unhappy about it. She had always felt that love would probably come to her someday, but if it didn't, no matter. She could still find happiness and satisfaction in her work. A woman didn't have to become bitter and frustrated if she never married. Carolyn had certainly never wanted to marry just anyone, simply to be married. What use was a marriage, Carolyn had often wondered, if people were impatient and critical and dissatisfied, nagging and fussing at each other? Yet those seemed the very ones who showed a pitying condescension toward the unmarried older woman. To Carolyn, a marriage was no marriage at all if it hadn't been made for love, no matter what the world thought.

I have had the perfect marriage, she thought now; I have been perfectly happy. How many women can say this? Even if I do have to die, she decided, I have really lived to the limits of my being. I have been spared the torment of wishing that I could live my life over, live it differently. How many other people, faced with the end of life, could say the same thing?

She lay back against the sand and looked up at the stars. "Thank You," she whispered.

A kangaroo mouse or pack rat rustled the dead leaves under a bush on the bank, and Carolyn lay there, hardly breathing, listening to the scampering of the tiny feet.

She thought of the baby pack rats she and Elizabeth had found when Harry cleaned out a nest in a corner of the barn. Harry had fixed a box for them with poultry netting and a dark, enclosed secret place for a nest. What cunning mites they had been with their clean white feet and big, shiny, dark eyes. Bummie and Sissie. Carolyn smiled to herself. What a toughie that Bummie had been, shoving his smaller companion away from the choicest morsels of food, making her wait while he had his drink of water first, and Sissie meekly letting him get away with it.

What fun she and Elizabeth had had, watching the tiny creatures play, and drink from the toy saucer, and eat the scraps of bread and fruit, and carry inside for their nest the bits of string and cloth and feathers and leaves the little girl poked through holes in the netting.

When the pack rats had grown to their full size, they had moped around and seemed to pine for their freedom. Elizabeth had agreed to let them go, and so they had released them one day in a protected place in the mesquites, up out of flood danger.

She'll have her pets, thought Carolyn now, her kittens and the good and faithful dog Alex, her chickens and ducks, and later her own horse to care for and ride, and before long she could ride the range with Harry; she was already riding in the saddle with him for short distances. She'll have a happy, busy time and not grieve too long, Carolyn reassured herself.

But the first few days—they would be hard on Elizabeth. She was still too young to understand being abandoned by her mother, her loving friend and constant companion, so suddenly. If only, in these last few days, I can get her used to being left, Carolyn thought bleakly. Will it work? Or will it make things harder? Will she cling to me more than ever each time I go off? Her heart turned over at the memory of the agonized wails and clutching hands, the

pitiful, brimming eyes. I hope Harry holds her and cuddles her close and talks to her and kisses her tears away. How much easier it would be if there were other children for her to play with, a brother or sister. If only they could have had other children. Her arms hungered to hold a tiny baby again, but never again, never again. She mustn't even think about it.

NOW she was anxious to get back and see how things had gone in her absence. She groped for her flashlight, but when she started to get up, she heard a soft whispering sound—like what?—like a rope being dragged in sand? She froze. Now she knew why the pack rat had scurried through the leaves.

When she forced herself to snap on her light to see where the snake lay, there was, abruptly, a buzzing noise like a child's toy car unwinding as it lay on its side. The rattler was coiled under a bush on the bank of the wash, two or three feet from her head, his tail a sounding blur behind his wedge-shaped head. He was too close. If she got up, he would strike.

She snapped off the light, and at the click, the snake moved. In the dark, the snake's cool, smooth, dry body brushed harmlessly against her cheek. It landed singing in the sand, ten feet away, so that when she shined the light again, she had the advantage. Thank goodness desert rattlers were slow-moving and seldom aggressive, preferring escape to fight whenever possible. If they could move like the red racer she had found stealing eggs in the chicken house, she'd have left the country long ago.

Carolyn rested the flashlight on the bank of the wash so that its beam took in the coiled rattler and the ground surrounding him, then, moving slowly, cautiously, hardly breathing, she picked up a large flat stone, stepped closer and heaved it squarely on the snake. But the sand was too soft, and the snake, still alive, writhed and began to work its way out from under the rock. Carolyn snatched up a piece of dead branch from a pile of flood debris and began to pound the snake's head with the large end, but the paloverde wood was old and rotten and kept breaking until finally she held only a foot-long piece.

When at last the snake stopped moving, his body was almost clear of the rock.

Only when Carolyn started for the house did she feel a rush of fear at what had happened, but the fear gave way shortly to a growing feeling of wonderment. It was almost as if the snake were a symbol, she thought—or perhaps some kind of a messenger? No, that was being foolish. She was worked up; her imagination was running away with her; that was the trouble with too much silence and solitude, you had too much time to think. After all, this mountain-desert country was full of rattlers, which, no matter how afraid you were, had to be killed if they were found in trails or washes where people would be passing.

Still, it made one think. She walked slowly, her burning face turned up to the cool stars, feeling pain within herself again, yet hardly noticing it now with this new sensation gripping her.

I faced certain death, she thought, yet I fought; I didn't run, I never thought of running. Life was full of hazards that you had to fight, that you couldn't run away from, and fear was the greatest of these. Why, then, was she giving in to this—this other thing, without a fight? Didn't she owe it to Harry and Elizabeth, and herself, to put up the best fight she knew how? What could she have been thinking of?

After all, Carolyn said to herself there in the quiet peace of the desert night, you're still not sure your trouble is cancer. (She thought the word now without shrinking.) A little knowledge *can* be a dangerous thing. Even if she was a doctor's daughter, she certainly didn't know everything. Even the doctors admitted that they didn't know everything.

WHAT was that man's name? . . . O'Brien, that was it; her father had thought his case hopeless: a day laborer, untrained, ignorant, he didn't know he was supposed to die; he knew only that he wanted to live and work hard and drink beer and have a good time with his wife and kids, so he had fooled them all and had his operation and other treatment and had lived and was still living, her father had reported happily only last spring. Still living, ten years after he was supposed to be dead.

And now that she stopped to think about it, there were other cases she had heard of, supposedly hopeless cases, but the people had lived, upheld by a faith and hope and determination she could only guess at until now, when that same faith and hope and determination began to flood through her own being. Maybe she, too, had a chance. Science had made great strides in the last few years. Only science couldn't do it alone; you had to co-operate, let them help you, and as soon as possible. Her heart pounded with an excitement and exhilaration she hadn't felt in her battle with the snake.

She made up her mind quickly. She would go into town to the hospital as soon as she could, just as soon as Harry's mother arrived to care for Elizabeth; she would not wait any longer than she had to. Oh, she would go ahead with her plans, the letters and all, just in case, but she would fight for her life; she wouldn't give in, and that was the way she would make the next few days (she no longer thought of them as "the last few days") bearable for all of them.

There was so much to do. Carolyn saw the lights of the house and began to hurry toward it. ▲▲▲



"Bascom, you look tired and deserve a change. I'm putting you on Florida for the winter!"

COLLIER'S

FRITZ WILKINSON



Sheila half turned her back to the door to the hallway. "This is Police Chief John Wentworth," a harsh male voice said over the telephone

ICE STORM

By JEROME BARRY

The conversation was civilized and quiet. With an effort of will, Sheila played the part of a charming hostess, smiling, concealing her knowledge that one of these men was a murderer

SHEILA PENNELL looked out of the library window and watched the freezing rain turning the bare, spreading branches of the huge willow trees into crystal chandeliers. The telephone wire had become a glass rope. Mead, Simeon Barrington's aging butler, who was bundled in a dark overcoat and hat and a red plaid muffler, was scattering ashes with little futile gestures on the steep, curving drive.

Sheila was glad that she had been able to get back to the house before this ice storm had set in. After lunch, in response to a telephone call, Mr. Barrington had had her take him to the railroad station to catch a local train into the city. Bill Gurney, who would ordinarily have driven him, had gone to town that morning with the station wagon, to pick up some new slip covers for one of the guest rooms, and then, later in the afternoon, to call for the three men who were coming to din-

ner that evening. During the last month the three had written at different times, each asking to see part of the celebrated Barrington collection of prints and manuscripts. Each had a specialty and each was interested in only a portion of the collection. They were strangers—from different parts of the world—and Mr. Barrington had decided to lump their visits into one, ask a few other guests, and have a small dinner party.

At the shrill insistence of the bell, Sheila picked up the telephone on the library table. Probably another guest, she thought, calling to say he wouldn't be able to come because of the storm, perhaps one of the three from the city. Those who lived nearby had already made their excuses.

It was Simeon Barrington himself. "Sheila, pay close attention," he said.

She noted a strange urgency in his usually unruffled voice. Listening to the precise enunciation,

she seemed to see the lean, calm New England features beneath the neatly parted silver hair. Mr. Barrington's life, like his person, was as orderly and well planned as the collection that Sheila, as his secretary-librarian, had the task of cataloguing.

"I'm listening carefully," she said.

The unusual inflection in his voice was unmistakable now. "I've had an unpleasant shock, Sheila. I've learned something that leads me to believe that one of the men I've asked to dinner may be an impostor."

"But why should anyone—?"

"Sometimes psychopaths get a twisted pleasure out of impersonating some distinguished person. Or there may be a more formidable reason."

Sheila said, a little breathlessly, "The collection, of course. Which one is the impostor, Mr. Barrington?"

"My information isn't complete yet. However,

If it's New—If it's Exciting—If it's Important to You—it's in

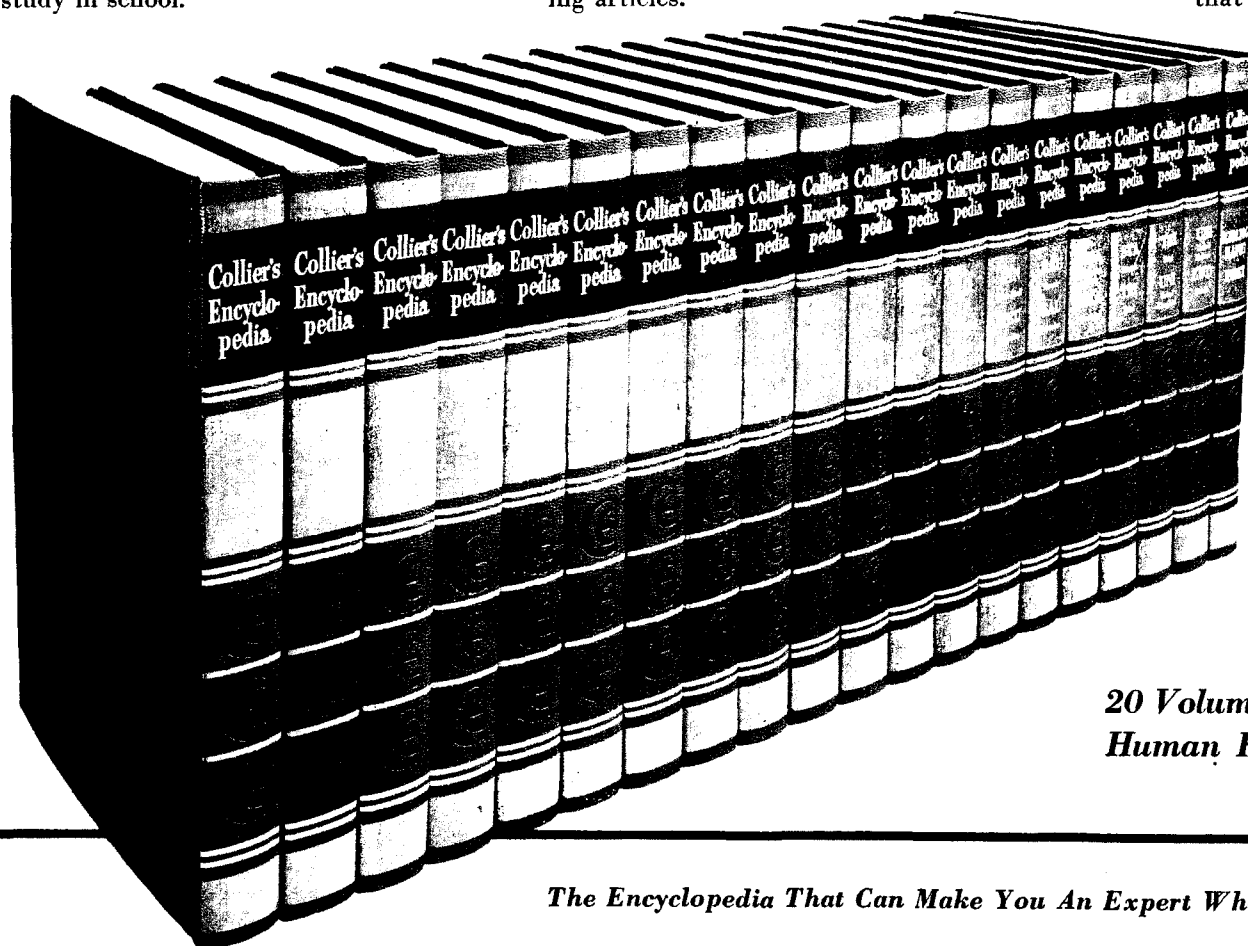
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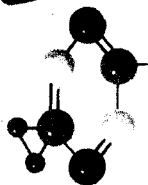


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I'm following it up. I called to alert you. I'll be moving about unpredictably for the next hour or two. I shall call from time to time to see if there are any messages. If you receive any peculiar communications, you'll know now what they're about."

Sheila frowned with misgiving. "The weather has gone bad up here. Everything is icing over. The Newcomes and Mrs. Dell have called to say they're not coming. Wouldn't it be wise to tell your three guests from down there in the city that the dinner is off? That would avoid all danger."

"That's just what I shall do, Sheila—as soon as I have evidence to turn the fraud over to the police. That may be any minute now. Then I shall make my excuses to the other two, meet Bill at the University Club, where he was to pick them up, and drive back with him in the station wagon. Please tell Mead and the cook about the change in plans."

Sheila carried out his instructions and then busied herself in the library, sitting at the heavy fumed-oak table before the window. Behind her, solid tiers of bookshelves rose to the beamed ceiling. Lost in the task of bringing the catalogue up to date, she forgot the passage of time until the daylight waned and she put her hand out to the switch of the gooseneck lamp.

It did not light. The storm had apparently cut off the power. She glanced out at the blue-gray glitter of the landscape.

THE station wagon, chains churning, was slithering slowly up the drive. Before it reached the spot where Mead had strewn the ashes, it faltered and skidded sideways. Then a big branch from a willow tree broke off with a loud report and crashed down across the hood of the car.

Sheila ran into the hall, snatched a coat from the closet, and hurried down the driveway. Needles of sleet stung her face. Bill, darling, she thought, are you hurt?

To her intense relief, she saw the doors of the car open and Bill Gurney ease himself from the driver's seat, hobbling, as a man emerged from the other side. Mr. Barrington had come too, apparently, as he said he would.

But in a moment she realized that the man was someone she had never seen before. Another stranger emerged, and then a third, to stand by the station wagon and hold on to it for support against the slippery footing. Drawing nearer, she could see that there was no one else in the car.

A shiver ran along her skin, colder than the sleet. These were the three guests who should not have come; one especially should not—the pretender, the cheat.

Or perhaps—she reassured herself with the thought—it was possible that Mr. Barrington had discovered his suspicions had been groundless. Perhaps he would arrive later on the train, quietly amused at the whole incident.

The tallest of the three hooked an arm under Bill's and helped him along the icy slope. "Crocked up your leg, cobber?" he asked, and by the idiom Sheila ticked him off mentally as an Australian.

Bill grimaced with pain. "Forgot about my bad ankle. When the tree fell on us, I automatically tramped hard on the brake and twisted—" He ended in a grunt of anguish.

The big man helped Bill into the house, where Sheila made him comfortable in an easy chair in the living

room, with his injured foot resting on an ottoman.

"Where's Mr. Barrington, Sheila?" Bill asked.

"He took a train into town after lunch. He'll be back in time for dinner." She wanted to tell him of her employer's curious telephone call, but the big Australian stood near them, listening.

"How's he going to get up from the station?" Bill asked. "We barely made it ourselves. Another half hour and there won't be a thing stirring on the roads."

"I'm sure he'll call and tell us what to do." Sheila turned then to the Australian. With a hand on his arm she urged him toward the great entry hall, hoping to get rid of him and have a word with Bill, but as she turned him over to Mead and started back, a slight man with gray-blond hair tagged along with her.

"American ways puzzle me," he said. "You won't mind if I ask a question or two, will you? The chauffeur chap—he doesn't wear a uniform, and you've installed him in the best part of the house. I say, is he a servant or a friend of the family? He told us he was the chauffeur. Was he having a bit of fun with us? Of course, you Americans do these things differently."

"He's Lieutenant William Gurney," Sheila said. "He was badly hurt by anti-aircraft while he was piloting a Sabre jet over the Korean mountains, and he's back in civilian life now, getting over it. In February, he is starting as an instructor in a city high school. He's as poor as a churchmouse, and I'm going to marry him. Mr. Barrington invited him to stay with us until his job begins. He eats with us and helps out with this and that, and I'm sure I don't know whether you'd call him an underpaid servant, or an honored guest. We're proud to have him here. Does that cover the high spots of your inquiry?"

As they reached Bill's side, the man smiled down at him. "I say, Gurney, your fiancée's a remarkably interesting young woman."

Bill's frank face twisted into a rueful smile. He moved his leg and winced. "I don't know why a smart girl like Sheila ever got engaged to a dumb lug like me. Knocking myself out—"

"The name should tell you, old boy. Sheila's Irish for Cecilia, and that's the feminine of Cecil, from the Latin, meaning 'dim-sighted.' Quite pat, I mean to say." He chuckled.

"Nothing dim-sighted about Sheila, Professor Beecham—except what she sees in me. She was an honor student in college. If Mr. Barrington can't get here, he might give her permission when he calls to show the collection. By now she knows it as well as he does."

SHEILA thought of the vault where the most precious of the Barrington items were stored, protected by a heavy steel door and a lock to which only she and her employer knew the combination. I'm sure that everything is all right, she thought, but I do wish Tom hadn't said that.

"Could he give permission at this time?" The third man—dark, spectacled, and round-bodied—spoke with a faint accent. "Are the wires not down?" He gestured toward the butler, who was setting lighted candles about the room.

"The telephone was still working when last I tried it," Sheila said. "Mead, may we have cocktails now?" She knew that the butler had prepared Martinis earlier in the day and left them in the refrigerator to blend and chill. "Now that we've caught our breath, shall we introduce ourselves?"

"I told you I was dumb!" Bill exclaimed. "Gentlemen, this is Miss Pennell, Mr. Barrington's secretary-librarian. Sheila, may I present Professor Percy Beecham, who is an

BUTCH



"This's embarrassin'. Would ya mind not mentionin' it, sir, when you report the burglary?"

COLLIER'S

LARRY REYNOLDS

eminent authority on the Shakespearean drama?"

"I've been looking forward to seeing the folio of King John, Miss Pennell. There are a few points—"

"I read ze reviews of your book about zat play," the stout man said to Beecham. "Zey were complimentary—on ze whole. You are supposed to have done a definitive study." He grunted. "Definitive studies have a habit of being upset before ze ink is dry."

Beecham's blue eyes crinkled at the corners. "I take it that you've read the reviews but not my book."

The stout man shrugged. "A musicologist is too busy wiss his own field to do more zan skim about in ozzers."

"This is Dr. Hans Ten Hagen of Amsterdam, Sheila," Tom explained. "Historian of music and a composer in his own right."

"Very little composition," Ten Hagen said. He seemed the testy sort of man who likes to contradict others about small details. "I am more interested in examining ze manuscripts of Jan van Ockeghem's canons zat Mr. Barrington has in his collection."

"It's a pity," the tall, sandy-haired Australian said, in a deep bass, "that a chap can't get a bit of recognition before he's centuries dead like Ockeghem. I'm Arthur Trench, Miss Pennell—curator of prints at the Melbourne museum. I was thinking particularly of Hugh Ramsay. He was one of our few great Australian artists. Mr. Barrington has found some engravings that he thinks may have been done by Ramsay, I understand. If they were, this is a happy pilgrimage for me."

"Ah! Engravings?" The Dutchman's round face, behind his thick horn spectacles, promptly puckered in a frown of challenge. "I have only read of his paintings. But zen I am not an auroity on art."

"Ramsay managed to get to Paris in the 'nineties. I understand these mezzotints turned up in an old shop there."

"They're signed 'H.R.'," Sheila said. "If it can be established that they're by Ramsay," Trench told her, "we'd very much like to acquire some for the museum."

THE telephone bell shrilled. "I'll take it in the library, Mead." Sheila felt suddenly completely at ease. Mr. Barrington was calling, of course. He would clear up the situation, if there was really anything to clear up. She turned back for a moment. "If you'd like to freshen up before dinner," she said, "Mead will show you the way."

As Sheila picked up the telephone, she half-turned her back to the door to the hallway. Ten Hagen and Beecham, cocktail glasses in hand, had wandered

out of the living room and stood chatting not twenty feet away.

"Who's this speaking?" a harsh male voice said.

"Mr. Barrington's secretary."

"This is Police Chief John Wentworth, Miss Pennell. We've received word from the city that they found Mr. Barrington's body this afternoon. He'd been shot. Have you any idea who might have killed him?"

The flame of the candle on the table wavered and danced before her eyes. She thought wildly: The murderer is here now—and he must not know that I know. Perhaps he is one of those two, looking at me. He killed Mr. Barrington to escape discovery, and he is here now because he didn't expect the body to be found so soon.

She forced her lips into a polite smile. "You can't come tonight? I'm so very sorry." Covering the mouthpiece with her hand, she made a little face toward the men at the door, whispering loudly, "The last of our guests, washing out on us."

THE chief went on: "No, Miss Pennell, we can't get over there tonight. We'd like to start investigating right away, but both our squad cars are stranded on the icy hills, and I don't think we could get out to your place on foot. I'll see you tomorrow."

The dial tone indicated that he had hung up.

"Thank you for calling," she said graciously to the dead telephone. "I do hope you can come another time."

She walked back through the hall. Her heart was pounding. The men turned away and started up the stairs. She must give them a few minutes to get out of hearing; then she would call the police chief back.

She made her way at an even pace to Bill's chair. She dropped to her knees beside him and put her lips close to the side of his head. He started to slip an arm around her shoulders. That solid, reassuring pressure brought a wonderful relief. Once Bill knew, they could plan together. She whispered, "Bill, one of these—"

Someone was coming across the hall. Sheila rose slowly, avoiding a hasty motion that would indicate alarm. She said casually, "If your ankle swells any more, we'll put cold applications on it at intervals."

Trench, the Australian, came in, followed by Mead, who beckoned to her. She went out into the hall with him.

"The cook is quite out of hand, miss," he said. "She says first a dinner, and then no guests, and now—"

Sheila's heart slowed its pounding. "I can't talk to her, Mead. Surely she can prepare something quickly. Canned soup. Fried chicken."

"She's gone temperamental, Miss Pennell."

"Handle it as well as you can, Mead. We shan't be critical under the circumstances. Anything will do."

"Not for her, miss," Mead said. "Her pride as a craftsman—"

"I have not time to discuss it, Mead."

"Thank you." The butler retreated, shaking his head.

She must telephone now, before the others came downstairs. She would have to tell Bill the next chance she had. She went into the library

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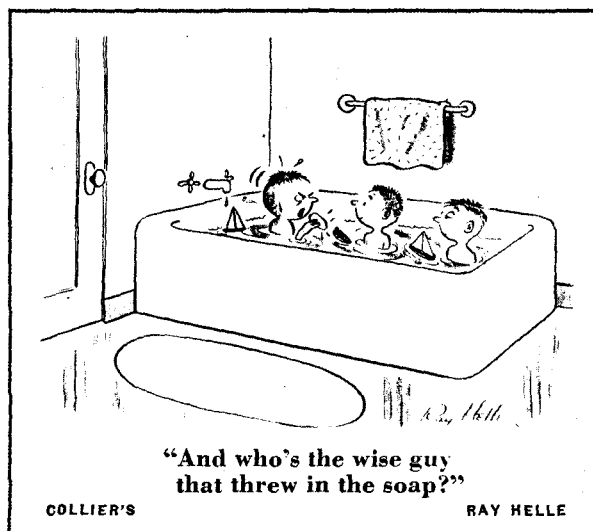
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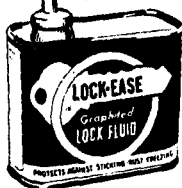
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and picked up the instrument, keeping her eyes on the door and her ears alert.

There was no dial tone. She jiggled the bar impatiently, but there was only dead silence. Sleet ticked against the window. Through the glass she heard the deadened sound of a falling tree, or a giant ice-sheeted branch.

Replacing the telephone, she went to the front door, opened it softly, and stepped out onto the porch. The telephone line, which had hung like a glass rope among the candelabras of the trees, was down. On the ground, plain in the ghostly gray light, lay the shattered crystals of its icy coating. Her eyes went to the bathroom window; near it, the line had entered the house. There was no tag end of wire hanging down. The break had taken place close to the window.

As she stepped indoors she found herself shivering as if the freezing rain that pelted down were peppering her naked skin. She was certain that the wire had been cut. It would have taken the killer only a moment to raise the bathroom window and hack through the line—the last line of communication with the outside world. He would know that the ice would be blamed.

She must tell Bill at once. Even though he was lamed, he was a man. He had seen violence and killing. He would know what to do.

AS SHE crossed the hall, the visitors came downstairs, arguing. "How can you say zat?" Ten Hagen exclaimed. "Of course zere are American folk songs. I have heard zem myself."

"Name one, old boy," Beecham showed his prominent teeth in irritation, rather than good humor. "Not the Old Kentucky Home sort of thing. That was written by Foster, you know. Name one real folk song."

"Red River Valley," Ten Hagen countered promptly. "Zis was sung for me ze ozzer night by my hostess. It grows up in ze western parts a great many years ago."

"None of the characteristics of a true folk song," Beecham declared flatly. "No simply stated tragedy or down-to-earth humor. Nothing but sickly sentimentality."

"You judge by words," the Dutchman retorted, nettled. "I judge by music. Ze air is typical folk melody. My ear tells me. You may be omniscient asurority on Shakespeare, Professor Beecham, but—"

"Don't try to gild the lily, old fellow," the Englishman snapped. "I'm just a run-of-the-mill scholar, but I do have a feeling for words. The Red River Valley is no more a folk song—"

"Folk music is not your field," Ten Hagen almost shouted. "What do you know about it?"

The words beat against Sheila's ears, only half heard. Would she never get a chance to talk to Bill? And if she did, what could he do against a gun? There was only one way: someone must slip off to get the police. Bill was lame; Mead and the cook were too old. She herself must go.

"You're both bluffing," the big Australian said contemptuously. "You're stating unsubstantiated opinions. Very unscholarly. Miss Pennell, what has your library got on folk song?"

Sheila shook her head and said, "I'm sorry."

Tom, following the argument with a grin, spoke up. "How about that history of popular music by Spaeth, Sheila? I was looking through it the other day. Would it help settle this argument?"

As she fetched the book, she was un-

sure what to do. The crash of a falling branch came dully through the window. If she didn't break a leg on some icy slope, her head might be caved in by a falling bough. But was she losing vital time by agonizing over the risks in going? Why was the killer waiting? What sort of cat-and-mouse business was this? Why didn't he go about his looting at once?

The men huddled by a candle, leafing through the book.

"Here!" Beecham crowed. "Originally called In the Bright Mohawk Valley and written by a man named Kerrigan in eighteen ninety-six! Right out of 'Tin Pan Alley,' my dear Ten Hagen! There's your folk song!"

The Dutchman's fat face slowly turned a deep red. "It is not really in my field. After all, most musicologists do not concern zemselves very much wiz zis sort of—"

Sheila did not follow Hagen's lame explanation. She was too absorbed in trying to think things through. If she was held prisoner by the ice, so was the killer. He could not get away as long as the storm lasted. For a little while, surely, she had nothing to fear.

Mead served dinner by candlelight. As Sheila tried to take part in the conversation that rippled around the table, she found herself checking over her reasoning with growing doubt. The storm had made temporary prisoners of them all, but it had not brought safety. As she ate and chatted, she tried to follow, with unflinching logic, the course the impostor's reasoning must take.

He had had to kill Simeon Barrington. He was already a murderer and so had little to lose. Now he must get away with all that he could carry of value. He must leave nothing behind to set pursuit in motion before he had a good start. Anyone left here must be tied up—or killed. Tying up would not be feasible. Too many to keep under gun point while the roping went on. But a quick volley of shots at an unexpected moment would take care of Bill and the two guests. She would be spared until she could be forced into opening the vault. Then Mead and the cook could

be hunted down at leisure. The killer need get only as far as the railroad station, and the first train would take him to safety.

She looked at Bill's powerful shoulders. If she could tell him which of these three was the killer, and he could get his strong hands on the man . . .

There was no way of knowing which was Simeon Barrington's murderer. Certainly he would not be kind enough to announce himself. Murderers usually don't.

HER breath caught in a sharp little gasp of excitement. Mightn't he announce himself unknowingly? Two of these men were experts in their own fields—the third was only pretending. If she could get him to talk enough, he might give himself away. Even if he had learned a few pat facts to impress everyone, he might betray himself by some little blunder.

"You were speaking of unusual greeting cards, Mr. Trench," she said, joining the conversation with a show of bright interest. "Do you really mean everyone should make his own? Take me. I'm utterly hopeless at drawing."

"I do mean everybody," the big Australian declared. "Then the messages would be truly personal. Gay, colored prints to suit the occasion. Very simple designs, of course."

"Linoleum cuts?" Sheila suggested. "Woodcuts?"

"I recommend potato cuts."

"How does the process work, Mr. Trench? I've heard about it."

"Slice a potato in half, cut a design into it, and use that as a stamp to pick up wet color from a pad and transfer it to paper."

"At least," said Beecham, the gray-haired Englishman, "you advise using a simple pattern. Nowadays so many paintings are puzzles. Sculptures are enigmas. And in your field, Ten Hagen, it's no better. I've often thought that most contemporary music would be lovely if it only didn't sound so horrible." He chuckled over his little joke.

The Dutchman allowed himself a half-smile. "Trench would probably



"She's remarkably well-preserved for being as old as I know she must be"

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JOHN RUGE



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and legs with his arms, and began "bicycle riding."

"What are you doing that for?" I asked.

"To make my legs strong," he said, as he continued to thrash them in the air. He spoke in the impersonal manner of a man giving directions to a stranger on the street. His tone would probably have discouraged me from further questioning if I hadn't been so curious about his antics.

"Why do you want to make your legs strong?" I asked.

HE DIDN'T answer me for several moments, and I thought he had decided to ignore me. "A fighter needs strong legs," he said at last. I couldn't talk for a while. The thought of living in the same house with a prize fighter was only slightly less exciting than being neighbors with a player on the Cincinnati Reds.

He glanced at his watch several times as he continued to work his legs. Finally he completed his allotted time, lowered the up-ended part of his body to the ground, and permitted himself a minute or two of relaxation. Sweat poured from his body and turned the gray robe black around him. He was frowning slightly, because the bright sun struck his face.

"Who do you fight?" I asked.

"Anybody," he said, "so long as they're middleweights."

"Do you win?" I said. "Do you knock guys out?"

"Sometimes I win, sometimes I lose," he said, and he started to get up.

"Will you teach me how to fight?" I asked, suddenly overwhelmed by the memory of countless injustices that could be avenged if I became proficient with my fists.

"Why should I?" he asked. He didn't speak unpleasantly; he asked the question as though he expected a reasonable answer. He was on his feet now, and he made a tidy bundle of his robe and placed it next to the rope. Again he looked at his watch, and then he began to shadowbox, moving easily, with a curious kind of stolid grace.

I stared miserably at him, simultaneously hating him for presenting me with a problem I didn't fully understand, wishing that I had something to offer so that he would teach me how to box as he did, and desperately trying to think of something to say that would break through his detachment. He stopped after a while and looked at me. "Want to help me train?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, with an enthusiasm that was difficult to express because of the tightness of my throat. He asked my name in a businesslike manner, and, when I'd answered, he told me his.

"I don't do nothin' for other people free," he said, "and I don't expect them to do things free for me. You could maybe rub oil in my fighting shoes and show me places around here to run and watch the time when I'm exercising; and I have to build a frame for my punching bag. If you want to do stuff like that, I'll give you some lessons and maybe some tickets to my fights. We'll keep track of time. You help me work out for an hour, I'll give you, say ten minutes of lessons. Okay?"

"Sure," I said, thrilled as much by being treated as an adult as I was by the opportunity he gave me.

He went to his bathrobe and pulled a slip of paper out of a pocket. "Here's the training schedule my manager gave



me," he said. "When I get good enough so's I can give up my regular job and fight full time, he'll take over. Now, I only see him when I go to the gym on Saturday and just before fights."

I looked at the handwritten list of exercises and the time opposite each. "You did the first two," I said, feeling more important than I ever had before in my life. "I don't think you did the last one ten minutes."

"I ain't finished yet," he said. He took his watch off and handed it to me. "Don't drop it. I did four minutes. Tell me when it's six minutes more."

I held the heavy timepiece in my cupped palm, the two pieces of damp leather strap curling clammy around my hand, and stared hard at the dial. He resumed his shadowboxing. George, I soon found, followed his schedule as literally as a religious rite.

He had been doing calisthenics for about a half hour when his father's voice boomed, "Hey, box-fighter, stop that dumb kid business and come upstairs. Mama's got breakfast ready."

I looked up and saw Mr. Schumacher on the small porch that adjoined the flat. George was on his bathrobe again, alternately lying flat and rising to a sit-

ting position to touch his toes. As he had done the day before, George completely ignored his father.

The older man looked down at us contemptuously. "Dummkopf," he shouted. "Cut out that monkeyshines and come right away upstairs. You think we wait all day for you?"

But the rhythm of George's movements didn't change. I looked back and forth from father to son in embarrassment. "Your father..." I finally said.

"I can hear," George muttered between deep breaths. "How much time?"

I looked at the watch and then up at the glowering face of Mr. Schumacher. "Four more minutes," I said unhappily. The belligerent man on the porch frightened me, and I felt that I was partially responsible for his growing anger.

"You going to make like jumping jack all day," he belted. "Kid stuff, all the time, kid stuff." Faces began to ap-

pear at various windows to see the cause of the commotion. "You think we wait all day till Mister Box-fighter is ready to eat? Come up right away or I throw your eggs in the garbage." He spat over the porch rail and stomped indoors.

George didn't halt his exercise until I had told him that the proper time had elapsed. Then he methodically dried the sweat from his face and arms with a ragged, but clean towel that he had carried in his robe pocket, put on the bathrobe, and picked up his rope. "What time do you eat supper during the week?" he asked.

"About six thirty," I said.

"Good," he said. "I get home from work a little after five. That gives us an hour to work out. See you tomorrow." I handed him his watch, and he turned and started briskly for the steps.

A NEW and tremendously exciting period of my life began. The fact that George and I did exactly the same thing every evening did nothing to lessen my enthusiasm, since I felt certain that he would become a world champion, and each session seemed another step toward that goal. Our routine called for a half hour of exercise in the

back yard, and then we'd go to Lincoln Park, which was two blocks away, for the road work. Afterward we'd return to the yard, and George would give me my ten minutes—never more nor less—of instruction.

It must have been dull, frustrating work for him to teach the basic elements of boxing to a nine-year-old boy who had only average co-ordination and no real desire to endure the discipline of learning. Yet he never attempted to avoid what he considered his obligation, and I was too afraid of upsetting our tenuous relationship to suggest omitting lessons, even though I often grew enraged at his constant demand for perfection. Both of us, I'm certain, were grateful for the brevity of the period.

HIS teaching was put to almost immediate use. Soon almost every boy in the neighborhood heard about George and wanted to join his circle. I had to fight to maintain my prerogatives. On most evenings, he had an audience of anywhere from eight to twenty boys in the yard, and I can still recall the ecstatic sensation I had when I'd yell, "Time's up! Punching bag next!" and the other boys would look at the watch in my hand with all the envy of gem merchants staring at the Kohinoor diamond.

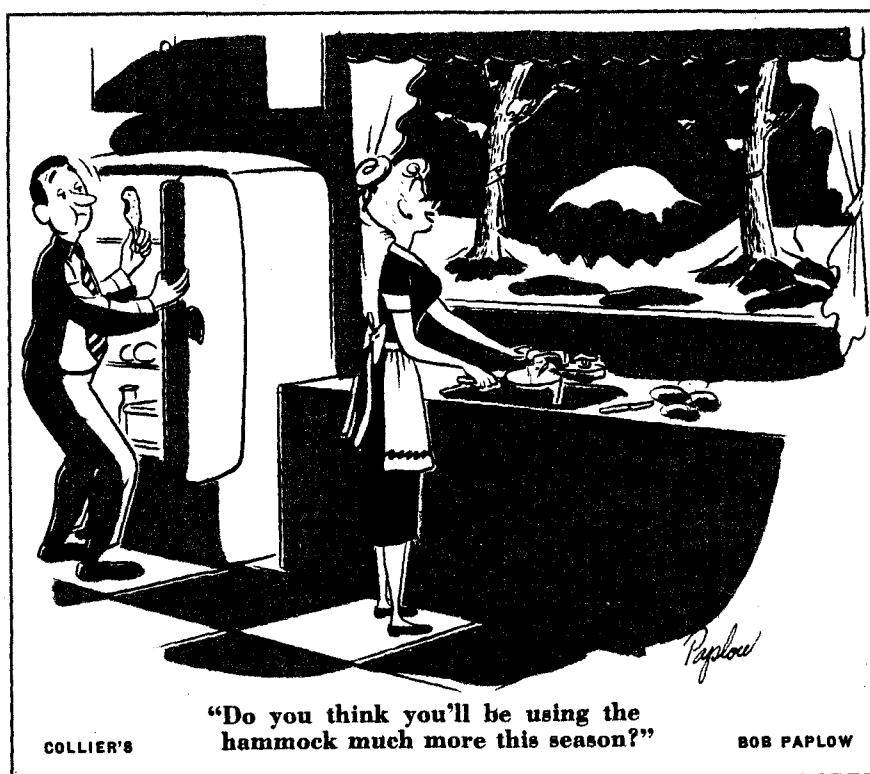
In retrospect, it's difficult to see why we were so faithful to him. Certainly he did nothing to encourage hero worship. He tolerated the boys, I believe, not because of any sympathy with them but rather because his icy concentration made him almost totally unaware of their presence. He never spoke to any of us except to warn someone not to come too close to the area of activity or to ask me about the time. I suppose that all of us were impressed with a man so obviously dedicated to his craft.

I would probably have learned almost nothing about George if it hadn't been for the evenings I spent in the Schumacher flat. He always accepted my excuses when I said that his fighting shoes needed treatment with saddle soap or that the punching bag required inflation from my bicycle pump, so I frequently saw him in what was, for him, a relaxed atmosphere. Even then he was not especially talkative, but he did tell me a little about himself.

He worked, I found, crating parts in a nearby machine shop, but he looked upon his job as only a stopgap until he could devote his full time to fighting. His plans, however, didn't stop with the ring. He hoped to make enough money with his fists to go into business when he was too old to fight, and, with this end in view, he was taking a high-school correspondence course.

On most evenings Mr. Schumacher left the flat almost immediately after supper and played pinochle until bedtime with some cronies in a nearby pool hall. Sometimes, however, he'd spend the night at home, and on those occasions I usually shortened my visit with George. The older man talked almost constantly in a loud, complaining voice. He found fault with his wife, a pale, drab woman who always worked at a feverish, disorganized pace, but he directed most of his vituperation at his son.

Boxing, according to Mr. Schumacher, bred only bums, crooks and thugs, and the constant blows on the head made a man crazy. He pretended to find evidence of mental regression already apparent in his son's behavior. The fact that Mr. Schumacher expressed the same thoughts in almost exactly the same words each time he



COLLIER'S

BOB PAPLOW

Collier's for January 10, 1953

launched an attack never diminished his vehemence. Apparently George had been exposed to this incessant gabble for so long that he had developed the kind of selective deafness that protects a man who works in a foundry. In any case, George never bothered to refute any of his father's statements, regardless of how outrageous they became.

But even Mr. Schumacher couldn't charge George with engaging in the usual teen-age frivolities. Whatever interest George had in girls, for example, was completely subjugated to the pursuit of his career. I don't think that he had a single date during the period that I knew him. Only once did he display any enthusiasm for seeing a movie and that was when the pictures of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight were shown at our neighborhood theater one Sunday in early July. "Dempsey's a fighter and Carpentier's a boxer," he said. "I want to see everything they do."

George and I went to the first showing at about two in the afternoon. During the fight scenes, he sat on the edge of his seat and riveted his attention on the screen with the concentration of a medical student observing a rare operation. During the feature film and the serial which followed, however, George relaxed and closed his eyes. At first I thought he had gone to sleep, but then I noticed a rhythmical clenching and re-axing of his hands. When I looked more closely, I saw that he had a sponge-rubber ball in each palm and was using the interlude between fight sequences to strengthen his wrists. I sat through two complete shows with him, and then I had to go home to dinner. George, who had come provided with several sandwiches and some candy, stayed until nine that night and saw Dempsey knock out the Frenchman five times.

IN LATE August, I saw my first prize fight. The event took place in the outdoor arena at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, and George was on the card in one of the preliminary bouts. He had given me two tickets as part of my pay, and I'd persuaded my father to take me.

I fought every moment of that bout with George. I felt pain when he was hit and fierce exultation when he landed a blow. I was, I'm certain, much more

emotionally involved in the contest than George was. He went about his work coolly, and when his opponent landed a solid blow, George showed only puzzled concern, as if he had made an error in adding up a column of figures. I continued to scream encouragement to George throughout the bout, and, at the end of the scheduled five rounds, when the referee raised George's hand in a symbol of victory, I became almost hysterical.

After a fight, George did no training for three days, so I didn't see him the next afternoon. As soon as I had bolted my dinner that evening, however, I hurried upstairs to the Schumacher flat to offer my congratulations. I carried with me a clipping from the sports page of the evening paper.

THE Schumachers were still eating when I burst into the kitchen, which also served as dining room, living room and George's bedroom. "You really beat up that guy, George," I called happily as I came through the door. "You got your name in the paper and everything. Just listen. *George Schumacher showed promising form in taking a five-round decision from Babe Lehman.*" I handed the clipping to George. "You can have it if you want it."

He looked at the words soberly. "That's good, that 'promising,'" he said. "That's good."

Mr. Schumacher flung his fork down hard on the thick, white plate. "Next you hold up a bank and get your name on the first page," he bellowed, with a mixture of anger and mockery. "Dumb kid stuff. So now you're big, important man just like the mayor, with your name in the paper. Already your head is soft like a melon, Mister Box-fighter. After fists comes guns. Then we come see you in jail." His round, fat face became flushed as his anger mounted, and his mustache quivered as though it were mounted on a spring.

Mrs. Schumacher looked anxiously at her husband and son. "He's a good boy, Papa," she said, looking at her plate.

"Dummkopf!" Mr. Schumacher bellowed. "Dummkopf!"

George finally looked up from the paper. "Shut up, Papa," he said in a low, carefully controlled voice.

Mr. Schumacher half rose from his chair. "Who you telling shut up?" he yelled.

George stared at his father, and a curious overtone of pleading crept into his voice. "Don't make me mad, Papa," he said.

For the first time, I saw uncertainty in the older man's face. Slowly he resumed his seat. "Why we don't have coffee, woman?" he demanded loudly of his wife.

George won all three of the fights he had during the next two months. One victory was by a knockout. The sports writers began to devote more space to him, and gradually he became as much a celebrity with the adults in our neighborhood as he was with the boys of my age. A number of men began to visit our training area in the back yard, and even a few giggling girls of George's age joined the group. I basked in the attention I received as George's associate.

In mid-November, George won another fight by a knockout. The next night I was so anxious to see him that I waited on the front steps for him to come home from work. Again I had a clipping with me, and this time there was an entire paragraph about him.

George was more buoyant than I'd ever seen him before. He gave a quick glance at the story I handed to him and then thanked me gravely for my exuberant compliments on his performance in the ring. "That was an important fight for me last night," he said as he returned the clipping to me. "My manager said that now we're getting more money, he wants me to train at the gym every night."

For a moment the significance of his statement didn't strike me. When it did, I found it difficult to speak. "Then what about . . ."

"They got guys over there to time you and take care of equipment and stuff," he said. "I won't need you any more." He spoke as though he were telling a newsboy to discontinue the evening paper.

FOR a moment the steps seemed to be dissolving under me. My face actually stung, as if he had slapped me. I couldn't look at his eyes, and when I glanced down I saw the big silver watch on his wrist. Suddenly I knew I was going to cry, and a strange mixture of blind fury, despair and unbearable shame flowed through me in a sickening flood.

He put his hand on my arm, and for the first and only time that I knew him, his voice was intimate and almost gentle. "We had a business arrangement," he said. "Everybody has business arrangements," he said. "Everybody has business arrangements." Then he went up the stairs, two at a time, easily, lightly, as he always did, and the sound of his steps became gradually fainter and fainter until finally it was inaudible.

For some time after that I tried to pretend to myself that I was no longer interested in George's fortunes. Since I was a daily reader of the sports page, this self-deception wasn't easy. I tried to look at only the stories about football and basketball, and at the usual winter predictions about the Reds' chances in the next baseball season, but I always ended by reading all the fight news, too. George's name didn't appear often, but whenever it did, my breath would become short.

He continued to do well. He didn't fight in December, but he won two bouts in January and knocked out his man in March. A small picture of George was in one of the evening pa-

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COLLIER'S

J. S. KING

pers after this last triumph, and the statement was made that he was being considered as one of the fighters in the "semi-windup"—the second most important match of a charity boxing show at the ball park in late May.

None of this changed the habits or attitudes in the Schumacher home. George continued to hold his job in the machine shop, and Mr. Schumacher, if anything, increased the volume and acrimony of his attacks. Although I no longer visited the Schumacher flat, there was no difficulty in hearing him in our apartment on the first floor. Whenever Mr. Schumacher was especially bad, I found myself, strongly against my will, again an ally of George's.

THERE was considerable excitement throughout our immediate neighborhood in early May when the papers announced that George had been signed for the predicted position on the charity card. His opponent, Kid Flannigan, according to the stories, had been an outstanding middleweight in and around Cincinnati three or four years before, and since that time had been fighting on the West Coast. The sports writers made much of the fact that he was a thoroughly experienced, competent fighter and concentrated heavily on the middle-aged-veteran vs. strong-young-novice aspect of the match.

One evening, about a week before the fight, George came home from work and called to me as I was tossing a ball with a friend. Reluctantly, I walked to the entrance of the tenement, where George was waiting for me. "Want to go to the fight?" he asked.

I swallowed hard. "I guess so," I managed to say.

"I got two tickets," he said. He took two narrow strips of green cardboard from his pocket and seemed to weigh them in his hand. "I don't think my father will want to use them," he added dryly. It was the only approach to humor I'd ever heard him make.

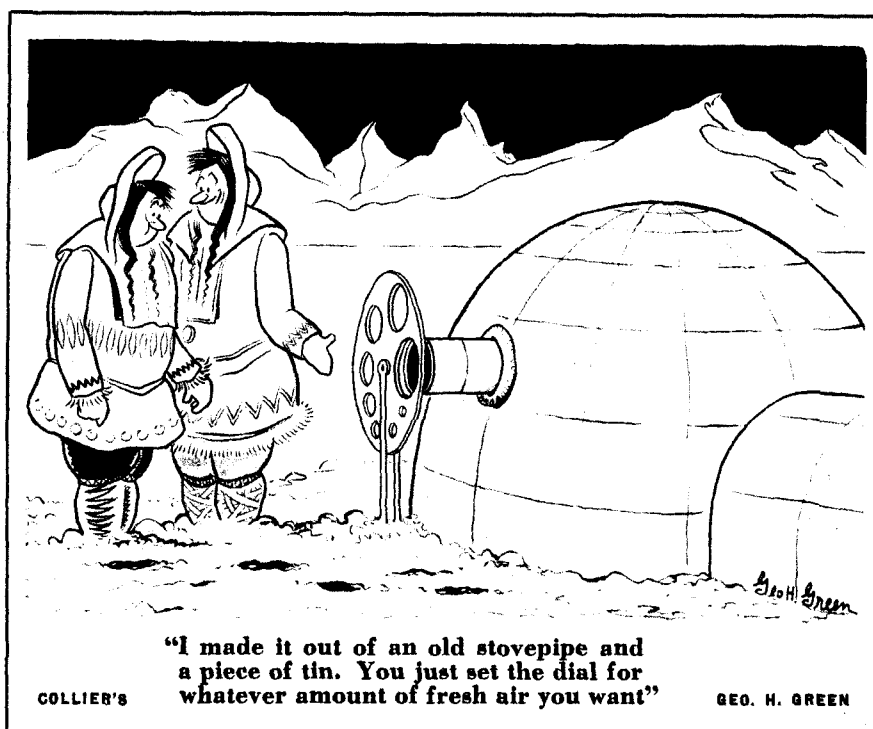
"That's Friday night, ain't it?" I asked, to cover my feeling of awkwardness. I, of course, knew not only the date and place of the fight, but also the respective weights, arm lengths, ages, and won-and-lost records of both the fighters.

George nodded. "I'll give you the tickets if you'll work on my shoes Thursday night. I want them nice and easy. This might be a tough one. Nobody's seen this guy fight for a long time, and he don't get in from California till Wednesday."

"Sure," I said, and for the moment all previous humiliation was forgotten. "I'll do them."

Father agreed quickly when I asked him to take me to the fights. The night we went to the ball park was clear and cool, and I wore a heavy sweater underneath my coat. Redland Field looked strangely unfamiliar with the ring and temporary seats set up in right field and the portable electric lights throwing a shadowless glow over the area. We were in the fourth row, and since Father had the foresight to bring a cushion for me to sit on, I had an excellent view of the proceedings.

I grew warm with excitement as the preliminary fights ended and George's match was about to begin, so Father let me remove my jacket. Finally George came down the aisle and climbed through the ropes, and I swelled with pride as the large crowd applauded. There was a similar greeting when George's opponent, Kid Flannigan, entered the ring, but there was an undertone of murmurs, too, at the sight of his



balding head and the gray around his temples. He was, I knew, only about thirty-six, but he looked older.

The current of low talk turned into laughter and scattered hoots of derision when the men took off their robes after the usual mid-ring conference with the referee. Flannigan was obviously fat and out of condition. A roll of flesh hung over the top of his trunks, and his skin, under the glare of the ring lights, looked snail-colored and lifeless. "Hey, Flannigan," a man behind me shouted, "how long since you was a 'Kid'?" and another in our row yelled, "Schumacher, you oughtta be ashamed to hit your own grandfather!" There were similar cries from other parts of the stands. I felt like hiding under the seats.

BUT the first round surprised us all, probably George included. Flannigan's crouching style made him a difficult target to hit, and he still possessed enough skill to block almost all of George's punches. I could see puzzlement in George's eyes as he tried to fathom the other man's defense. Aside from a few light blows at George's stomach, Flannigan concentrated almost entirely on protecting himself. There was nothing to thrill the spectators, but I think everyone was relieved

that the expected butchery did not take place. At the end of the round, Flannigan managed to smile at his handlers as he walked toward his corner, but he was gasping for breath as if he'd run a mile at full speed.

The second and third rounds were duplicates of the first, and a number of men in the crowd began a slow, rhythmic clapping. As soon as the fourth round began, however, it was apparent that Flannigan's body could no longer respond to the shrewd generalship that his mind was providing. He tried to block as he had before, but his movements were a split second too slow, and George's punches began to land on the older man's face, starting a flow of blood from his nose and making a cut over his right eye. George went about the business efficiently, calmly, like a man firing a gun at an empty oil drum. A curious quiet came over the ball park.

And yet I don't think that anyone was completely prepared for the knockout when it came. George aimed a right hook to the jaw, but Flannigan partially parried the blow, and the glove landed with no great force high on the side of his head. An expression of excruciating pain came over Flannigan's face, and then he collapsed to the floor. George stared down at him in bewilderment,



and the referee had to push George out of the way to begin counting over the prone body. Flannigan's handlers had to lift their inert, blood-smeared fighter through the ropes. There were only a few cheers as George left the ring.

I tried to capture the exultation I had always had when George won other fights, but I couldn't rid myself of a vague, persistent sense of shame. I hated myself for being disloyal to George, and I tried to take pride in the skill he had shown in beating the other man so badly. The queasiness remained, however. Father must have sensed my disquiet, because he asked if I wanted to leave before the main event. I nodded.

BEFORE breakfast the next morning, while I was washing my hands and face at the kitchen sink, Bill Palmer, a friend of mine, flung open the screen door and rushed into the room. "Hey," he cried, "did you know George killed that guy last night?"

My knees suddenly felt weak, and I clung to the edge of the sink with my elbows. "You're nuts," I said.

"Yeah?" he said triumphantly. "Well, it's right on the front page of the Enquirer. They took him up to the General Hospital, and that's where he died. How'd George do it, huh? How'd George do it?"

I couldn't think of anything to say, and the water continued to pour on my hands until my mother said, "Turn off the faucet. You're splashing the floor."

Nothing followed its usual course that Saturday. Contrary to his custom, George hadn't gone to work that morning, but I didn't know that until about ten o'clock when a policeman came for him. I was on the street in front of the house when the two men came out. The officer seemed to be talking to him in a friendly fashion, but I couldn't hear what was being said. My companions began to discuss George's going to the penitentiary. I made a hurried, incoherent excuse and went home.

I was sitting on the front steps alone when George returned about noon. As he walked toward me, he passed a number of people who knew him. Most of them obviously wanted to stop and speak to him but could think of no appropriate remarks. George seemed as phlegmatic as ever when he returned their brief greetings.

My relief at seeing him temporarily blotted out any other sensations. "That cop," I said when he came up to me, "I thought you . . ."

George shook his head. "I just had to make a statement. Whenever a man is—whenever something happens, the other guy has to make a statement." His voice was even, but he was flexing his hands, and, for an absurd moment, I thought he was exercising them with rubber balls as he had that day in the theater.

"Is it all right, then?" I asked.

"Let's go back to the yard," he said. "My old man's about due home from work." As he walked through the hall, he continued, "The promoter and Flannigan's manager will maybe catch hell for letting him fight. But that's about all."

We sat down on a cellar door in the yard. Neither of us said anything for several minutes, and I found myself looking with a kind of superstitious awe at George's right hand.

"It ain't like I did it on purpose," George said at last. "I mean, I didn't hit him with an illegal punch or anything. I didn't even hit him hard. It just caught him wrong, high up on the

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head like that, and started a hemorrhage in his brain."

"Sure," I said, and for the first time since the fight there seemed to be a lessening of the pressure on my chest, "you didn't hit him hard."

"It's just one of the chances a guy takes when he fights," George said, "like anything else. Bricklayers fall off buildings and cabdrivers get in wrecks, don't they? It could happen to anybody." He had, I think, forgotten that I was there. He sounded like a lawyer presenting a logical, unemotional argument before a court. But there was a slightly tentative quality to his voice, too, as if he expected someone to attempt to refute his evidence.

"Look at ballplayers," I said eagerly, "or even guys who just go to the games. Sometimes even *they* get hit with a foul tip or a wild throw." I wanted George to go on; I wanted everything to be as it had been before the fight.

"It's like that with anything you do," George said, and his tone was stronger now, more certain. "It could of been me instead of the other guy. I was just doing what I was gettin' paid for. I was in there taking a chance, too. He just wasn't lucky."

I began to feel good again. As George continued to talk, the memory of the previous night became dimmer, and Flannigan's death became more and more a remote, unavoidable mishap, like a newspaper account of a man tripping on the stairs.

I don't know how long Mr. Schumacher had been standing in the doorway between the hall and the yard. I happened to look up and see him there, and a queer hollowness seized my stomach. He seemed strangely shrunken in the shadows, and he looked at his son with a kind of fear I had never seen.

George didn't see his father until the older man started to walk slowly, laboriously, toward us. George's body became taut, and a dark red flush started below his collar and spread over his face. His hands began to tremble uncontrollably; he made fists of them and held his arms rigid by his side. After he had glanced up to see who was coming, he shifted his gaze to his feet stretched

out before him and stared at them.

Mr. Schumacher didn't stop until his knees were almost touching his son's arm. He looked down at George for at least a minute without saying anything. When he did speak, his voice was gravelly. "It was accident, Georgie," he said. "It was accident." Then he turned and walked back the way he had come.

For several moments after Mr. Schumacher had gone, George remained in his frozen position. And then he gave a short brutal laugh. "It was accident, Georgie," he said mockingly. "That's all I need, that big dumb ox feeling sorry for me." He began working his hands again, and a note of desperation came into his voice. "Instead of yelling his brains out, he's gonna sit across the table every damned night looking at me and making me feel like I got drunk and run over a kid with an automobile." Suddenly he began to pound on his leg with his right fist, harder and harder, as if he were driving a nail into the flesh. "The dirty—!" he said; then his voice broke into a sob. "The dirty son of a—!" His face contorted, and I knew he was going to cry like a child. In panic, I ran across the yard and into the house.

A WEEK went by after that, and I didn't see George although I looked for him through our front window every day about the time he usually came home from work. Then one morning, I gathered my courage and stopped Mr. Schumacher as he came down the steps. "Where's George?" I asked.

Mr. Schumacher at first looked at me in bewilderment as if he didn't recognize me. "He went," he said slowly. "I don't know where. He just went." Then he walked past me.

For a long time after that, I used to look at the sports page every night, but I never saw George's name again except for a single story which reported that he had left town. If he continued to fight, he did so under another name. Somehow, I don't think he did.

About a month after George had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Schumacher also left our building. But this time, professional movers handled their furniture.

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Although the light was red and traffic on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, had stopped, one driver four ranks to the rear toot-toot-tooted his horn. "Pardon me, sir," said the cop, approaching the horn tooter. "But did you get anything else for Christmas?"

★ ★ ★

And no. Perplexed of Salem, Oregon, we don't believe your wife is necessarily getting tired of you merely



because she wrapped your lunch in a road map two days in succession.

★ ★ ★

Nothing new in these 48 about moon dancing. But a friend of ours recently returned from Scotland says it's suddenly all the rage there. In moon dancing the couple doesn't shuffle around. Merely stand cheek to cheek and sway. Very saving on the shoes.

★ ★ ★

Joe Beamish of the Syracuse Herald-Journal informs us that about the close of the Adirondacks hunting season one deer hunter rushed up to another yelling: "Hey, you almost hit my wife." Said the other: "Sorry, old man. Have a shot at mine over there."

★ ★ ★

Bet you never thought of it but it's possible your shoulders aren't in the right place. If so, here's a bit of advice just received. It says here that your shoulders should be in line with your ear lobes. If they aren't you merely shrug your shoulders "high enough to touch your ears." Then pull them down. Don't forget that part. Very important. Do this often enough and you're all set. Let us know how you get along with that shoulder-to-ear business. Our problem is that the right shoulder won't come down.

★ ★ ★

In our new Congress the state of Washington has a delegation of seven members in the House—six of them Republicans, one Democrat. This latter statesman is Don Magnuson, a newspaper reporter who decided to run for congressman at large. Oddly enough for a guy of his trade, he had no money. Therefore he spent none. But he talked fast, and the name Magnuson is valuable in the Northwest. However, Mr. Magnuson won't have to worry about re-election in 1954, because redistricting will wipe out that at-large job. But he'll have nice clean work at fifteen

grand a year, and a couple of years in Congress might help him be an even better newspaper reporter.

★ ★ ★

"Challenge me. Arouse me. Force me to think. Heat my blood. Stir my intellect. Stop feeding me these illogical mutterings of mediocrity." Thus we are machine-gunned by a reader of this column who fails to sign a name or give an address, leaving us helpless to arouse, challenge, force, stir, heat or stop feeding him or her. Rest of customers seem pretty docile for the nonce.

★ ★ ★

If you don't produce something unusual in California, nature becomes impatient and does it for you. For example, prapples have come to Susanville, Lassen County, and almost any time now your radio and TV will be warning you of the dire consequences of not eating them. Prapples just happened without human urging. Half pear and half apple. An apple tree married a pear tree. Taste just like prapples.

★ ★ ★

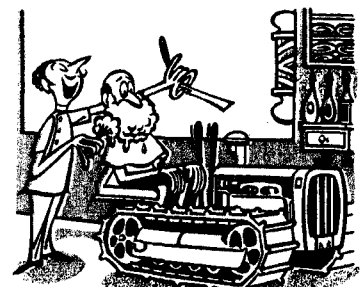
There's a shortage of diparadiamido-diphenylamine. If you should have more than you need, you might notify Mr. Everett L. Cole, of Hamilton, Montana. He's a biological engineer for the United States Public Health Service and says his supply is very low. It is, as you know, used in the treatment of timber wolves that suffer from streptopneumococcus.

★ ★ ★

At dinner this guy got to talking to the lady on his right. Subject: Can a woman keep a secret? Original, you've got to admit. Lady insisted she could. For example, she said, she'd kept her age a secret for twenty-nine years—ever since she was twenty-one in fact.

★ ★ ★

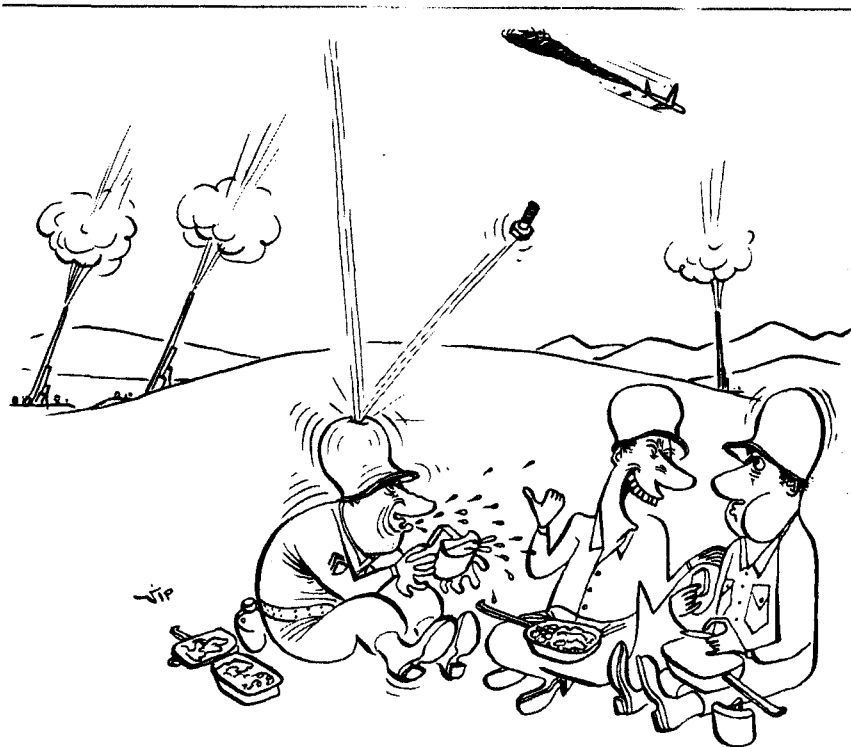
On the theory that as long as a barber insists on talking he should have something to talk about, the Caterpillar Tractor Company of Peoria, Illinois, decided to do something about it. So recently it invited the town's 202 bar-



IRWIN CAPLAN

bers to lunch and afterward showed them through the plant. No figures yet on how many citizens got the yen to buy a tractor while reclining in a barber's chair, but customers agree that at least Peoria barbers now know more about tractors than politics.

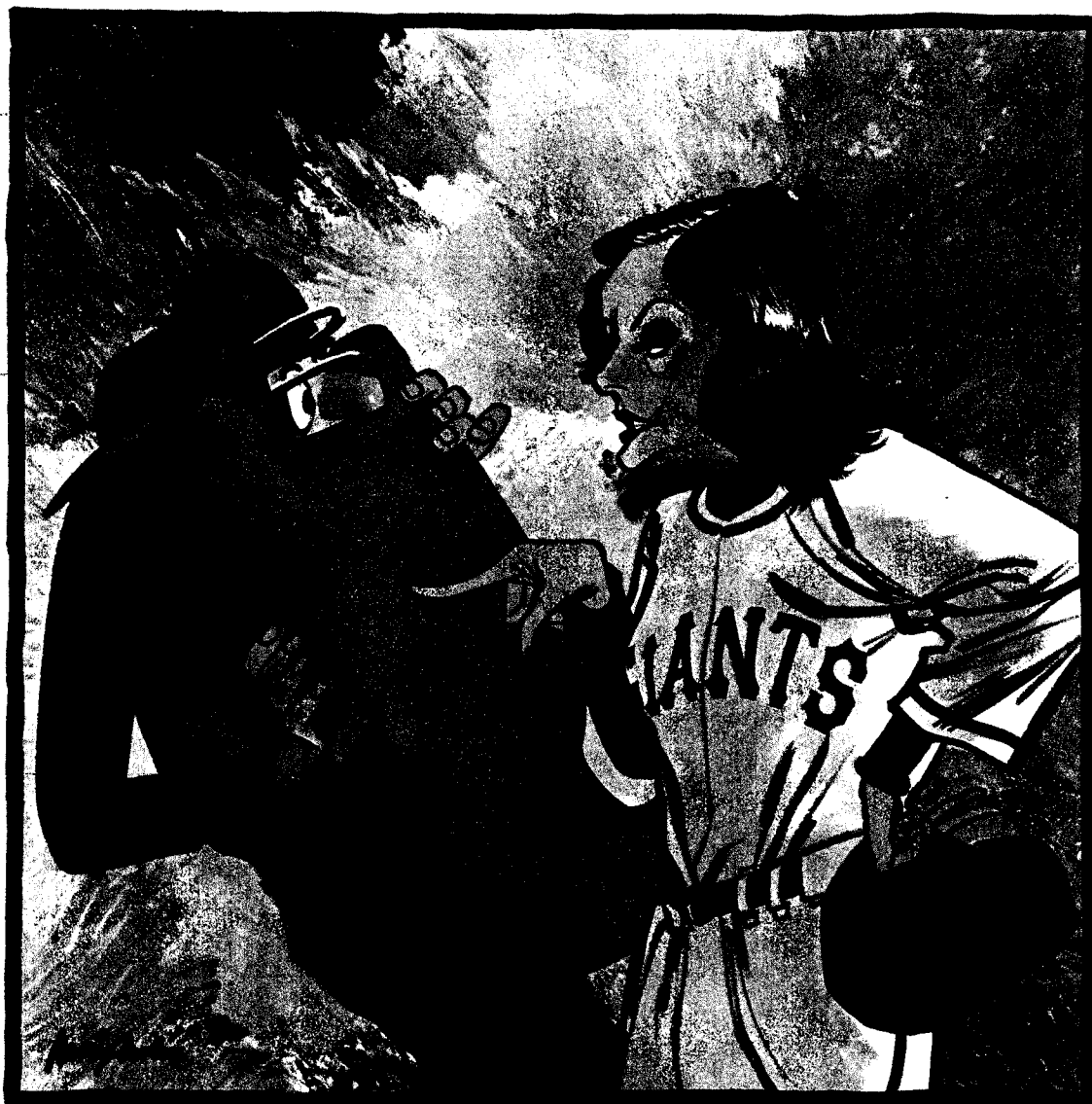
VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S

"There's a bolt from the blue"

VIRGIL PARTCH



HARRY DEVLIN

Would That It Were So

WELL, THANKS to Leo Durocher, we had to throw away a clipping that we'd hung on to for weeks in the hope that it would make a piece for this page. The clipping was a column by Bill Corum, sports writer and impresario of the Kentucky Derby, and it concerned a conversation that he had had with Horace Stoneham, the president of the New York Giants.

Seems that Mr. C. had spoken to Mr. S. about the then-current rumor that Leo would quit managing the Giants after the 1953 season and contribute his talents and rhubarbs to the movie industry. Mr. S. is reported to have dismissed the rumor with this airy answer, "Oh, that's all right. I'll hire Tallulah."

Since then, of course, Mr. Durocher has let it be known that his heart and hand belong to the Giants as long as they want him. So that spoiled our piece about Mr. Stoneham's new manager. And while we've nothing against Leo, we can't shake off that feeling of disappointment in the fact that Miss Bankhead didn't get a chance at the job.

Tallu, we feel, deserved to manage the Giants for reasons of sentiment, drama and dollars and cents. In the first place, her love for the Polo Grounders will probably go down in history along with the story of Darby and Joan as a classic of pure and unshakable devotion. We wouldn't say that her devotion has been as placid as Darby's and Joan's, for Miss Bankhead is not

exactly a placid person. But she's always stuck by the Giants, even in their worst days—and those worst days for several seasons were mighty bad.

Perhaps sentiment has no place in as hard-headed a business as baseball is today. But Mr. Stoneham must realize that he lost himself a gold mine when Mr. Durocher decided to forsake the cameras and return to the coach's box. For Tallulah would have been the first manager in baseball history with both sex and box-office appeal. She'd have been a bigger thing than night games and television, and she would have outdrawn Musial, Mantle, Satchel Paige and Bill Veeck's midgets, combined.

Tallu in a Giant uniform—what a picture that would have been. We can almost see and hear her, stalking the third-base coaching line, shouting maledictions at the opposing pitcher, exhorting the Giant batters or sulking in her best Shakespearean green-and-yellow melancholy when her boys came up in the ninth, needing six runs to win.

We can imagine the dramatic moment when, with a Giant pitcher in trouble, she would stride regally out to the mound and then summon the reliever by waving at the bull pen and yelling, "Yoo-hoo, da-a-ah-ling!"

No, there'd never be a dull moment in the neighborhood of Coogan's Bluff with Tallulah running things. Only thing, she might have cre-

ated a little trouble for Mr. Warren Giles in recruiting a National League umpiring staff. The present crop of umpires may think they have run into some temperament and heard some choice invective in their time. But we are confident that the first time one of them called a close one against the Giants, Manager Bankhead's critique would have made any of Manager Durocher's earlier comments seem like the cooing of a dove. This would have created a considerable problem for the umpires, who, under the circumstances, would have to behave as gallant gentlemen as well as aggrieved human beings. We aren't sure their blood pressures could have stood the strain.

Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It

ACCORDING TO recent estimates and our own slightly fallible arithmetic, between 70 and 75 million Americans smoke. Most of them smoke cigarettes. Most of them also read magazines. And we figure that a good many of those readers may have seen and been unduly worried by a couple of articles in publications other than this one.

Actually, the two articles were really one. The original was called *Smokers Are Getting Scared!* A condensed and reprinted version was titled *Cancer by the Carton*. The theme was that cigarette smoking causes cancer of the lung.

We don't pretend to be any more medically learned than the layman-author of the original piece or the editor who condensed it. But we do think we know a little something about reporting. And we can't say we regard these scare pieces as models of the journalistic trade.

Our quarrel with the man who confidently asserts that smoking causes cancer is that he didn't get the whole story. We've compared his recent article with a piece that Albert Q. Maisel wrote for Collier's more than two years ago, and we find that Mr. Maisel had practically all of the "new" and sensational evidence that was adduced in the later story. The only difference is that Mr. Maisel presented both sides of the question. And he found that there is no unanimity of medical opinion on the subject.

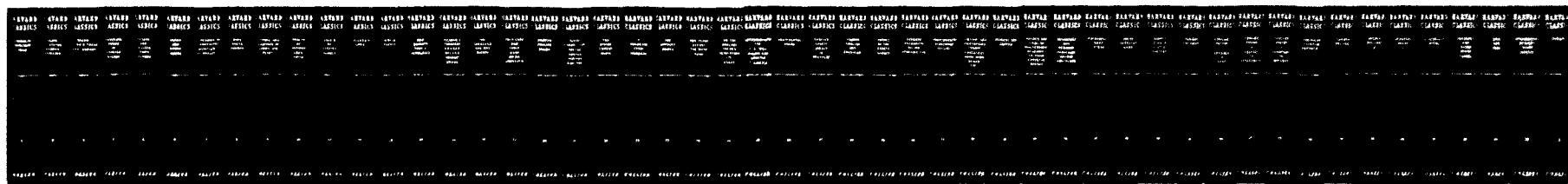
On the other hand, the more recent tobacco and cancer researcher virtually ignores all who disagree with his apparently preconceived conclusion. He throws on the scale only those statistics which support his premise, and disregards the possibility that other factors besides cigarettes might possibly cause the disease of which he writes.

He points out that deaths from bronchogenic carcinoma increased over 10 times between 1920 and 1948. But he neglects to mention, as Mr. Maisel did not, that cigarette smoking increased 11,775 per cent between 1900 and 1950; that, in spite of the horrors of tobacco, the life expectancy of Americans is steadily rising; that insurance actuaries do not penalize smokers—even chain smokers; that the figures on the rise of smoking and the decline of tuberculosis refute the equally confident theory of some ye² ago that smoking caused T.B.

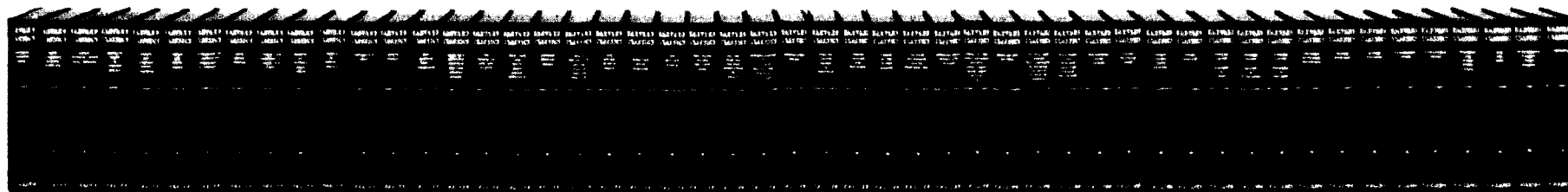
As a member of the 65- or 70-million group of smokers, we would recommend a trip to the nearest library for any other smokers who have broken out in a cold sweat after reading the recent treatises on the danger of cigarettes. Get out the bound volume of Collier's containing the issue of November 4, 1950, and read the article called *Don't Smoke—Unless You Like It*. We believe you'll feel better about the whole thing.

Collier's for January 10, 1953

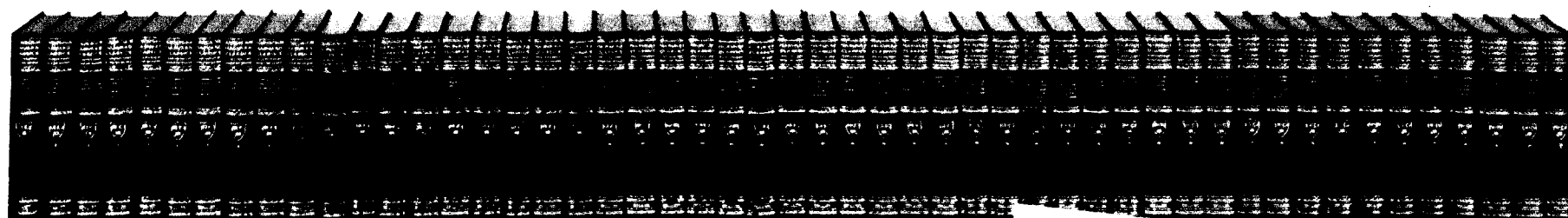
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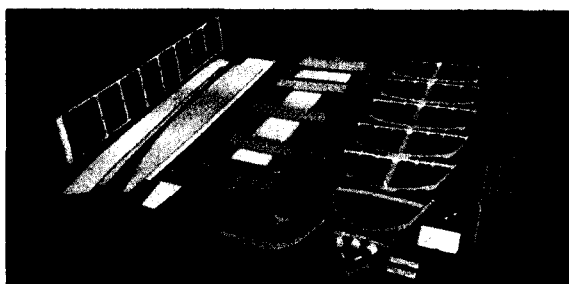
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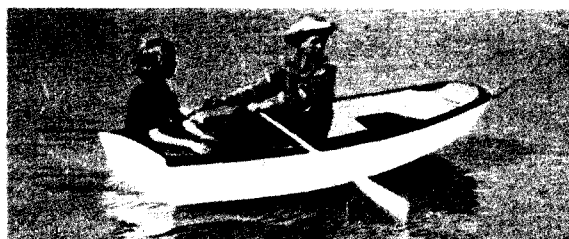
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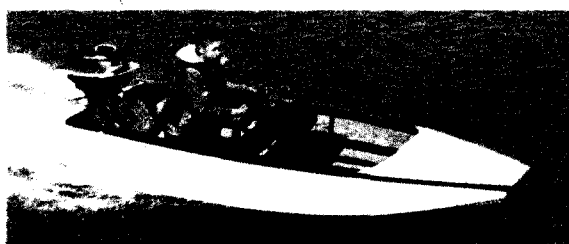
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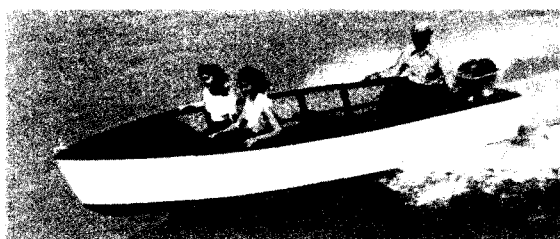
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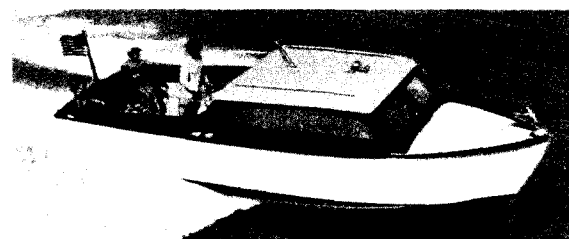
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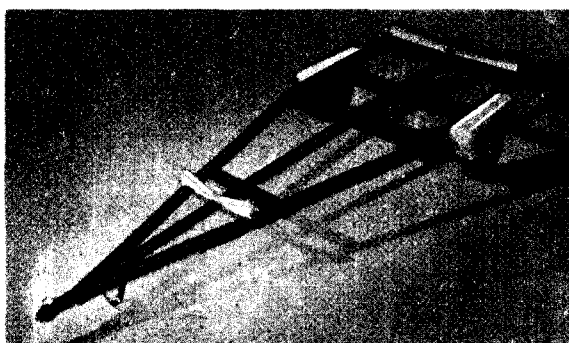
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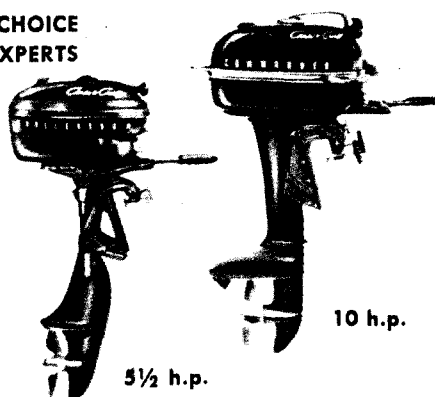


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